VISITS AND SKETCHES

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WITH

TALES AND MISCELLANIES NOW FIRST COLLECTED,

AND A NEW EDITION OF THE

"DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE."

BY MRS. JAMESON,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE SECOND VOLUME.

TALES.

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THE FALSE ONE.*

> And give you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,
> Some samples of the finest orientalism.
>
> LORD BYRON.

AKBAR, the most enlightened and renowned among the sovereigns of the East, reigned over all those vast terrritories, which extend from the Indus to the Ganges, and from the snowy mountains of the north to the kingdoms of Guzerat and Candeish on the south. After having subdued the factious omrahs, and hereditary enemies of his family, and made tributary to his power most of the neighbouring kingdoms, there occurred a short period of profound peace. Assisted by able ministers, Akbar employed this interval in alleviating the miseries, which half a century of war and ravage had called down upon this beautiful but ever wretched country. Commerce was relieved from the heavy imposts, which had hitherto clogged its progress; the revenues of the empire were improved and regulated; by a particular decree, the cultivators of the earth were exempted from serving in the imperial armies; and justice was every where impartially administered; tempered, however, with that extreme clemency, which in the early part of his reign, Akbar carried to an excess almost injurious to his interests. India, so long exposed to the desolating inroads of invaders, and torn by internal factions, began, at length, to "wear her plumed and jewelled turban with a smile of peace;" and all the various nations united under his sway—the warlike Afghans, the proud Moguls, the gentle-spirited Hindoos, with one voice blessed the wise and humane government of the son of Baber, and unanimously bestowed upon him the titles of AKBAR, or the GREAT, and JUGGUT GROW, or GUARDIAN OF MANKIND.

Meantime the happiness, which he had diffused among millions, seemed to have fled from the bosom of the sove-

* First published in 1827. The anecdote on which this tale is founded, I met with in the first volume of Ferishta's History of Hindostan.

reign. Cares far different from those of war, deeper than those of love, (for the love of eastern monarchs is seldom shadowed by anxiety,) possessed his thoughtful soul. He had been brought up in the strictest forms of the Mohammedan religion, and he meditated upon the text, which enjoins the extermination of all who rejected his prophet, till his conscience became like a troubled lake. He reflected that in his vast dominions there were at least fifteen different religions, which were subdivided into about three hundred and fifty sects: to extirpate thousands and tens of thousands of his unoffending subjects, and pile up pyramids of human heads in honour of God and his prophet, as his predecessors had done before him, was, to his mild nature, not only abhorrent, but impossible. Yet as his power had never met with any obstacle, which force or address had not subdued before him, the idea of bringing this vast multitude to agree in one system of belief and worship appeared to him not utterly hopeless.

He consulted, after long reflection, his favourite and secretary, Abul Fazil, the celebrated historian, of whom it was proverbially said, that "the monarchs of the East feared more the pen of Abul Fazil than the sword of Akbar." The acute mind of that great man saw instantly the wild impracticability of such a scheme; but willing to prove it to his master without absolutely contradicting his favourite scheme, he proposed, as a preparatory step, that the names of the various sects of religion known to exist in the sultan's dominions should be registered, and the tenets of their belief contained in their books of law, or promulgated by their priests, should be reviewed and compared; thence it would appear how far it was possible to reconcile them one with another.

This suggestion pleased the great king: and there went forth a decree from the imperial throne, commanding that all the religions and sects of religion to be found within the boundaries of the empire should send deputies, on a certain day, to the sultan, to deliver up their books of law, to declare openly the doctrines of their faith, and be registered by name in a volume kept for this purpose—whether they were followers of Jesus, of Moses, or of Mohammed; whether they worshipped god in the sun, in the fire, in the image, or in the stream; by written law or traditional practice: true believer or pagan infidel, none were excepted. The imperial mandate was couched in

such absolute, as well as alluring terms, that it became as impossible as impolitic to evade it; it was therefore the interest of every particular sect, to represent in the most favourable light the mode of faith professed by each. Some thought to gain favour by the magnificence of their gifts; others, by the splendour of their processions. Some rested their hopes on the wisdom and venerable appearance of the deputies they selected to represent them; and others, (they were but few,) strong in their faith and spiritual pride, deemed all such aids unnecessary, and trusted in the truth of the doctrines they professed, which they only waited an opportunity to assert, secure that they needed only to be heard, to convert all who had ears to hear.

On the appointed day, an immense multitude had assembled from all the quarters of the empire, and pressed through the gates and streets of Agra, then the capital and residence of the monarch. The principal durbar, or largest audience-court of the palace, was thrown open on this occasion. At the upper end was placed the throne of Akbar. It was a raised platform, from which sprung twelve twisted pillars of massy gold, all radiant with innumerable gems, supporting the golden canopy, over which waved the white umbrella, the insignia of power; the cushions upon which the emperor reclined, were of cloth of gold, incrusted with rubies and emeralds; six pages, of exquisite beauty, bearing fans of peacocks' feathers, were alone permitted to approach within the silver balustrade, which surrounded the seat of power. On one side stood the vizir Chan Azim, bold and erect of look, as became a warrior, and Abul Fazil, with his tablets in his hand, and his eyes modestly cast down: next to him stood Dominico Cuença, the Portuguese missionary, and two friars of his order, who had come from Goa by the express command of the sultan; on the other side, the muftis and doctors of the law. Around were the great omrahs, the generals, governors, tributary princes, and ambassadors. The ground was spread with Persian carpets of a thousand tints, sprinkled with rose-water, and softer beneath the feet than the velvety durva grass; and clouds of incense, ambergris, and myrrh, filled the air. The gorgeous trappings of eastern splendour, the waving of standards, the glittering of warlike weapons, the sparkling of jewelled robes, formed a scene, almost sublime in

its prodigal and lavish magnificence, such as only an oriental court could show.

Seven days did the royal Akbar receive and entertain the religious deputies: every day a hundred thousand strangers feasted at his expense; and every night the gifts he had received during the day, or the value of them, were distributed in alms to the vast multitude, without any regard to difference of belief. Seven days did the royal Akbar sit on his musnud, and listen graciously to all who appeared before him. Many were the words spoken, and marvellous was the wisdom uttered; sublime were the doctrines professed, and pure the morality they enjoined: but the more the royal Akbar heard, the more was his great mind perplexed; the last who spoke seemed ever in the right, till the next who appeared turned all to doubt again. He was amazed, and said within himself, like the judge of old, "*What is truth?*"

It was observed, that the many dissenting or heterodox sects of the Mohammedan religion excited infinitely more indignation among the orthodox muftis, than the worst among the Pagan idolaters. Their hearts burned within them through impatience and wrath, and they would almost have died on the spot for the privilege of confuting those blasphemers, who rejected Abu Beeker; who maintained, with Abu Zail, that blue was holier than green; or with Mozar, that a sinner was worse than an infidel; or believed with the Morgians, that in paradise God is beheld only with the eyes of our understanding; or with the Kharejites, that a prince who abuses his power may be deposed without sin. But the sultan had forbidden all argument in his presence, and they were constrained to keep silence, though it was pain and grief to them.

The Seiks from Lahore, then a new sect, and since a powerful nation, with their light olive complexions, their rich robes and turbans all of blue, their noble features and free undaunted deportment, struck the whole assembly with respect, and were received with peculiar favour by the sultan. So also were the Ala-ilahiyahs, whose doctrines are a strange compound of the Christian, the Mohammedan, and the Pagan creeds; but the Sactas, or Epicureans of India, met with a far different reception. This sect, which in secret professed the most profane and detestable opinions, endeavoured to obtain favour by the splendid offerings they laid at the foot of the throne, and

the graceful and seducing eloquence of their principal speaker. It was, however, in vain, that he threw over the tenets of his religion, as publicly acknowledged, the flimsy disguise of rhetoric and poetry: that he endeavoured to prove, that all happiness consisted in enjoying the world's goods, and all virtue in mere abstaining from evil; that death is an eternal sleep; and therefore to reject the pleasures of this life, in any shape, the extreme of folly; while at every pause of his oration, voices of the sweetest melody chorussed the famous burden:

"May the hand never shake which gather'd the grapes!
May the foot never slip which press'd them!"

Akbar commanded the Sactas from his presence, amid the murmurs and execrations of all parties: and though they were protected for the present by the royal passport, they were subsequently banished beyond the frontiers of Cashmere.

The fire-worshippers, from Guzerat, presented the books of their famous teacher, Zoroaster; to them succeeded the Jainas, the Buddhists, and many more, innumerable as the leaves on the banyan tree—countless as the stars at midnight.

Last of all came the deputies of the Brahmans. On their approach there was a hushed silence, and then arose a suppressed murmur of amazement, curiosity, and admiration. It is well known with what impenetrable secrecy the Brahmans guard the peculiar mysteries of their religion. In the reigns of Akbar's predecessors, and during the first invasions of the Moguls, many had suffered martyrdom in the most horrid forms, rather than suffer their sanctuaries to be violated, or disclose the contents of their Vedas or sacred books. Loss of caste, excommunication in this world, and eternal perdition in the next, were the punishments awarded to those, who should break this fundamental law of the Brahminical faith. The mystery was at length to be unveiled; the doubts and conjectures, to which this pertinacious concealment gave rise, were now to be ended for ever. The learned doctors and muftis bent forward with an attentive and eager look—Abul Fazil raised his small, bright, piercing eyes, while a smile of dubious import passed over his countenance—the Portuguese monk threw back his cowl, and the calm and

scornful expression of his fine features changed to one of awakened curiosity and interest: even Akbar raised himself from his jewelled couch as the deputies of the Brahmans approached. A single delegate had been chosen from the twelve principal temples and seats of learning, and they were attended by forty aged men, selected from the three inferior castes, to represent the mass of the Indian population—warriors, merchants, and husbandmen. At the head of this majestic procession was the Brahman Sarma, the high priest, and principal *Gooroo* or teacher of theology at Benares. This singular and venerable man had passed several years of his life in the court of the sultan Babar; and the dignity and austerity, that became his age and high functions, were blended with a certain grace and ease in his deportment, which distinguished him above the rest.

When the sage Sarma had pronounced the usual benediction, "May the king be victorious!" Akbar inclined his head with reverence. "Wise and virtuous Brahmans!" he said, "our court derives honour from your illustrious presence. Next to the true faith taught by our holy Prophet, the doctrines of Brahma must exceed all others in wisdom and purity, even as the priests of Brahma excel in virtue and knowledge the wisest of the earth: disclose, therefore, your sacred Sastras, that we may inhale from them, as from the roses of paradise, the precious fragrance of truth and of knowledge.

The Brahman replied, in the soft and musical tones of his people, "O king of the world! we are not come before the throne of power to betray the faith of our fathers, but to die for it, if such be the will of the sultan!" Saying these words, he and his companions prostrated themselves upon the earth, and, taking off their turbans, flung them down before them: then, while the rest continued with their foreheads bowed to the ground, Sarma arose, and stood upright before the throne. No words can describe the amazement of Akbar. He shrunk back and struck his hands together; then he frowned, and twisted his small and beautifully curled mustachios:—"The sons of Brahma mock us!" said he at length; "is it thus our imperial decrees are obeyed?"

"The laws of our faith are immutable," replied the old man, calmly, "and the contents of the Vedas were preordained from the beginning of time to be revealed to the

TWICE-BORN alone. It is sufficient, that therein are to be found the essence of all wisdom, the principles of all virtue, and the means of acquiring immortality."

"Doubtless, the sons of Brahma are pre-eminently wise," said Akbar, sarcastically; "but are the followers of the Prophet accounted as fools in their eyes? The sons of Brahma are excellently virtuous, but are all the rest of mankind vicious? Has the most high God confined the knowledge of his attributes to the Brahmans alone, and hidden his face from the rest of his creatures? Where, then, is his justice? where his all-embracing mercy?"

The Brahman, folding his arms, replied: "It is written, Heaven is a palace with many doors, and every man shall enter by his own way. It is not given to mortals to examine or arraign the decrees of the Deity, but to hear and to obey. Let the will of the sultan be accomplished in all things else. In this let the God of all the earth judge between the king and his servants."

"Now, by the head of our Prophet! shall we be braved on our throne by these insolent and contumacious priests? Tortures shall force the seal from those lips!"

"Not so!" said the old Brahman, drawing himself up with a look of inexpressible dignity. "It is in the power of the Great King to deal with his slaves as seemeth good to him; but fortitude is the courage of the weak; and the twice-born sons of Brahma can suffer more in the cause of truth, than even the wrath of Akbar can inflict."

At these words, which expressed at once submission and defiance, a general murmur arose in the assembly. The dense crowd became agitated as the waves of the Ganges just before the rising of the hurricane. Some opened their eyes wide with amazement at such audacity, some frowned with indignation, some looked on with contempt, others with pity. All awaited in fearful expectation, till the fury of the sultan should burst forth and consume these presumptuous offenders. But Akbar remained silent, and for some time played with the hilt of his poniard, half unsheathing it, and then forcing it back with an angry gesture. At length he motioned to his secretary to approach; and Abul Fazil, kneeling upon the silver steps of the throne, received the sultan's commands. After a conference of some length, inaudible to the attendants around, Abul Fazil came forward, and announced

the will of the sultan, that the durbar should be presently broken up. The deputies were severally dismissed with rich presents; all, except the Brahmans, who were commanded to remain in the quarter assigned to them during the royal pleasure, and a strong guard was placed over them.

Meantime Akbar withdrew to the private apartments of his palace, where he remained for three days inaccessible to all, except his secretary Abul Fazil, and the Christian monk. On the fourth day he sent for the high priest of Benares, and successively for the rest of the Brahmins, his companions; but it was in vain he tried threats and temptations, and all his arts of argument and persuasion. They remained calmly and passively immoveable. The sultan at length pardoned and dismissed them with many expressions of courtesy and admiration. The Brahman Sarma was distinguished among the rest by gifts of peculiar value and magnificence, and to him Akbar made a voluntary promise, that, during his reign, the cruel tax, called the Kerea, which had hitherto been levied upon the poor Indians whenever they met to celebrate any of their religious festivals, should be abolished.

But all these professions were hollow and insidious. Akbar was not a character to be thus baffled; and assisted by the wily wit of Abul Fazil, and the bold intriguing monk, he had devised a secret and subtle expedient, which should at once gratify his curiosity, and avenge his insulted power.

Abul Fazil had an only brother, many years younger than himself, whom he had adopted as his son, and loved with extreme tenderness. He had intended him to tread, like himself, the intricate path of state policy; and with this view he had been carefully educated in all the learning of the East, and had made the most astonishing progress in every branch of science. Though scarcely past his boyhood, he had already been initiated into the intrigues of the court; above all, he had been brought up in sentiments of the most profound veneration and submission for the monarch he was destined to serve. In some respects Faizi resembled his brother, he possessed the same versatility of talents, the same acuteness of mind, the same predilection for literary and sedentary pursuits, the same insinuating melody of voice and fluent grace of speech; but his ambition was of a nobler cast, and though his moral perceptions had been somewhat

blunted by a too early acquaintance with court diplomacy, and an effiminate, though learned education, his mind and talents were decidedly of a higher order. He also excelled Abul Fazil in the graces of his person, having inherited from his mother (a Hindoo slave of surpassing loveliness) a figure of exquisite grace and symmetry, and features of most faultless and noble beauty.

Thus fitted by nature and prepared by art for the part he was to perform, this youth was secretly sent to Allahabad, where the deputies of the Brahmans rested for some days on their return to the Sacred City. Here Abul Fazil, with great appearance of mystery and circumspection, introduced himself to the chief priest, Sarma, and presented to him his youthful brother as the orphan son of the Brahman Mitra, a celebrated teacher of astronomy in the court of the late sultan. Abul Fazil had artfully prepared such documents, as left no doubt of the truth of his story. His pupil in treachery played his part to admiration, and the deception was complete and successful.

"It was the will of the Great King," said the wily Abul Fazil, "that this fair youth should be brought up in his palace, and converted to the Moslem faith; but, bound by my vows to a dying friend, I have for fourteen years eluded the command of the sultan, and in placing him under thy protection, O most venerable Sarma! I have at length discharged my conscience, and fulfilled the last wishes of the Brahman Mitra. Peace be with him! If it seem good in thy sight, let this remain for ever a secret between me and thee. I have successfully thrown dust in the eyes of the sultan, and caused it to be reported, that the youth is dead of a sudden and grievous disease. Should he discover, that he has been deceived by his slave; should the truth reach his mighty ears, the head of Abul Fazil would assuredly pay the forfeit of his disobedience."

The old Brahman replied with many expressions of gratitude and inviolable discretion; and, wholly unsuspicious of the cruel artifice, received the youth with joy. He carried him to Benares, where some months afterward he publicly adopted him as his son, and gave him the name of Govinda, "the Beloved," one of the titles under which the Indian women adore their beautiful and favourite idol, the god Chrishna.

Govinda, so we must now call him, was set to study

the sacred language, and the theology of the Brahmans as it is revealed in their Vedas and Sastras. In both he made quick and extraordinary progress; and his singular talents did not more endear him to his preceptor, than his docility, and the pensive, and even melancholy sweetness of his temper and manner. His new duties were not unpleasing or unsuited to one of his indolent and contemplative temper. He possibly felt, at first, a holy horror at the pagan sacrifices, in which he was obliged to assist, and some reluctance to feeding consecrated cows, gathering flowers, cooking rice, and drawing water for offerings and libations: but by degrees he reconciled his conscience to these occupations, and became attached to his Gooroo, and interested in his philosophical studies. He would have been happy, in short, but for certain uneasy sensations of fear and self-reproach, which he vainly endeavoured to forget or to reason down.

Abul Fazil, who dreaded not his indiscretion or his treachery, but his natural sense of rectitude, which had yielded reluctantly, even to the command of Akbar, maintained a constant intercourse with him by means of an intelligent mute, who, hovering in the vicinity of Benares, sometimes in the disguise of a fisherman, sometimes as a coolie, was a continual spy upon all his movements; and once in every month, when the moon was in her dark quarter, Govinda met him secretly, and exchanged communications with his brother.

The Brahman Sarma was rich; he was proud of his high caste, his spiritual office, and his learning; he was of the tribe of Narayna, which for a thousand years had filled the offices of priesthood, without descending to any meaner occupation, or mingling blood with any inferior caste. He maintained habitually a cold, austere, and dignified calmness of demeanour; and flattered himself, that he had attained that state of perfect indifference to all worldly things, which, according to the Brahminical philosophy, is the highest point of human virtue; but, though simple, grave, and austere in his personal habits, he lived with a splendour becoming his reputation, his high rank, and vast possessions. He exercised an almost princely hospitality; a hundred mendicants were fed morning and evening at his gates. He founded and supported colleges of learning for the poorer Brahmans, and had numerous pupils, who had come from all parts of In-

dia to study under his direction. These were lodged in separate buildings. Only Govinda, as the adopted son of Sarma, dwelt under the same roof with his Gooroo, a privilege which had unconsciously become most precious to his heart: it removed him from the constrained companionship of those he secretly despised, and it placed him in delicious and familiar intercourse with one, who had become too dearly and fatally beloved.

The Brahman had an only child, the daughter of his old age. She had been named, at her birth, Priyamvada; (or *softly speaking*;) but her companions called her Amrà, the name of a graceful tree bearing blossoms of peculiar beauty and fragrance, with which the Camdeo (Indian Cupid) is said to tip his arrows. Amrà was but a child when Govinda first entered the dwelling of his preceptor; but as time passed on, she expanded beneath his eye into beauty and maturity, like the lovely and odoriferous flower, the name of which she bore.

The Hindoo women of superior rank and unmixed caste are in general of diminutive size; and accordingly the lovely and high-born Amrà was formed upon the least possible scale of female beauty: but her figure, though so exquisitely delicate, had all the flowing outline and rounded proportions of complete womanhood. Her features were perfectly regular, and of almost infantine minuteness, except her eyes: those soft oriental eyes, not sparkling, or often animated, but large, dark, and lustrous; as if in their calm depth of expression slept unawakened passions, like the bright deity Heri reposing upon the coiled serpent. Her eyebrows were finely arched, and most delicately pencilled; her complexion, of a pale and transparent olive, was on the slightest emotion suffused with a tint, which resembled that of the crimson water-lily as seen through the tremulous wave; her lips were like the buds of the Camàlata, and unclosed to display a row of teeth like seed-pearl of Manar. But one of her principal charms, because peculiar and unequalled, was the beauty and redundance of her hair, which in colour and texture resembled black floss silk, and when released from confinement, flowed downwards over her whole person like a veil, and swept the ground.

Such was Amrà: nor let it be supposed, that so perfect a form was allied to a merely passive and childish mind. It is on record, that, until the invasion of Hindostan by

the barbarous Moguls, the Indian women enjoyed comparative freedom: it is only since the occupation of the country by the Europeans, that they have been kept in entire seclusion. A plurality of wives was discouraged by their laws; and, among some of the tribes of Brahmans, it was even forbidden. At the period of our story, that is, in the reign of Akbar, the Indian women, and more particularly the Brahminees, enjoyed much liberty. They were well educated, and some of them, extraordinary as it may seem, distinguished themselves in war and government. The Indian queen Durgetti, whose history forms a conspicuous and interesting episode in the life of Akbar, defended her kingdom for ten years against one of his most valiant generals. Mounted upon an elephant of war, she led her armies in person; fought several pitched battles; and being at length defeated in a decisive engagement, she stabbed herself on the field, rather than submit to her barbarous conqueror. Nor was this a solitary instance of female heroism and mental energy: and the effect of this freedom, and the respect with which they were treated, appeared in the morals and manners of the women.

The gentle daughter of Sarma was not indeed fitted by nature either to lead or to govern, and certainly had never dreamed of doing either. Her figure, gestures, and movements, had that softness at once alluring and retiring, that indolent grace, that languid repose, common to the women of tropical regions.

> "All her affections like the dews on roses,
> Fair as the flowers themselves; as soft, as gentle."

Her spirit, in its "mildness, sweetness, blessedness," seemed as flexible and unresisting as the tender Vasanta creeper. She had indeed been educated in all the exclusive pride of her caste, and taught to regard all who were not of the privileged race of Brahma as *frangi* (or impure;) but this principle, though so early instilled into her mind as to have become a part of her nature, was rather passive than active; it had never been called forth. She had never been brought into contact with those, whose very look she would have considered as pollution; for she had no intercourse but with those of her own nation, and watchful and sustaining love were all around

her. Her learned accomplishments extended no farther than to read and write the Hindostanee tongue. To tend and water her flowers, to feed her birds, which inhabited a gaily gilded aviary in her garden, to string pearls, to embroider muslin, were her employments; to pay visits and receive them, to lie upon cushions, and be fanned asleep by her maids, or listen to the endless tales of her old nurse, Gautami, whose memory was a vast treasure of traditional wonders—these were her amusements. That there were graver occupations, and dearer pleasures, proper to her sex, she knew; but thought not of them, till the young Govinda came to disturb the peace of her innocent bosom. She had been told to regard him as a brother; and, as she had never known a brother, she believed, that, in lavishing upon him all the glowing tenderness of her young heart, she was but obeying her father's commands. If her bosom fluttered when she heard his footsteps; if she trembled upon the tones of his voice; if, while he was occupied in the services of the temple, she sat in her veranda awaiting his return, and, the moment he appeared through the embowering acacias, a secret and unaccountable feeling made her breathe quick, and rise in haste and retire to her inner apartments, till he approached to pay the salutations due to the daughter of his preceptor; what was it, what *could* it be, but the tender solicitude of a sister for a new-found brother? But Govinda himself was not so entirely deceived. His boyhood had been passed in a luxurious court, and among the women and slaves of his brother's harem; and though so young, he was not wholly inexperienced in a passion, which is the too early growth of an eastern heart. He knew why he languished in the presence of his beautiful sister; he could tell why the dark splendour of Amrà's eyes pierced his soul like the winged flames shot into a besieged city. He could guess, too, why those eyes kindled with a softer fire beneath his glance; but the love he felt was so chastened by the awe which her serene purity, and the dignity of her sweet and feminine bearing shed around her; so hallowed by the nominal relationship in which they stood; so different, in short, from any thing he had ever felt, or seen, or heard of, that, abandoned to all the sweet and dream-like enchantment of a boyish passion, Govinda was scarcely conscious of the wishes of his own heart, until accident in the same moment disclosed his secret aspira-

tions to himself, and bade him for ever despair of their accomplishment.

On the last day of the dark half of the moon, it was the custom of the wise and venerable Sarma to bathe at sunset in the Ganges, and afterward retire to private meditation upon the thousand names of God, by the repetition of which, as it is written, a man insures to himself everlasting felicity. But while Sarma was thus absorbed in holy abstraction, where were Govinda and Amrà?

In a spot fairer than the poet's creative pencil ever wrought into a picture for fancy to dwell on—where, at the extremity of the Brahman's garden, the broad and beautiful stream that bounded it ran swiftly to mingle its waves with those of the thrice-holy Ganges; where mangoes raised their huge twisted roots in a thousand fantastic forms, while from their boughs hung suspended the nests of the little Baya birds, which waved to and fro in the evening breeze—there had Amrà and Govinda met together, it might be, without design. The sun had set, the Cistus flowers began to fall, and the rich blossoms of the night-loving Nilica diffused their rich odour. The Peyoo awoke to warble forth his song, and the fire-flies were just visible, as they flitted under the shade of the Champac trees. Upon a bank, covered with that soft and beautiful grass, which, whenever it is pressed or trodden on, yields a delicious perfume, were Amrà and Govinda seated side by side. Two of her attendants, at some little distance, were occupied in twining wreaths of flowers. Amrà had a basket at her feet, in which were two small vessels of porcelain. One contained cakes of rice, honey, and clarified butter, kneaded by her own hand; in the other were mangoes, rose-apples, and musk-melons; and garlands of the holy palàsa blossoms, sacred to the dead, were flung around the whole. This was the votive offering, which Amrà had prepared for the tomb of her mother, who was buried in the garden. And now, with her elbow resting on her knee, and her soft cheek leaning on her hand, she sat gazing up at the sky, where the stars came flashing forth one by one; and she watched the auspicious moment for offering her pious oblation. But Govinda looked neither on the earth, nor on the sky. What to him were the stars, or the flowers, or the moon rising in dewy splendour? His eyes were fixed upon one, who was brighter to him than the stars, lovelier than the moon

when she drives her antelopes through the heavens, sweeter than the night-flower which opens in her beam.

"O Amrà!" he said, at length, and while he spoke his voice trembled even at its own tenderness, "Amrà! beautiful and beloved sister! thine eyes are filled with the glory of that sparkling firmament! the breath of the evening, which agitates the silky filaments of the Seris, is as pleasant to thee as to me: but the beauty which I see, thou canst not see; the power of deep joy, which thrills over my heart like the breeze over those floating lotuses—oh! *this* thou canst not feel!—Let me take away those pearls and gems scattered among thy radiant tresses, and replace them with these fragrant and golden clusters of Champac flowers! If ever there were beauty, which could disdain the aid of ornament, is it not that of Amrà? If ever there were purity, truth, and goodness, which could defy the powers of evil, are they not thine? O, then, let others braid their hair with pearls, and bind round their arms the demon-scaring amulet, my sister needs no spells to guard her innocence, and cannot wear a gem that does not hide a charm!"

The blush, which the beginning of this passionate speech had called up to her cheek, was changed to a smile, as she looked down upon the mystic circle of gold, which bound her arm.

"It is not a talisman," said she, softly; "it is the Tali, the nuptial bracelet, which was bound upon my arm when I was married."

"*Married!*" the word rent away from the heart of Govinda that veil, with which he had hitherto shrouded his secret hopes, fears, wishes, and affections. His mute agitation sent a trouble into her heart, she knew not why. She blushed quick-kindling blushes, and dropped her head.

"Married!" he said, after a breathless pause; "when? to whom? who is the possessor of a gem of such exceeding price, and yet forbears to claim it?"

She replied, "To Adhar, priest of Indore, and the friend of Sarma. I was married to him while yet an infant, after the manner of our tribe." Then perceiving his increasing disturbance, she continued, hurriedly, and with downcast eyes:—"I have never seen him; he has long dwelt in the countries of the south, whither he was called on an important mission; but he will soon return to reside

here in the sacred city of his fathers, and will leave it no more. Why then should Govinda be sad?" She laid her hand timidly upon his arm, and looked up in his face.

Govinda would fain have taken that beautiful little hand, and covered it with kisses and with tears; but he was restrained by a feeling of respect, which he could not himself comprehend. He feared to alarm her; he contented himself with fixing his eyes on the hand which rested on his arm; and he said, in a soft melancholy voice, "When Adhar returns, Govinda will be forgotten."

"O never! never!" she exclaimed with sudden emotion, and lifting towards him eyes, that floated in tears. Govinda bent down his head, and pressed his lips upon her hand. She withdrew it hastily, and rose from the ground.

At that moment her nurse, Gautami, approached them. "My child," said she, in a tone of reproof, "dost thou yet linger here, and the auspicious moment almost past? If thou delayest longer, evil demons will disturb and consume the pious oblation, and the dead will frown upon the abandoned altar. Hasten, my daughter; take up the basket of offerings, and walk before us."

Amrà, trembling, leaned upon her maids and prepared to obey; but when she had made a few steps, she turned back, as if to salute her brother, and repeated in a low emphatic tone the word "*Never!*"—then turned away. Govinda stood looking after the group, till the last wave of their white veils disappeared; and listened till the tinkling of their silver anklets could no longer be distinguished. Then he started as from a dream: he tossed his arms above his head; he flung himself upon the earth in an agony of jealous fury; he gave way to all the pent-up passions, which had been for years accumulating in his heart. All at once he rose: he walked to and fro; he stopped. A hope had darted into his mind, even through the gloom of despair. "For what," thought he, "have I sold myself? For riches! for honour! for power! Ah! what are they in such a moment? Dust of the earth, toys, empty breath! For what is the word of the Great King pledged to me? Has he not sworn to refuse me nothing? All that is most precious between earth and heaven, from the mountain to the sea, lies at my choice! One word, and she is mine! and I hesitate? Fool! she *shall* be mine!"

He looked up towards heaven, and marked the places of the stars. "It is the appointed hour," he muttered, and cautiously his eye glanced around, and he listened; but all was solitary and silent. He then stole along the path, which led through a thick grove of Cadam trees, intermingled with the tall points of the Cusa grass, that shielded him from all observation. He came at last to a little promontory, where the river we have mentioned threw itself into the Ganges. He had not been there above a minute, when a low whistle, like the note of the Chacora, was heard. A small boat rowed to the shore, and Sahib stood before him. Quick of eye and apprehension, the mute perceived instantly that something unusual had occurred. He pointed to the skiff; but Govinda shook his head, and made signs for a light and the writing implements. They were quickly brought; and while Sahib held the lamp, so that its light was invisible to the opposite shore, Govinda wrote, in the peculiar cipher they had framed for that purpose, a few words to his brother, sufficiently intelligible in their import, though dictated by the impassioned and tumultuous feelings of the moment. When he had finished, he gave the letter to Sahib, who concealed it carefully in the folds of his turban, and then, holding up the fingers of both hands thrice over, to intimate, that in thirty days he would bring the answer, he sprung into the boat, and was soon lost under the mighty shadow of the trees, which stretched their huge boughs over the stream.

Govinda slowly returned; but he saw Amrà no more that night. They met the next day, and the next; but Amrà was no longer the same: she was silent, pensive; and when pressed or rebuked, she became tearful and even sullen. She was always seen with her faithful Gautami, upon whose arm she leaned droopingly, and hung her head like her own neglected flowers. Govinda was almost distracted: in vain he watched for a moment to speak to Amrà alone; the vigilant Gautami seemed resolved, that they should never meet out of her sight. Sometimes he would raise his eyes to her as she passed, with such a look of tender and sorrowful reproach, that Amrà would turn away her face and weep: but still she spoke not: and never returned his respectful salutation farther than by inclining her head.

The old Brahman perceived this change in his beloved daughter; but not for some time: and it is probable, that, being absorbed in his spiritual office and sublime speculations, he would have had neither leisure nor penetration to discover the cause, if the suspicions of the careful Gautami had not awakened his attention. She ventured to suggest the propriety of hastening the return of his daughter's betrothed husband; and the Brahman, having taken her advice in this particular, rested satisfied; persuading himself, that the arrival of Adhar would be a certain and all-sufficient remedy for the dreaded evil, which in his simplicity he had never contemplated, and could scarcely be made to comprehend.

A month had thus passed away, and again that appointed day came round, on which Govinda was wont to meet his brother's emissary: even on ordinary occasions he could never anticipate it without a thrill of anxiety,—now every feeling was wrought up to agony; yet it was necessary to control the slightest sign of impatience, and wear the same external guise of calm, subdued self-possession, though every vein was burning with the fever of suspense.

It was the hour when Sarma, having risen from his mid-day sleep, was accustomed to listen to Govinda while he read some appointed text. Accordingly Govinda opened his book, and standing before his preceptor in an attitude of profound humility, he read thus:

"Garuna asked of the Crow Bushanda, 'What is the most excellent of natural forms? the highest good? the chief pain? the dearest pleasure? the greatest wickedness? the severest punishment?

"And the Crow Bushanda answered him: 'In the three worlds, empyreal, terrestrial, and infernal, no form excels the human form.

"'Supreme felicity, on earth, is found in the conversation of a virtuous friend.

"'The keenest pain is inflicted by extreme poverty.

"'The worst of sins is uncharitableness; and to the uncharitable is awarded the severest punishment: for while the despisers of their spiritual guides shall live for a thousand centuries as frogs, and those who contemn the Brahmans as ravens, and those who scorn other men as blinking bats, the uncharitable alone shall be condemned

to the profoundest hell, and their punishment shall last for ever.' "*

Govinda closed his book; and the old Brahman was proceeding to make an elaborate comment on this venerable text, when, looking up in the face of his pupil, he perceived that he was pale, abstracted, and apparently unconscious that he was speaking. He stopped: he was about to rebuke him, but he restrained himself; and after reflecting for a few moments, he commanded the youth to prepare for the evening sacrifice: but first he desired him to summon Amrà to her father's presence.

At this unusual command Govinda almost started. He deposited the sacred leaves in his bosom, and with a beating heart and trembling steps, prepared to obey. When he reached the door of the zenana, he gently lifted the silken curtain which divided the apartments, and stood for a few moments contemplating, with silent and sad delight, the group that met his view.

Amrà was reclining upon cushions, and looking wan as a star that fades away before the dawn. Her head drooped upon her bosom, her hair hung neglected upon her shoulders: yet was she lovely still; and Govinda, while he gazed, remembered the words of the poet Calidas: "The water-lily, though dark moss may settle on its head, is nevertheless beautiful; and the moon, with dewy beams, is rendered yet brighter by its dark spots." She was clasping round her delicate wrist a bracelet of gems; and when she observed, that ever as she placed it on her attenuated arm it fell again upon her hand, she shook her head and smiled mournfully. Two of her maids sat at her feet, occupied in their embroidery; and old Gautami, at her side, was relating, in a slow, monotonous recitative, one of her thousand tales of wonder, to divert the melancholy of her young mistress. She told how the demi-god Rama was forced to flee from the demons who had usurped his throne, and how his beautiful and faithful Seita wandered over the whole earth in search of her consort; and being at length overcome with grief and fatigue, she sat down in the pathless wilderness and wept; and how there arose from the spot, where her tears sank warm into the earth, a fountain of boiling water of exquisite clearness and wondrous virtues; and how maidens, who make a

* *Vide* the Hectopadessa.

pilgrimage to this sacred well and dip their veils into its wave with pure devotion, ensure themselves the utmost felicity in marriage: thus the story ran. Amrà, who appeared at first abstracted and inattentive, began to be affected by the misfortunes and the love of the beautiful Seita; and at the mention of the fountain and its virtues, she lifted her eyes with an expression of eager interest, and met those of Govinda fixed upon her. She uttered a faint cry, and threw herself into the arms of Gautami. He hastened to deliver the commands of his preceptor, and then Amrà, recovering her self-possession, threw her veil round her, arose, and followed him to her father's presence.

As they drew near together, the old man looked from one to the other. Perhaps his heart, though dead to all human passions, felt at that moment a touch of pity for the youthful, lovely, and loving pair who stood before him; but his look was calm, cold, and serene, as usual.

"Draw near, my son," he said; "and thou, my beloved daughter, approach, and listen to the will of your father. The time is come, when we must make ready all things for the arrival of the wise and honoured Adhar. My daughter, let those pious ceremonies, with which virtuous women prepare themselves ere they enter the dwelling of their husband, be duly performed: and do thou, Govinda, son of my choice, set my household in order, that all may be in readiness to receive with honour the bridegroom, who comes to claim his betrothed. To-morrow we will sacrifice to Ganesa, who is the guardian of travellers: this night must be given to penance and holy meditation. Amrà, retire: and thou, Govinda, take up that fagot of Tulsi-wood, with the rice and the flowers for the evening oblation, and follow me to the temple." So saying, the old man turned away hastily; and without looking back, pursued his path through the sacred grove.

Alas for those he had left behind! Govinda remained silent and motionless. Amrà would have obeyed her father, but her limbs refused their office. She trembled—she was sinking: she timidly looked up to Govinda as if for support; his arms were extended to receive her: she fell upon his neck, and wept unrestrained tears. He held her to his bosom as though he would have folded her into his inmost heart, and hidden her there for ever. He murmured passionate words of transport and fondness in

her ear. He drew aside her veil from her pale brow, and ventured to print a kiss upon her closed eyelids. "To-night," he whispered, "in the grove of mangoes by the river's bank!" She answered only by a mute caress; and then supporting her steps to her own apartments, he resigned her to the arms of her attendants, and hastened after his preceptor. He forgot, however, the materials for the evening sacrifice, and in consequence not only had to suffer a severe rebuke from the old priest, but the infliction of a penance extraordinary, which detained him in the presence of his preceptor till the night was far advanced. At length, however, Sarma retired to holy meditation and mental abstraction, and Govinda was dismissed.

He had hitherto maintained, with habitual and determined self-command, that calm, subdued exterior, which becomes a pupil in the presence of his religious teacher; but no sooner had he crossed the threshold, and found himself alone breathing the free night air of heaven, than the smothered passions burst forth. He paused for one instant, to anathematize in his soul the Sastras and their contents, the gods and their temples, the priests and the sacrifices; the futile ceremonies and profitless suffering to which his life was abandoned, and the cruel policy to which he had been made an unwilling victim. Then he thought of Amrà, and all things connected with her changed their aspect.

In another moment he was beneath the shadow of the mangoes on the river's brink. He looked round, Amrà was not there: he listened, there was no sound. The grass bore marks of having been recently pressed, and still its perfume floated on the air. A few flowers were scattered round, fresh gathered, and glittering with dew. Govinda wrung his hands in despair, and flung himself upon the bank, where a month before they had sat together. On the very spot where Amrà had reclined, he perceived a lotos-leaf and a palasa flower laid together. Upon the lotos-leaf he could perceive written, with a thorn or some sharp point, the word AMRA; and the crimson palasa-buds were sacred to the dead. It was sufficient: he thrust the leaf and the flowers into his bosom; and, "swift as the sparkle of a glancing star," he flew along the path which led to the garden sepulchre.

The mother of Amrà had died in giving birth to her

only child. She was young, beautiful, and virtuous; and had lived happily with her husband notwithstanding the disparity of age. The pride and stoicism of his caste would not allow him to betray any violence of grief, or show his affection for the dead, otherwise than by raising to her memory a beautiful tomb. It consisted of four light pillars, richly and grotesquely carved, supporting a pointed cupola, beneath which was an altar for oblations: the whole was overlaid with brilliant white stucco, and glittered through the gloom. A flight of steps led up to this edifice: upon the highest step, and at the foot of the altar, Amrà was seated alone and weeping. . .

Love—O love! what have I to do with thee? How sinks the heart, how trembles the hand as it approaches the forbidden theme! Of all the gifts the gods have sent upon the earth thou most precious—yet ever most fatal! As serpents dwell among the odorous boughs of the sandal-tree, and alligators in the thrice sacred waters of the Ganges, so all that is sweetest, holiest, dearest upon earth, is mixed up with sin, and pain, and misery, and evil! Thus hath it been ordained from the beginning; and the love that hath never mourned, is not love.

How sweet, yet how terrible, were the moments that succeeded! While Govinda, with fervid eloquence, poured out his whole soul at her feet, Amrà alternately melted with tenderness, or shrunk with sensitive alarm. When he darkly intimated the irresistible power he possessed to overcome all obstacles to their union—when he spoke with certainty of the time when she should be his, spite of the world and men—when he described the glorious height to which his love would elevate her—the delights and the treasures he would lavish around her, she, indeed, understood not his words; yet, with all a woman's trusting faith in him she loves, she hung upon his accents—listened and believed. The high and passionate energy, with which his spirit, so long pent up and crushed within him, now revealed itself; the consciousness of his own power, the knowledge that he was beloved, lent such a new and strange expression to his whole aspect, and touched his fine form and features with such a proud and sparkling beauty, that Amrà looked up at him with a mixture of astonishment, admiration, and deep love, not wholly unmingled with fear; almost believing, that she gazed upon some more than mortal lover, upon one of those bright genii,

who inhabit the lower heaven, and have been known in the old time to leave their celestial haunts for love of the earth-born daughters of beauty.

Amrà did not speak, but Govinda felt his power. He saw his advantage, and, with the instinctive subtlety of his sex, he pursued it. He sighed, he wept, he implored, he upbraided. Amrà, overpowered by his emotion and her own, had turned away her head, and embraced one of the pillars of her mother's tomb, as if for protection. In accents of the most plaintive tenderness she entreated him to leave her—to spare her—and even while she spoke her arm relaxed its hold, and she was yielding to the gentle force with which he endeavoured to draw her away; when at this moment, so dangerous to both, a startling sound was heard—a rustling among the bushes, and then a soft, low whistle. Govinda started up at that well-known signal, and saw the head of the mute appearing just above the altar. His turban being green, was undistinguishable against the leafy back-ground: and his small black eyes glanced and glittered like those of a snake. Govinda would willingly have annihilated him at that moment. He made a gesture of angry impatience, and motioned him to retire; but Sahib stood still, shook his hand with a threatening expression, and made signs, that he must instantly follow him.

Amrà, meantime, who had neither seen nor heard any thing, began to suspect, that Govinda was communing with some invisible spirit; she clung to him in terror, and endeavoured to recall his attention to herself by the most tender and soothing words and caresses. After some time he succeeded in calming her fears; and with a thousand promises of quick return, he at length tore himself away, and followed through the thicket the form of Sahib, who glided like a shadow before him.

When they reached the accustomed spot, the mute leapt into the canoe, which he had made fast to the root of a mango-tree, and motioning Govinda to follow him, he pushed from the shore, and rowed rapidly till they reached a tall, bare rock near the centre of the stream, beneath the dark shadow of which Sahib moored his little boat, out of the possible reach of human eye or ear.

All had passed so quickly, that Govinda felt like one in a dream; but now, awakening to a sense of his situation, he held out his hand for the expected letter from his

brother, trembling to learn its import, upon which he felt that more than his life depended. Sahib, meanwhile, did not appear in haste to obey. At length, after a pause of breathless suspense, Govinda heard a low and well-remembered voice repeat an almost-forgotten name: "Faizi!" it said.

"O Prophet of God! my brother!" and he was clasped in the arms of Abul Fazil.

After the first transports of recognition had subsided, Faizi (it is time to use his real name) sank from his brother's arms to his feet: he clasped his knees. "My brother!" he exclaimed, "what is now to be my fate? You have not lightly assumed this disguise, and braved the danger of discovery! You know all, and have come to save me—to bless me? Is it not so?"

Abul Fazil could not see his brother's uplifted countenance, flushed with the hectic of feverish impatience, or his imploring eyes, that floated in tears; but his tones were sufficiently expressive.

"Poor boy!" he said, compassionately, "I should have foreseen this. But calm these transports, my brother! nothing is denied to the sultan's power, and nothing will he deny thee."

"He knows all, then?"

"All—and by his command am I come. I had feared, that my brother had sold his vowed obedience for the smile of a dark-eyed girl—what shall I say?—I feared for his safety!"

"O my brother! there is no cause!"

"I know it—enough!—I have seen and heard!"

Faizi covered his face with his hands.

"If the sultan——"

"Have no doubts," said Abul Fazil: "nothing is denied to the sultan's power, nothing will be denied to thee."

"And the Brahman Adhar?"

"It has been looked to—he will not trouble thee."

"*Dead?* O merciful Allah! crime upon crime!"

"His life is cared for," said Abul Fazil, calmly: "ask no more."

"It is sufficient. O my brother! O Amrà!"—

"She is thine!—Now hear the will of Akbar."—Faizi bowed his head with submission. "Speak!" he said; "the slave of Akbar listens."

"In three months from this time," continued Abul Fazil, "and on this appointed night, it will be dark, and the pagodas deserted. Then, and not till then, will Sahib be found at the accustomed spot. He will bring in the skiff a dress, which is the sultans's gift, and will be a sufficient disguise. On the left bank of the stream there shall be stationed and ample guard, with a close litter and a swift Arabian. Thou shalt mount the one, and in the other shall be placed this fair girl. Then fly: having first flung her veil upon the river to beguile pursuit; the rest I leave to thine own quick wit. But let all be done with secrecy and subtlety; for the sultan, though he can refuse thee nothing, would not willingly commit an open wrong against a people he has lately conciliated; and the violation of a Brahminee woman were enough to raise a province."

"It shall not need," exclaimed the youth, clasping his hands: "she loves me! She shall live for me—only for me—while others weep her dead!"

"It is well: now return we in silence, the night wears fast away." He took one of the oars, Faizi seized the other, and with some difficulty they rowed up the stream, keeping close under the overshadowing banks. Having reached the little promontory, they parted with a strict and mute embrace.

Faizi looked for a moment after his brother, then sprung forward to the spot where he had left Amrà; but she was no longer there: apparently she had been recalled by her nurse to her own apartments, and did not again make her appearance.

Three months more completed the five years which had been allotted for Govinda's Brahminical studies; they passed but too rapidly away. During this time the Brahman Adhar did not arrive, nor was his name again uttered: and Amrà, restored to health, was more than ever tender and beautiful, and more than ever beloved.

The old Brahman, who had hitherto maintained towards his pupil and adopted son a cold and distant demeanour, now relaxed from his accustomed austerity, and when he addressed him it was in a tone of mildness, and even tenderness. Alas for Govinda! every proof of this newly-awakened affection pierced his heart with unavailing remorse. He had lived long enough among the Brahmans, to anticipate with terror the effects of his treachery, when

once discovered; but he repelled such obtrusive images, and resolutely shut his eyes against a future, which he could neither control nor avert. He tried to persuade himself, that it was now too late; that the stoical indifference to all earthly evil, passion, and suffering, which the Pundit Sarma taught and practised, would sufficiently arm him against the double blow preparing for him. Yet, as the hour approached, the fever of suspense consumed his heart. Contrary passions distracted and bewildered him: his ideas of right and wrong became fearfully perplexed. He would have given the treasures of Istakar to arrest the swift progress of time. He felt like one entangled in the wheels of some vast machine, and giddily and irresistibly whirled along he knew not how nor whither.

At length the day arrived; the morning broke forth in all that splendour with which she descends upon "the Indian steep." Govinda prepared for the early sacrifice, the last he was to perform. In spite of the heaviness and confusion which reigned in his own mind, he could perceive that something unusual occupied the thoughts of his preceptor: some emotion of a pleasurable kind had smoothed the old man's brow. His voice was softened; and though his lips were compressed, almost a smile lighted up his eyes, when he turned them on Govinda. The sacrifice was one of unusual pomp and solemnity, in honour of the goddess Parvati, and lasted till the sun's decline. When they returned to the dwelling of Sarma he dismissed his pupils from their learned exercises, desiring them to make that day a day of rest and recreation, as if it were the festival of Sri, the goddess of learning, when books, pens, and paper, being honoured as her emblems, remain untouched, and her votaries enjoy a sabbath. When they were departed, the old Brahman commanded Govinda to seat himself on the ground opposite to him. This being the first time he had ever sat in the presence of his preceptor, the young man hesitated; but Sarma motioned him to obey, and accordingly he sat down at a respectful distance, keeping his eyes reverently cast upon the ground. The old man then spoke these words:

"It is now five years since the son of Mitra entered my dwelling. He was then but a child, helpless, orphaned, ignorant of all true knowledge; expelled from the faith of his fathers and the privileges of his high caste.

I took him to my heart with joy, I fed him, I clothed him, I opened his mind to truth, I poured into his soul the light of knowledge: he became to me a son. If in any thing I have omitted the duty of a father towards him, if ever I refused to him the wish of his heart or the desire of his eyes, let him now speak!"

"O my father!"—

"No more," said the Brahman, gently, "I am answered in that one word; but all that I have yet done seems as nothing in mine eyes: for the love I bear my son is wide as the wide earth, and my bounty shall be as the boundless firmament. Know that I have read thy soul! Start not! I have received letters from the south country. Amrà is no longer the wife of Adhar; for Adhar has vowed himself to a life of penance and celibacy in the temple of Indore, by order of an offended prince;—may he find peace! The writings of divorce are drawn up, and my daughter being already past the age when a prudent father hastens to marry his child, in order that the souls of the dead may be duly honoured by their posterity, I have sought for her a husband, such as a parent might desire; learned in the sciences, graced with every virtue; of unblemished life, of unmixed caste, and rich in the goods of this world."

The Brahman stopped short. Faizi, breathing with difficulty, felt his blood pause at his heart.

"My son!" continued the old man, "I have not coveted possessions or riches, but the gods have blessed me with prosperity; be they praised for their gifts! Look around upon this fair dwelling, upon those fertile lands, which spread far and wide, a goodly prospect; and the herds that feed on them, and the bondsmen who cultivate them; with silver and gold, and garments, and rich stores heaped up, more than I can count—all these do I give thee freely: possess them! and with them I give thee a greater gift, and one that I well believe is richer and dearer in thine eyes—my daughter, my last and best treasure! Thus do I resign all worldly cares, devoting myself henceforth solely to pious duties and religious meditation: for the few days he has to live, let the old man repose upon thy love! A little water, a little rice, a roof to shelter him, these thou shalt bestow—he asks no more."

The Brahman's voice faltered. He rose, and Govinda stood up, trembling in every nerve. The old priest then

laid his hand solemnly upon his bowed head and blessed him. "My son! to me far better than many sons, be thou blest as thou hast blessed me! The just gods requite thee with full measure all thou hast done! May the wife I bestow on thee bring to thy bosom all the felicity thou broughtest to me and mine, and thy last hours be calm and bright, as those thy love has prepared for me!"

"Ah, curse me not!" exclaimed Govinda, with a cry of horror; for in the anguish of that moment he felt as if the bitter malediction, thus unconsciously pronounced, was already fulfilling. He flung himself upon the earth in an agony of self-humiliation; he crawled to the feet of his preceptor, he kissed them, he clasped his knees. In broken words he revealed himself, and confessed the treacherous artifice of which he was at once the instrument and the victim. The Brahman stood motionless, scarcely comprehending the words spoken. At length he seemed to awaken to the sense of what he heard, and trembled from head to foot with an exceeding horror; but he uttered no word of reproach; and after a pause, he suddenly drew the sacrificial poniard from his girdle, and would have plunged it into his own bosom, if Faizi had not arrested his arm, and without difficulty snatched the weapon from his shaking and powerless grasp.

"If yet there be mercy for me," he exclaimed, "add not to my crimes this worst of all—make me not a sacrilegious murderer! Here," he added, kneeling, and opening his bosom, "strike! satisfy at once a just vengeance, and end all fears in the blood of an abhorred betrayer! Strike, ere it be too late!"

The old man twice raised his hand, but it was without strength. He dropped the knife, and folding his arms, and sinking his head upon his bosom, he remained silent.

"O yet!" exclaimed Faizi, lifting with reverence the hem of his robe and pressing it to his lips, "if there remain a hope for me, tell me by what penance—terrible, prolonged, and unheard-of—I may expiate this sin; and hear me swear, that henceforth, neither temptation, nor torture, nor death itself, shall force me to reveal the secrets of the Brahmin faith, nor divulge the holy character in which they are written: and if I break this vow, may I perish from off the earth like a dog!"

The Brahman clasped his hands, and turned his eyes

for a moment on the imploring countenance of the youth, but averted them instantly with a shudder.

"What have I to do with thee," he said, at length, "thou serpent! Well is it written—'Though the upas-tree were watered with nectar from heaven instead of dew, yet would it bear poison.' Yet swear—"

"I do—I will—"

"Never to behold my face again, nor utter with those guileful and polluted lips the name of my daughter."

"My father!"

"Father!" repeated the old man, with a flash of indignation, but it was instantly subdued. "Swear!" he repeated, "if vows can bind a thing so vile!"

"My father, I embrace thy knees! Not heaven itself can annul the past, and Amrà is mine beyond the power of fate or vengeance to disunite us—but by death!"

"Hah!" said the Brahman, stepping back, "it is then as I feared! and this is well too!"—he muttered; "Heaven required a victim!"

He moved slowly to the door, and called his daughter with a loud voice: Amrà heard and trembled in the recesses of her apartments. The voice was her father's, but the tones of that voice made her soul sicken with fear; and drawing her drapery round to conceal that alteration in her lovely form which was but too apparent, she came forth with faltering steps.

"Approach!" said the Brahman, fixing his eyes upon her, while those of Faizi, after the first eager glance, remained rivetted to the earth. She drew near with affright, and gazed wildly from one to the other.

"Ay! look well upon him! whom dost thou behold?"

"My father!—Ah! spare me!"

"Is he your husband?"

"Govinda! alas!—speak for us!"—

"Fool!"—he grasped her supplicating hands,—"say but the word—are you a wife?"

"I am! I am! *his*, before the face of Heaven!"

"No!"—he dropped her hands, and spoke in a rapid and broken voice: "No! Heaven disclaims the monstrous mixture! hell itself rejects it! Had he been the meanest among the sons of Brahma, I had borne it: but an Infidel, a base-born Moslem, has contaminated the stream of my life! Accursed was the hour when he came beneath my roof, like a treacherous fox and a ravening

wolf, to betray and to destroy! Accursed was the hour, which mingled the blood of Narayna with that of the son of a slave-girl! Shall I live to look upon a race of outcasts, abhorred on earth and excommunicate from heaven, and say, 'These are the offspring of Sarma?' Miserable girl! thou wert preordained a sacrifice! Die! and thine infamy perish with thee!" Even while he spoke he snatched up the poniard which lay at his feet, but this he needed not—the blow was already struck home, and to her very heart Before the vengeful steel could reach her, she fell, without a cry—a groan—senseless, and, as it seemed, lifeless, upon the earth.

Faizi, almost with a shriek, sprang forward; but the old man interposed: and, with the strong grasp of supernatural strength—the strength of despair—held him back. Meantime the women, alarmed by his cries, rushed wildly in, and bore away in their arms the insensible form of Amrà. Faizi strove to follow; but, at a sign from the Brahman, the door was quickly closed and fastened within, so that it resisted all his efforts to force it. He turned almost fiercely—"She will yet live!" he passionately exclaimed; and the Brahman replied, calmly and disdainfully, "If she be the daughter of Sarma, she will die!" Then rending his garments, and tearing off his turban, he sat down upon the sacrificial hearth; and taking up dust and ashes, scattered them on his bare head and flowing beard: he then remained motionless, with his chin upon his bosom, and his arms crossed upon his knees. In vain did Faizi kneel before him, and weep, and supplicate for one word, one look: he was apparently lost to all consciousness, rigid, torpid; and, but that he breathed, and that there was at times a convulsive movement in his eyelids. it might have been thought, that life itself was suspended, or had altogether ceased.

Thus did this long and most miserable day wear away, and night came on. Faizi—who had spent the hours in walking to and fro like a troubled demon, now listening at the door of the zenana, from which no sound proceeded, now endeavouring in vain to win, by the most earnest entreaties, some sign of life or recognition from the old man—could no longer endure the horror of his own sensations. He stepped into the open air, and leaned his head against the porch. The breeze, which blew freshly against his parched lips and throbbing temples, revived

his faculties. After a few moments he thought he could distinguish voices, and the trampling of men and horses, borne on the night air. He raised his hands in ecstacy. Again he bent his ear to listen: he heard the splash of an oar. "They come!" he exclaimed, almost aloud, "one more plunge, and it is done! This hapless and distracted old man I will save from his own and others fury, and still be to him a son, in his own despite. And, Amrà! my own! my beautiful! my beloved! oh, how richly shall the future atone for these hours of anguish! In these arms the cruel pride and prejudices of thy race shall be forgotten. At thy feet I will pour the treasures of the world, and lift thee to joys beyond the brightest visions of youthful fancy! But—O merciful Allah!"

At the same moment a long, loud, and piercing shriek was heard from the women's apartments, followed by lamentable wailings. He made but one bound to the door. It resisted, but his despair was strong. He rushed against it with a force, that burst it from its hinges, and precipitated him into the midst of the chamber. It was empty and dark; so was the next, and the next. At last he reached the inner and most sacred apartment. He beheld the lifeless form of Amrà extended on the ground. Over her face was thrown an embroidered veil: her head rested on the lap of her nurse, whose features appeared rigid with horror. The rest of the women, who were weeping and wailing, covered their heads, and fled at his approach. Faizi called upon the name of her he loved: he snatched the veil from that once lovely face—that face which had never been revealed to him but in tender and soul-beaming beauty. He looked, and fell senseless on the floor.

The unhappy Amrà, in recovering from her long swoon, had fallen into a stupor, which her attendants mistook for slumber, and left her for a short interval. She awoke, wretched girl! alone, she awoke to the sudden and maddening sense of her lost state, to all the pangs of outraged love, violated faith, shame, anguish, and despair. In a paroxysm of delirium, when none were near to soothe or to save, she had made her own luxuriant and beautiful tresses the instrument of her destruction, and choked herself by swallowing her hair.

When the emissaries of the sultan entered this house of desolation, they found Faizi still insensible at the side of her he had so loved. He was borne away before re-

collection returned, placed in the litter which had been prepared for Amrà, and carried to Ferrukabad, where the sultan was then hunting with his whole court. What became of the old Brahman is not known. He passed away like a shadow from the earth, "and his place knew him not." Whether he sought a voluntary death, or wore away his remaining years in secret penance, can only be conjectured, for all search was vain.

Eastern records tell, that Faizi kept his promise sacred, and never revealed the mysteries intrusted to him. Yet he retained the favour of Akbar, by whose command he translated from the Sanscrit tongue several poetical and historical works into the choicest Persian. He became himself an illustrious poet; and, like other poets of greater fame, created "an immortality of his tears." He acquired the title of *Sheich*, or "the learned," and rose to the highest civil offices of the empire. All outward renown, prosperity, and fame, were his; but there was, at least, retributive justice in his early and tragical death.

Towards the conclusion of Akbar's reign, Abul Fazil was sent upon a secret mission into the Deccan, and Faizi accompanied him. The favour which these celebrated brothers enjoyed at court, their influence over the mind of the sultan, and their entire union, had long excited the jealousy of Prince Selim,* the eldest son of Akbar, and he had vowed their destruction. On their return from the south, with a small escort, they were attacked by a numerous band of assassins, disguised as robbers, and both perished. Faizi was found lying upon the body of Abul Fazil, whom he had bravely defended to the last. The death of these illustrious brothers was lamented, not only within the bounds of the empire, but through all the kingdoms of the East, whither their fame had extended; and by the sultan's command they were interred together, and with extraordinary pomp. One incident only remains to be added. When the bodies were stripped for burial, there was found within the inner vest of the Sheich Faizi, and close to his heart, a withered Lotus leaf inscribed with certain characters. So great was the fame of the dead for wisdom, learning, and devotion, that it was supposed to be a talisman endued with extraordinary virtues, and immediately transmitted to the sultan. Akbar con-

* Afterward the Emperor Jehangire.

sidered the relic with surprise. It was nothing but a simple Lotus leaf, faded, shrivelled, and stained with blood; but on examining it more closely, he could trace, in ill-formed and scarcely legible Indian letters, the word AMRA.

And when Akbar looked upon this tender memorial of a hapless love, and undying sorrow, his great heart melted within him, and he wept.

HALLORAN THE PEDLAR.*

"It grieves me," said an eminent poet once to me, "it grieves and humbles me to reflect how much our moral nature is in the power of circumstances. Our best faculties would remain unknown even to ourselves did not the influences of external excitement call them forth like animalculæ, which lie torpid till awakened into life by the transient sunbeam."

This is generally true. How many walk through the beaten paths of every-day life, who but for the novelist's page would never weep or wonder; and who would know nothing of the passions but as they are represented in some tragedy or stage piece? not that they are incapable of high resolve and energy; but because the finer qualities have never been called forth by imperious circumstances; for while the wheels of existence roll smoothly along, the soul will continue to slumber in her vehicle like a lazy traveller. But for the French revolution, how many hundreds—*thousands*—whose courage, fortitude, and devotedness have sanctified their names, would have frittered away a frivolous, useless, or vicious life in the saloons of Paris! We have heard of death in its most revolting forms braved by delicate females, who would have screamed at the sight of the most insignificant reptile or insect; and men cheerfully toiling at mechanic trades for bread, who had lounged away the best years of their lives at the toilettes of their mistresses. We know not of what we are capable till the trial comes;—till it comes, perhaps, in a form which makes the strong man quail, and turns the gentler woman into a heroine.

The power of outward circumstances suddenly to awaken dormant faculties—the extraordinary influence which the mere instinct of self-preservation can exert over the mind, and the triumph of *mind* thus excited over physi-

* This little tale was written in March, 1826, and in the hands of the publishers long before the appearance of Bainim's novel of "The Nowlans," which contains a similar incident, probably founded on the same fact.

ral weakness, were never more truly exemplified than in the story of HALLORAN THE PEDLAR.

The real circumstances of this singular case, differing essentially from the garbled and incorrect account which appeared in the newspapers some years ago, came to my knowledge in the following simple manner. My cousin George C * * *, an Irish barrister of some standing, lately succeeded to his family estates by the death of a near relative; and no sooner did he find himself in possession of independence than, abjuring the bar, where, after twenty years of hard struggling, he was just beginning to make a figure, he sat off on a tour through Italy and Greece, to forget the wrangling of courts, the contumely of attornies, and the impatience of clients. He left in my hands a mass of papers, to burn or not, as I might feel inclined: and truly the contents of his desk were no bad illustration of the character and pursuits of its owner. Here I found abstracts of cases, and on their backs copies of verses, sketches of scenery, and numerous caricatures of judges, jurymen, witnesses, and his brethren of the bar —a bundle of old briefs, and the beginnings of two tragedies; with a long list of Lord N——'s best jokes to serve his purposes as occasion might best offer. Among these heterogenous and confused articles were a number of scraps carefully pinned together, containing notes on a certain trial, the first in which he had been retained as counsel for the crown. The intense interest with which I perused these documents, suggested the plan of throwing the whole into a connected form, and here it is for the reader's benefit.

In a little village to the south of Clonmell lived a poor peasant named Michael, or as it was there pronounced Mickle Reilly. He was a labourer renting a cabin and a plot of potatoe-ground; and, on the strength of these possessions, a robust frame which feared no fatigue, and a sanguine mind which dreaded no reverse, Reilly paid his addresses to Cathleen Bray, a young girl of his own parish, and they were married. Reilly was able, skilful, and industrious; Cathleen was the best spinner in the county, and had constant sale for her work at Clonmell: they wanted nothing; and for the first year, as Cathleen said, "There wasn't upon the blessed earth two happier souls than themselves, for Mick was the best boy in the world, and hadn't a fault to *spake* of—barring he took a

drop now and then; an' why wouldn't he?" But as it happened, poor Reilly's love of "*the drop*" was the beginning of all their misfortunes. In an evil hour he went to the Fair of Clonmell to sell a dozen hanks of yarn of his wife's spinning, and a fat pig, the produce of which was to pay half a year's rent, and add to their little comforts. Here he met with a jovial companion, who took him into a booth, and treated him to sundry potations of whiskey; and while in his company his pocket was picked of the money he had just received, and something more; in short, of all he possessed in the world. At that luckless moment, while maddened by his loss and heated with liquor, he fell into the company of a recruiting sergeant. The many-coloured and gaily fluttering cockade in the soldier's cap shone like a rainbow of hope and promise before the drunken eyes of Mickle Reilly, and ere morning he was enlisted into a regiment under orders for embarkation, and instantly sent off to Cork.

Distracted by the ruin he had brought upon himself, and his wife, (whom he loved a thousand times better than himself,) poor Reilly sent a friend to inform Cathleen of his mischance, and to assure her that on a certain day, in a week from that time, a letter would await her at the Clonmell post-office: the same friend was commissioned to deliver her his silver watch, and a guinea out of his bounty-money. Poor Cathleen turned from the gold with horror, as the price of her husband's blood, and vowed that nothing on earth should induce her to touch it. She was not a good calculator of time and distance, and therefore rather surprised that so long a time must elapse before his letter arrived. On the appointed day she was too impatient to wait the arrival of the carrier, but set off to Clonmell herself, a distance of ten miles: there, at the post-office, she duly found the promised letter; but it was not till she had it in her possession that she remembered she could not read: she had therefore to hasten back to consult her friend Nancy, the schoolmaster's daughter, and the best scholar in the village. Reilly's letter, on being deciphered with some difficulty even by the learned Nancy, was found to contain much of sorrow, much of repentance, and yet more of affection: he assured her that he was far better off than he had expected or deserved; that the embarkation of the regiment to which he belonged was delayed for three weeks, and entreated her, if she

could forgive him, to follow him to Cork without delay, that they might "part in love and kindness, and then come what might, he would demane himself like a man, and die asy," which he assured her he could not do without embracing her once more.

Cathleen listened to her husband's letter with clasped hands and drawn breath, but quiet in her nature, she gave no other signs of emotion than a few large tears which trickled slowly down her cheeks. "And will I see him again?" she exclaimed; "poor fellow! poor boy! I knew the heart of him was sore for me! and who knows, Nancy dear, but they'll let me go out with him to the foreign parts? Oh! sure they wouldn't be so hard-hearted as to part man and wife that way!"

After a hurried consultation with her neighbours, who sympathized with her as only the poor sympathize with the poor, a letter was indited by Nancy and sent by the carrier that night, to inform her husband that she purposed setting off for Cork the next blessed morning, being Tuesday, and as the distance was about forty-eight miles English, she reckoned on reaching that city by Wednesday afternoon; for as she had walked to Clonmell and back (about twenty miles) that same day, without feeling fatigued at all, "*to signify*," Cathleen thought there would be no doubt that she could walk to Cork in less than two days. In this sanguine calculation she was, however, overruled by her more experienced neighbours, and by their advice appointed Thursday as the day on which her husband was to expect her, "God willing."

Cathleen spent the rest of the day in making preparations for her journey: she set her cabin in order, and made a small bundle of a few articles of clothing belonging to herself and her husband. The watch and the guinea she wrapped up together, and crammed into the toe of an old shoe, which she deposited in the said bundle, and the next morning, at "sparrow chirp," she arose, locked her cabin door, carefully hid the key in the thatch, and with a light expecting heart commenced her long journey.

It is worthy of remark, that this poor woman, who was called upon to play the heroine in such a strange tragedy, and under such appalling circumstances, had nothing heroic in her exterior: nothing that in the slightest degree indicated strength of nerve or superiority of intellect.

Cathleen was twenty-three years of age, of a low stature, and in her form rather delicate than robust: she was of ordinary appearance; her eyes were mild and dove-like, and her whole countenance, though not absolutely deficient in intelligence, was more particularly expressive of simplicity, good temper, and kindness of heart.

It was summer, about the end of June: the days were long, the weather fine, and some gentle showers rendered travelling easy and pleasant. Cathleen walked on stoutly towards Cork, and by the evening she had accomplished, with occasional pauses of rest, nearly twenty-one miles. She lodged at a little inn by the road side, and the following day set forward again, but soon felt stiff with the travel of two previous days: the sun became hotter, the ways dustier; and she could not with all her endeavours get farther than Rathcormuck, eighteen miles from Cork. The next day, unfortunately for poor Cathleen, proved hotter and more fatiguing than the preceding. The cross road lay over a wild country, consisting of low bogs and bare hills. About noon she turned aside to a rivulet bordered by a few trees, and sitting down in the shade, she bathed her swollen feet in the stream: then overcome by heat, weakness, and excessive weariness, she put her little bundle under her head for a pillow, and sank into a deep sleep.

On waking she perceived with dismay that the sun was declining: and on looking about, her fears were increased by the discovery that her bundle was gone. Her first thought was that the good people, (i. e. *the fairies*) had been there and stolen it away; but on examining farther she plainly perceived large foot-prints in the soft bank, and was convinced it was the work of no unearthly marauder. Bitterly reproaching herself for her carelessness, she again set forward; and still hoping to reach Cork that night, she toiled on and on with increasing difficulty and distress, till as the evening closed her spirits failed, she became faint, foot-sore and hungry, not having tasted any thing since the morning but a cold potatoe and a draught of buttermilk. She then looked round her in hopes of discovering some habitation, but there was none in sight except a lofty castle on a distant hill, which raising its proud turrets from amidst the plantations which surrounded it, glimmered faintly through the gathering gloom, and held out no temptation for the poor wanderer to turn

in there and rest. In her despair she sat her down on a bank by the road side, and wept as she thought of her husband.

Several horsemen rode by, and one carriage and four attended by servants, who took no farther notice of her than by a passing look; while they went on their way like the priest and the Levite in the parable, poor Cathleen dropped her head despairingly on her bosom. A faintness and torpor seemed to be stealing like a dark cloud over her senses, when the fast approaching sound of footsteps roused her attention, and turning, she saw at her side a man whose figure, too singular to be easily forgotten, she recognized immediately; it was Halloran the Pedlar.

Halloran had been known for thirty years past in all the towns and villages between Waterford and Kerry. He was very old, he himself did not know his own age; he only remembered that he was a "tall slip of a boy" when he was one of the ——— regiment of foot, and fought in America in 1778. His dress was strange, it consisted of a woollen cap, beneath which strayed a few white hairs, this was surmounted by an old military cocked hat, adorned with a few fragments of tarnished gold lace; a frieze great coat with the sleeves dangling behind, was fastened at his throat, and served to protect his box of wares which was slung at his back; and he always carried a thick oak stick or *kippeen* in his hand. There was nothing of the infirmity of age in his appearance: his cheek, though wrinkled and weather-beaten, was still ruddy: his step still firm, his eyes still bright: his jovial disposition made him a welcome guest in every cottage, and his jokes, though not equal to my Lord Norbury's, were repeated and applauded through the whole country. Halloran was returning from the fair of Kilkenny, where apparently his commercial speculations had been attended with success, as his pack was considerably diminished in size. Though he did not appear to recollect Cathleen, he addressed her in Irish, and asked her what she did there: she related in a few words her miserable situation.

"In troth, then, my heart is sorry for ye, poor woman," he replied, compassionately; "and what will ye do?"

"An' what *can* I do?" replied Cathleen, disconsolately; "and how will I even find the ford and get across to

Cork, when I don't know where I am this blessed moment?"

"Musha, then, it's little ye'll get there this night," said the pedlar, shaking his head.

"Then I'll lie down here and die," said Cathleen, bursting into fresh tears.

"Die! ye wouldn't!" he exclaimed, approaching nearer; "is it to me, Peter Halloran, ye spake that word; and am I the man that would lave a faymale at this dark hour by the way side, let alone one that has the face of a friend, though I cannot remember me of your name either, for the soul of me. But what matter for that?"

"Sure, I'm Katty Reilly, of Castle Conn."

"Katty Reilly, sure enough! and so no more talk of dying! cheer up, and see, a mile farther on, isn't there Biddy Hogan's? *Was*, I mane, if the house and all isn't gone: and it's there we'll get a bite and a sup, and a bed, too, please God. So lean upon my arm, ma vourneen, it's strong enough yet."

So saying, the old man, with an air of gallantry, half rustic, half military, assisted her in rising; and supporting her on one arm, with the other he flourished his kippeen over his head, and they trudged on together, he singing Cruiskeen-lawn at the top of his voice, "just," as he said, "to put the heart into her."

After about half an hour's walking, they came to two crossways, diverging from the high road: down one of these the pedlar turned, and in a few minutes they came in sight of a lonely house, situated at a little distance from the way-side. Above the door was a long stick projecting from the wall, at the end of which dangled a truss of straw, signifying that within there was entertainment (good or bad) for man and beast. By this time it was nearly dark, and the pedlar going up to the door, lifted the latch, expecting it to yield to his hand; but it was fastened within: he then knocked and called, but there was no answer. The building, which was many times larger than an ordinary cabin, had once been a manufactory, and afterward a farm-house. One end of it was deserted, and nearly in ruins; the other end bore signs of having been at least recently inhabited. But such a dull hollow echo rung through the edifice at every knock, that it seemed the whole place was now deserted.

Cathleen began to be alarmed, and crossed herself, ejaculating, "O God preserve us!" But the pedlar, who appeared well acquainted with the premises, led her round to the back part of the house, where there were some ruined out-buildings, and another low entrance. Here, raising his stout stick, he let fall such a heavy thump on the door that it cracked again; and a shrill voice from the other side demanded who was there? After a satisfactory answer, the door was slowly and cautiously opened, and the figure of a wrinkled, half-famished, and half-naked beldam appeared, shading a rush candle with one hand. Halloran, who was of a fiery and hasty temper, began angrily: "Why, then, in the name of the great devil himself, didn't you open to us?" But he stopped suddenly, as if struck with surprise at the miserable object before him.

"Is it Biddy Hogan herself, I see!" he exclaimed, snatching the candle from her hand, and throwing the light full on her face. A moment's scrutiny seemed enough, and too much; for, giving it back hastily, he supported Cathleen into the kitchen, the old woman leading the way, and placed her on an old settle, the first seat which presented itself. When she was sufficiently recovered to look about her, Cathleen could not help feeling some alarm at finding herself in so gloomy and dreary a place. It had once been a large kitchen, or hall: at one end was an ample chimney, such as are yet to be seen in some old country houses. The rafters were black with smoke or rottenness: the walls had been wainscoted with oak, but the greatest part had been torn down for firing. A table with three legs, a large stool, a bench in the chimney propped up with turf sods, and the seat Cathleen occupied, formed the only furniture. Every thing spoke utter misery, filth, and famine —the very "abomination of desolation."

"And what have ye in the house, Biddy, honey?" was the pedlar's first question, as the old woman set down the light. "Little enough, I'm thinking."

"Little! It's nothing, then—no, not so much as a midge would eat have I in the house this blessed night, and nobody to send down to Balgowna."

"No need of that, as our good luck would have it," said Halloran, and pulling a wallet from under his loose coat, he drew from it a bone of cold meat, a piece of bacon, a lump of bread, and some cold potatoes. The old woman, roused by the sight of so much good cheer, began to blow

up the dying embers on the hearth; put down among them the few potatoes to warm, and busied herself in making some little preparations to entertain her guests. Meantime the old pedlar, casting from time to time an anxious glance towards Cathleen, and now and then an encouraging word, sat down on the low stool, resting his arms on his knees.

"Times are sadly changed with ye, Biddy Hogan," said he at length, after a long silence.

"Troth, ye may say so," she replied, with a sort of groan.

"Bitter bad luck have we had in this world, any how."

"And where's the man of the house? And where's the lad, Barny?"

"Where are they, is it? Where should they be? may be gone down to Ahnamoe."

"But what's come of Barny? The boy was a stout workman, and a good son, though a devil-may-care fellow, too. I remember teaching him the soldier's exercise with this very blessed stick now in my hand; and by the same token, him doubling his fist at me when he wasn't bigger than the turf-kish yonder; aye, and as long as Barny Hogan could turn a sod of turf on my lord's land, I thought his father and mother would never have wanted the bit and sup while the life was in him."

At the mention of her son, the old woman looked up a moment, but immediately hung her head again.

"Barny doesn't work for my lord now," said she.

"And what for, then?"

The old woman seemed reluctant to answer—she hesitated.

"Ye didn't hear, then, how he got into trouble with my lord; and how—myself doesn't know the rights of it—but Barny had always a bit of wild blood about him; and since that day he's taken to bad ways, and the ould man's ruled by him quite entirely; and the one's glum and fierce like—and t'other's bothered: and, oh! bitter's the time I have 'twixt 'em both!"

While the old woman was uttering these broken complaints, she placed the eatables on the table; and Cathleen, who was yet more faint from hunger than subdued by fatigue, was first helped by the good-natured pedlar to the best of what was there: but, just as she was about to taste the food set before her, she chanced to see the eyes of the old woman fixed upon the morsel in her hand with such an envious and famished look, that from a sudden

impulse of benevolent feeling, she instantly held it out to her. The woman started, drew back her extended hand, and gazed at her wildly.

"What is it then ails ye?" said Cathleen, looking at her with wonder; then to herself, "hunger's turned the wits of her, póor soul! Take it—take it, mother," added she aloud: "eat, good mother; sure there's plenty for us all, and to spare," and she pressed it upon her with all the kindness of her nature. The old woman eagerly seized it.

"God reward ye," said she, grasping Cathleen's hand, convulsively, and retiring to a corner, she devoured the food with almost wolfish voracity.

While they were eating, the two Hogans, father and son, came in. They had been setting snares for rabbits and game on the neighbouring hills; and evidently were both startled and displeased to find the house occupied; which, since Barny Hogan's disgrace with "my lord," had been entirely shunned by the people round about. The old man gave the pedlar a sulky welcome. The son, with a muttered curse, went and took his seat in the chimney, where, turning his back, he set himself to chop a billet of wood. The father was a lean stooping figure, "bony, and gaunt, and grim:" he was either deaf, or affected deafness. The son was a short, brawny, thickset man, with features not naturally ugly, but rendered worse than ugly by an expression of louring ferocity disgustingly blended with a sort of stupid drunken leer, the effect of habitual intoxication.

Halloran stared at them awhile with visible astonishment and indignation, but pity and sorrow for a change so lamentable, smothered the old man's wrath; and as the eatables were by this time demolished, he took from his side pocket a tin flask of whiskey, calling to the old woman to boil some water "screeching hot," that he might make what he termed "a jug of stiff punch—enough to make a cat *spake*." He offered to share it with his hosts, who did not decline drinking; and the noggin went round to all but Cathleen, who, feverish with travelling, and, besides, disliking spirits, would not taste it. The old pedlar, reconciled to his old acquaintances by this show of good fellowship, began to grow merry under the influence of his whiskey-punch: he boasted of his late success in trade, showed with exultation his almost empty

pack, and taking out the only two handkerchiefs left in it, threw one to Cathleen, and the other to the old woman of the house; then slapping his pocket, in which a quantity of loose money was heard to jingle, he swore he would treat Cathleen to a good breakfast next morning; and threw a shilling on the table, desiring the old woman would provide "stirabout for a dozen," and have it ready by the first light.

Cathleen listened to this rhodomontade in some alarm; she fancied she detected certain suspicious glances between the father and son, and began to feel an indescribable dread of her company. She arose from the table, urging the pedlar good-humouredly to retire to rest, as they intended to be up and away so early next morning: then concealing her apprehensions under an affectation of extreme fatigue and drowsiness, she desired to be shown where she was to sleep. The old woman lighted a lanthorn, and led the way up some broken steps into a sort of loft, where she showed her two beds standing close together; one of these she intimated was for the pedlar, and the other for herself. Now Cathleen had been born and bred in an Irish cabin, where the inmates are usually lodged after a very promiscuous fashion; our readers, therefore, will not wonder at the arrangement. Cathleen, however, required that, if possible, some kind of skreen should be placed between the beds. The old hag at first replied to this request with the most disgusting impudence; but Cathleen insisting, the beds were moved asunder, leaving a space of about two feet between them; and after a long search a piece of old frieze was dragged out from among some rubbish, and hung up to the low rafters, so as to form a curtain or partition half-way across the room. Having completed this arrangement, and wished her "a sweet sleep and a sound, and lucky dreams," the old woman put the lanthorn on the floor, for there was neither chair nor table, and left her guest to repose.

Cathleen said her prayers, only partly undressed herself, and lifting up the worn-out coverlet, lay down upon the bed. In a quarter of an hour afterward the pedlar staggered into the room, and as he passed the foot of her bed, bid God bless her, in a low voice. He then threw himself down on his bed, and in a few minutes, as she

judged by his hard and equal breathing, the old man was in a deep sleep.

All was now still in the house, but Cathleen could not sleep. She was feverish and restless: her limbs ached, her head throbbed and burned, undefinable fears beset her fancy; and whenever she tried to compose herself to slumber, the faces of the two men she had left below flitted and glared before her eyes. A sense of heat and suffocation, accompanied by a parching thirst, came over her, caused, perhaps, by the unusual closeness of the room. This feeling of oppression increased till the very walls and rafters seemed to approach nearer and close upon her all around. Unable any longer to endure this intolerable smothering sensation, she was just about to rise and open the door or window, when she heard the whispering of voices. She lay still and listened. The latch was raised cautiously,—the door opened, and the two Hogans entered: they trod so softly that, though she saw them move before her, she heard no foot-fall. They approached the bed of Halloran, and presently she heard a dull heavy blow, and then sounds—appalling sickening sounds—as of subdued struggles and smothered agony, which convinced her that they were murdering the unfortunate pedlar.

Cathleen listened, almost congealed with horror, but she did not swoon: her turn, she thought, must come next, though in the same instant she felt instinctively that her only chance of preservation was to counterfeit profound sleep. The murderers, having done their work on the poor Pedlar, approached her bed, and threw the gleam of their lanthorn full on her face; she lay quite still, breathing calmly and regularly. They brought the light to her eye-lids, but they did not wink or move;—there was a pause, a terrible pause, and then a whispering;—and presently Cathleen thought she could distinguish a third voice, as of expostulation, but all in so very low a tone that though the voices were close to her she could not hear a word that was uttered. After some moments, which appeared an age of agonizing suspense, the wretches withdrew, and Cathleen was left alone, and in darkness. Then, indeed, she felt as one ready to die: to use her own affecting language, "the heart within me," said she, "melted away like water, but I was resolute not to swoon,

and I *did not*. I knew that if I would preserve my life, I must keep the sense in me, and *I did*."

Now and then she fancied she heard the murdered man move, and creep about in his bed, and this horrible conceit almost maddened her with terror: but she set herself to listen fixedly, and convinced her reason that all was still—that all was over.

She then turned her thoughts to the possibility of escape. The window first suggested itself: the faint moonlight was just struggling through its dirty and cobwebbed panes: it was very small, and Cathleen reflected, that besides the difficulty, and, perhaps, impossibility of getting through, it must be some height from the ground: neither could she tell on which side of the house it was situated, nor in what direction to turn, supposing she reached the ground: and, above all, she was aware that the slightest noise must cause her instant destruction. She thus resolved upon remaining quiet.

It was most fortunate that Cathleen came to this determination, for without the slightest previous sound the door again opened, and in the faint light, to which her eyes were now accustomed, she saw the head of the old woman bent forward in a listening attitude: in a few minutes the door closed, and then followed a whispering outside. She could not at first distinguish a word until the woman's sharper tones broke out, though in suppressed vehemence, with "If ye touch her life, Barny, a mother's curse go with ye! enough's done."

"She'll live, then, to hang us all," said the miscreant son.

"Sooner than that, I'd draw this knife across her throat with my own hands; and I'd do it again and again, sooner than they should touch your life, Barny, jewel: but no fear, the creature's asleep or dead already with the fright of it."

The son then said something which Cathleen could not hear; the old woman replied,

"Hisht! I tell ye, no,—no; the ship's now in the Cove of Cork that's to carry her over the salt seas far enough out of the way: and haven't we all she has in the world? and more, didn't she take the bit out of her own mouth to put into mine?"

The son again spoke inaudibly; and then the voices ceased, leaving Cathleen uncertain as to her fate.

Shortly after the door opened, and the father and son again entered, and carried out the body of the wretched pedlar. They seemed to have the art of treading without noise, for though Cathleen saw them move, she could not hear a sound of a footstep. The old woman was all this time standing by her bed, and every now and then casting the light full upon her eyes; but as she remained quite still, and apparently in a deep calm sleep, they left her undisturbed, and she neither saw nor heard any more of them that night.

It ended at length—that long, long night of horror. Cathleen lay quiet till she thought the morning sufficiently advanced. She then rose, and went down into the kitchen: the old woman was lifting a pot off the fire, and nearly let it fall as Cathleen suddenly addressed her, and with an appearance of surprise and concern, asked for her friend the pedlar, saying she had just looked into his bed, supposing he was still asleep, and to her great amazement had found it empty. The old woman replied, that he had set out at early daylight for Mallow, having only just remembered that his business called him that way before he went to Cork. Cathleen affected great wonder and perplexity, and reminded the woman that he had promised to pay for her breakfast.

"An' so he did, sure enough," she replied, "and paid for it too; and by the same token didn't I go down to Balgowna myself for the milk and the *male* before the sun was over the tree tops; and here it is for ye, ma colleen:" so saying, she placed a bowl of stirabout and some milk before Cathleen, and then sat down on the stool opposite to her, watching her intently.

Poor Cathleen! she had but little inclination to eat, and felt as if every bit would choke her: yet she continued to force down her breakfast, and apparently with the utmost ease and appetite, even to the last morsel set before her. While eating, she inquired about the husband and son, and the old woman replied, that they had started at the first burst of light to cut turf in a bog, about five miles distant.

When Cathleen had finished her breakfast, she returned the old woman many thanks for her kind treatment, and then desired to know the nearest way to Cork. The woman Hogan informed her that the distance was about seven miles, and though the usual road was by the high-

way from which they had turned the preceding evening, there was a much shorter way across some fields which she pointed out. Cathleen listened attentively to her directions, and then bidding farewell with many demonstrations of gratitude, she proceeded on her fearful journey. The cool morning air, the cheerful song of the early birds, the dewy freshness of the turf, were all unnoticed and unfelt: the sense of danger was paramount, while her faculties were all alive and awake to meet it, for a feverish and unnatural strength seemed to animate her limbs. She stepped on, shortly debating with herself whether to follow the directions given by the old woman. The high-road appeared the safest; on the other hand, she was aware that the slightest betrayal of mistrust would perhaps be followed by her destruction; and thus rendered brave even by the excess of her fears, she determined to take the cross path. Just as she had come to this resolution, she reached the gate which she had been directed to pass through; and without the slightest apparent hesitation, she turned in, and pursued the lonely way through the fields. Often did she fancy she heard footsteps stealthily following her, and never approached a hedge without expecting to see the murderers start up from behind it; yet she never once turned her head, nor quickened nor slackened her pace;

> Like one that on a lonesome road
> Doth walk in fear and dread,
> Because he knows a frightful fiend
> Doth close behind him tread.

She had proceeded in this manner about three quarters of a mile, and approached a thick and dark grove of underwood, when she beheld seated upon the opposite stile an old woman in a red cloak. The sight of a human being made her heart throb more quickly for a moment; but on approaching nearer, with all her faculties sharpened by the sense of danger, she perceived that it was no old woman, but the younger Hogan, the murderer of Halloran, who was thus disguised. His face was partly concealed by a blue handkerchief tied round his head and under his chin, but she knew him by the peculiar and hideous expression of his eyes: yet with amazing and almost incredible self-possession, she continued to advance without manifesting the least alarm, or sign of recogni-

tion; and walking up to the pretended old woman, said in a clear voice, "The blessing of the morning on ye, good mother! a fine day for travellers like you and me!"

"A fine day," he replied, coughing and mumbling in a feigned voice, "but ye see, hugh, ugh! ye see I've walked this morning from the Cove of Cork, jewel, and troth I'm almost spent, and I've a bad cowld, and a cough on me, as ye may hear," and he coughed vehemently. Cathleen made a motion to pass the stile, but the disguised old woman stretching out a great bony hand, seized her gown. Still Cathleen did not quail. "Musha, then, have ye nothing to give a poor ould woman?" said the monster, in a whining, snuffling tone.

"Nothing have I in this wide world," said Cathleen, quietly disengaging her gown, but without moving. "Sure it's only yesterday I was robbed of all I had but the little clothes on my back, and if I hadn't met with charity from others, I had starved by the way-side by this time."

"Och! and is there no place hereby where they would give a potatoe and a cup of cowld water to a poor old woman ready to drop on her road?"

Cathleen instantly pointed forward to the house she had just left, and recommended her to apply there. "Sure they're good, honest people, though poor enough, God help them," she continued, "and I wish ye, mother, no worse luck than myself had, and that's a good friend to treat you to a supper—aye, and a breakfast too; there it is, ye may just see the light smoke rising like a thread over the hill, just fornent ye; and so God speed ye!"

Cathleen turned to descend the stile as she spoke, expecting to be again seized with a strong and murderous grasp: but her enemy, secure in his disguise, and never doubting her perfect unconsciousness, suffered her to pass unmolested.

Another half-mile brought her to the top of a rising ground, within sight of the high-road; she could see crowds of people on horseback and on foot, with cars and carriages passing along in one direction; for it was, though Cathleen did not then know it, the first day of the Cork Assizes. As she gazed, she wished for the wings of a bird that she might in a moment flee over the space which intervened between her and safety; for though she could clearly see the high-road from the hill on which she stood, a valley of broken ground at its foot, and two wide

fields still separated her from it; but with the same unfailing spirit, and at the same steady pace, she proceeded onwards: and now she had reached the middle of the last field, and a thrill of new-born hope was beginning to flutter at her heart, when suddenly two men burst through the fence at the farther side of the field, and advanced towards her. One of these she thought at the first glance resembled her husband, but that it *was* her husband himself was an idea which never entered her mind. Her imagination was possessed with the one supreme idea of danger and death by murderous hands; she doubted not that these were the two Hogans in some new disguise, and silently recommending herself to God, she steeled her heart to meet this fresh trial of her fortitude; aware, that however it might end, it *must* be the last. At this moment one of the men throwing up his arms, ran forward, shouting her name, in a voice—a dear and well-known voice, in which she *could* not be deceived:—it was her husband!

The poor woman, who had hitherto supported her spirits and her self-possession, stood as if rooted to the ground, weak, motionless, and gasping for breath. A cold dew burst from every pore; her ears tingled, her heart fluttered as though it would burst from her bosom. When she attempted to call out, and raise her hand in token of recognition, the sounds died away rattling in her throat; her arm dropped powerless at her side; and when her husband came up, and she made a last effort to spring towards him, she sank down at his feet in strong convulsions.

Reilly, much shocked at what he supposed the effect of sudden surprise, knelt down and chafed his wife's temples; his comrade ran to a neighbouring spring for water, which they sprinkled plentifully over her: when, however, she returned to life, her intellects appeared to have fled for ever, and she uttered such wild shrieks and exclamations, and talked so incoherently, that the men became exceedingly terrified, and poor Reilly himself almost as distracted as his wife. After vainly attempting to soothe and recover her, they at length forcibly carried her down to the inn at Balgowna, a hamlet about a mile farther on, where she remained for several hours in a state of delirium, one fit succeeding another with little intermission.

Towards evening she became more composed, and was able to give some account of the horrible events of the

preceding night. It happened, opportunely, that a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood, and a magistrate, was riding by late that evening on his return from the Assizes at Cork, and stopped at the inn to refresh his horse. Hearing that something unusual and frightful had occurred, he alighted, and examined the woman himself, in the presence of one or two persons. Her tale appeared to him so strange and wild from the manner in which she told it, and her account of her own courage and sufferings so exceedingly incredible, that he was at first inclined to disbelieve the whole, and suspected the poor woman either of imposture or insanity. He did not, however, think proper totally to neglect her testimony, but immediately sent off information of the murder to Cork. Constables with a warrant were despatched the same night to the house of the Hogans, which they found empty, and the inmates already fled: but after a long search, the body of the wretched Halloran, and part of his property, were found concealed in a stack of old chimneys among the ruins; and this proof of guilt was decisive. The country was instantly *up;* the most active search after the murderers was made by the police, assisted by all the neighbouring peasantry; and before twelve o'clock the following night, the three Hogans, father, mother, and son, had been apprehended in different places of concealment, and placed in safe custody. Meantime the Coroner's inquest having sat on the body, brought in a verdict of wilful murder.

As the judges were then at Cork, the trial came on immediately; and from its extraordinary circumstances, excited the most intense and general interest. Among the property of poor Halloran discovered in the house, were a pair of shoes and a cap which Cathleen at once identified as belonging to herself, and Reilly's silver watch was found on the younger Hogan. When questioned how they came into his possession, he sullenly refused to answer. His mother eagerly, and as if to shield her son, confessed that she was the person who had robbed Cathleen in the former part of the day, that she had gone out on the Carrick road to beg, having been left by her husband and son for two days without the means of support; and finding Cathleen asleep, she had taken away the bundle, supposing it to contain food; and did not recognize her as the same person she had robbed, till Cathleen offered her part of her supper.

The surgeon, who had been called to examine the body

of Halloran, deposed to the cause of his death;—that the old man had been first stunned by a heavy blow on the temple, and then strangled. Other witnesses deposed to the finding of the body: the previous character of the Hogans, and the circumstances attending their apprehension; but the principal witness was Cathleen. She appeared, leaning on her husband, her face was ashy pale, and her limbs too weak for support; yet she, however, was perfectly collected, and gave her testimony with that precision, simplicity, and modesty, peculiar to her character. When she had occasion to allude to her own feelings, it was with such natural and heart-felt eloquence that the whole court was affected; and when she described her rencontre at the stile, there was a general pressure and a breathless suspense: and then a loud murmur of astonishment and admiration fully participated by even the bench of magistrates. The evidence was clear and conclusive; and the jury, without retiring, gave their verdict, guilty—Death.

When the miserable wretches were asked, in the usual forms, if they had any thing to say why the awful sentence should not be passed upon them, the old man replied by a look of idiotic vacancy, and was mute—the younger Hogan answered sullenly, "Nothing:" the old woman, staring wildly on her son, tried to speak; her lips moved, but without a sound—and she fell forward on the bar in strong fits.

At this moment Cathleen rushed from the arms of her husband, and throwing herself on her knees, with clasped hands, and cheeks streaming with tears, begged for mercy for the old woman. "Mercy, my lord judge!" she exclaimed. "Gentlemen, your honours, have mercy on her. She had mercy on me! She only did *their* bidding. As for the bundle, and all in it, I give it to her with all my soul, so it's no robbery. The grip of hunger's hard to bear; and if she hadn't taken it then, where would I have been now? Sure they would have killed me for the sake of the watch, and I would have been a corpse before your honours this moment. O mercy! mercy for her! or never will I sleep asy on this side of the grave!"

The judge, though much affected, was obliged to have her forcibly carried from the court, and justice took its awful course. Sentence of death was pronounced on all the prisoners; but the woman was reprieved, and afterward transported. The two men were executed within forty-eight

hours after their conviction, on the Gallows Green. They made no public confession of their guilt, and met their fate with sullen indifference. The awful ceremony was for a moment interrupted by an incident which afterward furnished ample matter for wonder and speculation among the superstitious populace. It was well known that the younger Hogan had been long employed on the estate of a nobleman in the neighbourhood; but having been concerned in the abduction of a young female, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, which for want of legal evidence could not be brought home to him, he was dismissed; and, finding himself an object of general execration, he had since been skulking about the country, associating with housebreakers and other lawless and abandoned characters. At the moment the hangman was adjusting the rope round his neck, a shrill voice screamed from the midst of the crowd, "Barny Hogan! do ye mind Grace Power, and the last words ever she spoke to ye?" There was a general movement and confusion; no one could or would tell whence the voice proceeded. The wretched man was seen to change countenance for the first time, and raising himself on tiptoe, gazed wildly round upon the multitude: but he said nothing; and in a few minutes he was no more.

The reader may wish to know what has become of Cathleen, our *heroine*, in the true sense of the word. Her story, her sufferings, her extraordinary fortitude, and pure simplicity of character, made her an object of general curiosity and interest: a subscription was raised for her, which soon amounted to a liberal sum; they were enabled to procure Reilly's discharge from the army, and with a part of the money, Cathleen, who, among her other perfections, was exceedingly pious after the fashion of her creed and country, founded yearly masses for the soul of the poor pedlar; and vowed herself to make a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to St. Gobnate's well. Mr. L., the magistrate who had first examined her in the little inn at Balgowna, made her a munificent present; and anxious, perhaps, to offer yet farther amends for his former doubts of her veracity, he invited Reilly, on very advantageous terms, to settle on his estate, where he rented a neat cabin, and a *handsome* plot of potatoe ground. There Reilly and his Cathleen were living ten years ago, with an increasing family, and in the enjoyment of much humble happiness; and there, for aught I know to the contrary, they may be living at this day.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.*

> There is a comfort in the strength of love,
> Making that pang endurable, which else
> Would overset the brain—or break the heart.
>
> *Wordsworth.*

The monuments which human art has raised to human pride or power may decay with that power, or survive to mock that pride; but sooner or later they perish—their place knows them not. In the aspect of a ruin, however imposing in itself, and however magnificent or dear the associations connected with it, there is always something sad and humiliating, reminding us how poor and how frail are the works of man, how unstable his hopes, and how limited his capacity compared to his aspirations! But when man has made to himself monuments of the works of God; when the memory of human affections, human intellect, human power, is blended with the immutable features of nature, they consecrate each other, and both endure together to the end. In a state of high civilization, man trusts to the record of brick and marble—the pyramid, the column, the temple, the tomb:

> "Then the bust
> And altar rise—then sink again to dust."

In the earlier stages of society, the isolated rock—the mountain, cloud-encircled—the river, rolling to its ocean-home—the very stars themselves—were endued with sympathies, and constituted the first, as they will be the last, witnesses and records of our human destinies and feelings. The glories of the Parthenon shall fade into oblivion; but while the heights of Thermopylæ stand, and while a wave murmurs in the gulph of Salamis, a voice shall cry aloud to the universe—"Freedom and glory to those who can dare to die!—woe and everlasting infamy to him who

* This little tale (written in 1830) is founded on a striking incident related in Humboldt's narrative. The facts remain unaltered.

would enthral the unconquerable spirit!" The Coliseum with its sanguinary trophies is crumbling to decay; but the islet of Nisida, where Brutus parted with his Portia—the steep of Leucadia, still remain fixed as the foundations of the earth; and lasting as the round world itself shall be the memories that hover over them! As long as the waters of the Hellespont flow between Sestos and Abydos, the fame of the love that perished there shall never pass away. A traveller, pursuing his weary way through the midst of an African desert—a barren, desolate, and almost boundless solitude—found a gigantic sculptured head, shattered and half-buried in the sand; and near it the fragment of a pedestal, on which these words might be with pain deciphered: *I am Ozymandias, King of kings; look upon my works, ye mighty ones, and despair!*" Who was Ozymandias?—where are now his works?—what bond of thought or feeling, links his past with our present? The Arab, with his beasts of burthen, tramples unheeding over these forlorn vestiges of human art and human grandeur. In the wildest part of the New Continent, hidden amid the depths of interminable forests, there stands a huge rock, hallowed by a tradition so recent that the man is not yet gray-headed who was born its contemporary; but that rock, and the tale which consecrates it, shall carry down to future ages a deep lesson—a moral interest lasting as itself—however the aspect of things and the conditions of people change around it. Henceforth no man shall gaze on it with careless eye; but each shall whisper to his own bosom—"What is stronger than love in a mother's heart?—what more fearful than power wielded by ignorance?—or what more lamentable than the abuse of a beneficent name to purposes of selfish cruelty?"

Those vast regions which occupy the central part of South America, stretching from Guinea to the foot of the Andes, overspread with gigantic and primeval forests, and watered by mighty rivers—those solitary wilds where man appears unessential in the scale of creation, and the traces of his power are few and far between—have lately occupied much of the attention of Europeans; partly from the extraordinary events and unexpected revolutions; which have convulsed the nations round them; and partly from the researches of enterprising travellers who have penetrated into their remotest districts. But till within the last twenty years these wild regions have been unknown, except

through the means of the Spanish and Portuguese priests, settled as missionaries along the banks of the Orinoco and the Paraguay. The men thus devoted to utter banishment from all intercourse with civilized life, are generally Franciscan or Capuchin friars, born in the Spanish Colonies. Their pious duties are sometimes voluntary, and sometimes imposed by the superiors of their order; in either case their destiny appears at first view deplorable, and their self-sacrifice sublime; yet, when we recollect that these poor monks generally exchanged the monotonous solitude of the cloister for the magnificent loneliness of the boundless woods and far-spreading savannahs, the sacrifice appears less terrible; even where accompanied by suffering, privation, and occasionally by danger. When these men combine with their religious zeal some degree of understanding and enlightened benevolence, they have been enabled to enlarge the sphere of knowledge and civilization, by exploring the productions and geography of these unknown regions; and by collecting into villages and humanizing the manners of the native tribes, who seem strangely to unite the fiercest and most abhorred traits of savage life, with some of the gentlest instincts of our common nature. But when it has happened that these priests have been men of narrow minds and tyrannical tempers, they have on some occasions fearfully abused the authority entrusted to them; and being removed many thousand miles from the European settlements and the restraint of the laws, the power they have exercised has been as far beyond control as the calamities they have caused have been beyond all remedy and all relief

Unfortunately for those who were trusted to his charge, Father Gomez was a missionary of this character. He was a Franciscan friar of the order of Observance, and he dwelt in the village of San Fernando, near the source of the Orinoco, whence his authority extended as president over several missions in the neighbourhood of which San Fernando was the capital. The temper of this man was naturally cruel and despotic; he was wholly uneducated, and had no idea, no feeling, of the true spirit of christian benevolence: in this respect, the savages whom he had been sent to instruct and civilize were in reality less savage and less ignorant than himself.

Among the passions and vices which Father Gomez had brought from his cell in the convent of Angostara, to

spread contamination and oppression through his new domain, were pride and avarice; and both were interested in increasing the number of his converts, or rather, of his slaves. In spite of the wise and humane law of Charles the Third, prohibiting the conversion of the Indian natives by force, Gomez, like others of his brethren in the more distant missions, often accomplished his purpose by direct violence. He was accustomed to go, with a party of his people, and lie in wait near the hordes of unreclaimed Indians: when the men were absent he would forcibly seize on the women and children, bind them, and bring them off in triumph to his village. There, being baptized and taught to make the sign of the cross, they were *called* Christians, but in reality were slaves. In general, the women thus detained pined away and died; but the children became accustomed to their new mode of life, forgot their woods, and paid to their Christian master a willing and blind obedience; thus in time they became the oppressors of their own people.

Father Gomez called these incursions, *la conquista espiritual*—the conquest of souls.

One day he set off on an expedition of this nature, attended by twelve armed Indians; and after rowing some leagues up the river Guaviare, which flows into the Orinoco, they perceived, through an opening in the trees, and at a little distance from the shore, an Indian hut. It is the custom of these people to live isolated in families; and so strong is their passion for solitude, that when collected into villages they frequently build themselves a little cabin at a distance from their usual residence, and retire to it, at certain seasons, for days together. The cabin of which I speak was one of these solitary *villas*—if I may so apply the word. It was constructed with peculiar neatness, thatched with palm leaves, and overshadowed with cocoa trees and laurels; it stood alone in the wilderness, embowered in luxuriant vegetation, and looked like the chosen abode of simple and quiet happiness. Within this hut a young Indian woman (whom I shall call Guahiba, from the name of her tribe) was busied in making cakes of the cassava root, and preparing the family meal, against the return of her husband, who was fishing at some distance up the river; her eldest child, about five or six years old, assisted her; and from time to time, while thus employed, the mother turned her eyes,

beaming with fond affection, upon the playful gambols of two little infants, who, being just able to crawl alone, were rolling together on the ground, laughing and crowing with all their might.

Their food being nearly prepared, the Indian woman looked towards the river, impatient for the return of her husband. But her bright dark eyes, swimming with eagerness and affectionate solicitude, became fixed and glazed with terror when, instead of him she so fondly expected, she beheld the attendants of Father Gomez, creeping stealthily along the side of the thicket towards her cabin. Instantly aware of her danger (for the nature and object of these incursions were the dread of all the country round) she uttered a piercing shriek, snatched up her infants in her arms, and, calling on the other to follow, rushed from the hut towards the forest. As she had considerably the start of her pursuers, she would probably have escaped, and have hidden herself effectually in its tangled depths, if her precious burthen had not impeded her flight; but thus encumbered she was easily overtaken. Her eldest child, fleet of foot and wily as the young jaguar, escaped to carry to the wretched father the news of his bereavement, and neither father nor child were ever more beheld in their former haunts.

Meantime, the Indians seized upon Guahiba—bound her, tied her two children together, and dragged her down to the river, where Father Gomez was sitting in his canoe, waiting the issue of the expedition. At the sight of the captives his eyes sparkled with a cruel triumph; he thanked his patron saint that three more souls were added to his community; and then, heedless of the tears of the mother, and the cries of her children, he commanded his followers to row back with all speed to San Fernando.

There Guahiba and her infants were placed in a hut under the guard of two Indians; some food was given to her, which she at first refused, but afterward, as if on reflection, accepted. A young Indian girl was then sent to her—a captive convert of her own tribe, who had not yet quite forgotten her native language. She tried to make Guahiba comprehend that in this village she and her children must remain during the rest of their lives, in order that they might go to heaven after they were dead. Guahiba listened, but understood nothing of what was addressed to her; nor could she be made to conceive for

what purpose she was torn from her husband and her home, nor why she was to dwell for the remainder of her life among a strange people, and against her will. During that night she remained tranquil, watching over her infants as they slumbered by her side; but the moment the dawn appeared she took them in her arms and ran off to the woods. She was immediately brought back; but no sooner were the eyes of her keepers turned from her than she snatched up her children, and again fled;—again—and again! At every new attempt she was punished with more and more severity; she was kept from food, and at length repeatedly and cruelly beaten. In vain!—apparently she did not even understand why she was thus treated; and one instinctive idea alone, the desire of escape, seemed to possess her mind and govern all her movements. If her oppressors only turned from her, or looked another way, for an instant, she invariably caught up her children and ran off towards the forest. Father Gomez was at length wearied by what he termed her "blind obstinacy;" and, as the only means of securing all three, he took measures to separate the mother from her children, and resolved to convey Guahiba to a distant mission, whence she should never find her way back either to them or to her home.

In pursuance of this plan, poor Guahiba, with her hands tied behind her, was placed in the bow of a canoe. Father Gomez seated himself at the helm, and they rowed away.

The few travellers who have visited these regions agree in describing a phenomenon, the cause of which is still a mystery to geologists, and which imparts to the lonely depths of these unappropriated and unviolated shades an effect intensely and indescribably mournful. The granite rocks which border the river, and extend far into the contiguous woods, assume strange, fantastic shapes; and are covered with a black incrustation, or deposit, which contrasted with the snow-white foam of the waves breaking on them below, and the pale lichens which spring from their crevices and creep along their surface above, give these shores an aspect perfectly funereal. Between these melancholy rocks—so high and so steep that a landing-place seldom occurred for leagues together—the canoe of Father Gomez slowly glided, though urged against the stream by eight robust Indians.

The unhappy Guahiba sat at first perfectly unmoved, and apparently amazed and stunned by her situation; she did not comprehend what they were going to do with her; but after a while she looked up towards the sun, then down upon the stream; and perceiving, by the direction of the one and the course of the other, that every stroke of the oar carried her farther and farther from her beloved and helpless children, her husband, and her native home, her countenance was seen to change and assume a fearful expression. As the possibility of escape, in her present situation, had never once occurred to her captors, she had been very slightly and carelessly bound. She watched her opportunity, burst the withes on her arms, with a sudden effort flung herself overboard, and dived under the waves; but in another moment she rose again at a considerable distance, and swam to the shore. The current, being rapid and strong, carried her down to the base of a dark granite rock which projected into the stream; she climbed it with fearless agility, stood for an instant on its summit, looking down upon her tyrants, then plunged into the forest, and was lost to sight.

Father Gomez, beholding his victim thus unexpectedly escape him, sat mute and thunderstruck for some moments, unable to give utterance to the extremity of his rage and astonishment. When, at length, he found voice, he commanded his Indians to pull with all their might to the shore; then to pursue the poor fugitive, and bring her back to him, dead or alive.

Guahiba, meantime, while strength remained to break her way through the tangled wilderness, continued her flight; but soon exhausted and breathless, with the violence of her exertions, she was obliged to relax in her efforts, and at length sunk down at the foot of a huge laurel tree, where she concealed herself, as well as she might, among the long, interwoven grass. There, crouching and trembling in her lair, she heard the voices of her persecutors hallooing to each other through the thicket. She would probably have escaped but for a large mastiff which the Indians had with them, and which scented her out in her hiding place. The moment she heard the dreaded animal snuffing in the air, and tearing his way through the grass, she knew she was lost. The Indians came up. She attempted no vain resistance; but, with a sullen pas-

siveness, suffered herself to be seized and dragged to the shore.

When the merciless priest beheld her, he determined to inflict on her such discipline as he thought would banish her children from her memory, and cure her for ever of her passion for escaping. He ordered her to be stretched upon that granite rock where she had landed from the canoe, on the summit of which she had stood, as if exulting in her flight,—THE ROCK OF THE MOTHER, as it has ever since been denominated—and there flogged till she could scarcely move or speak. She was then bound more securely, placed in the canoe, and carried to Javita, the seat of a mission far up the river.

It was near sunset when they arrived at this village, and the inhabitants were preparing to go to rest. Guahiba was deposited for the night in a large barn-like building, which served as a place of worship, a public magazine, and, occasionally, as a barrack. Father Gomez ordered two or three Indians of Javita to keep guard over her alternately, relieving each other through the night; and then went to repose himself after the fatigues of his voyage. As the wretched captive neither resisted nor complained, Father Gomez flattered himself that she was now reduced to submission. Little could he fathom the bosom of this fond mother! He mistook for stupor, or resignation, the calmness of a fixed resolve. In absence, in bonds, and in torture, her heart throbbed with but one feeling; one thought alone possessed her whole soul:—her children—her children—and still her children!

Among the Indians appointed to watch her was a youth about eighteen or nineteen years of age, who, perceiving that her arms were miserably bruised by the stripes she had received, and that she suffered the most acute agony from the savage tightness with which the cords were drawn, let fall an exclamation of pity in the language of her tribe. Quick she seized the moment of feeling, and addressed him as one of her people.

"Guahibo," she said, in a whispered tone, "thou speakest my language, and doubtless thou art my brother! Wilt thou see me perish without pity, O son of my people? Ah, cut these bonds which enter into my flesh! I faint with pain! I die!"

The young man heard, and, as if terrified, removed a few paces from her and kept silence. Afterward, when

his companions were out of sight, and he was left alone to watch, he approached, and said, "Guahiba!—our fathers were the same, and I may not see thee die; but if I cut these bonds, white man will flog me:—wilt thou be content if I loosen them, and give thee ease?" And as he spoke, he stooped and loosened the thongs on her wrists and arms; she smiled upon him languidly, and appeared satisfied.

Night was now coming on. Guahiba dropped her head on her bosom, and closed her eyes, as if exhausted by weariness. The young Indian believing that she slept, after some hesitation laid himself down on his mat. His companions were already slumbering in the porch of the building, and all was still.

Then Guahiba raised her head. It was night—dark night—without moon or star. There was no sound, except the breathing of the sleepers around her, and the humming of the mosquitoes. She listened for some time with her whole soul; but all was silence. She then gnawed the loosened thongs asunder with her teeth. Her hands once free, she released her feet: and when the morning came she had disappeared. Search was made for her in every direction, but in vain; and Father Gomez, baffled and wrathful, returned to his village.

The distance between Javita and San Fernando, where Guahiba had left her infants, is twenty-five leagues in a straight line. A fearful wilderness of gigantic forest trees, and intermingling underwood, separated these two missions;—a savage and awful solitude, which, probably, since the beginning of the world, had never been trodden by human foot. All communication was carried on by the river; and there lived not a man, whether Indian or European, bold enough to have attempted the route along the shore. It was the commencement of the rainy season. The sky, obscured by clouds, seldom revealed the sun by day; and neither moon nor gleam of twinkling star by night. The rivers had overflowed, and the lowlands were inundated. There was no visible object to direct the traveller; no shelter, no defence, no aid, no guide. Was it Providence—was it the strong instinct of maternal love, which led this courageous woman through the depths of the pathless woods—where rivulets, swollen to torrents by the rains, intercepted her at every step; where the thorny lianas, twining from tree to tree, op-

posed an almost impenetrable barrier; where the mosquitoes hung in clouds upon her path; where the jaguar and the alligator lurked to devour her; where the rattle-snake and the water-serpent lay coiled up in the damp grass, ready to spring at her; where she had no food to support her exhausted frame, but a few berries, and the large black ants which build their nests on the trees? How directed--how sustained--cannot be told: the poor woman herself could not tell. All that can be known with any certainty is, that the fourth rising sun beheld her at San Fernando; a wild, and wasted, and fearful object; her feet swelled and bleeding—her hands torn--her body covered with wounds, and emaciated with famine and fatigue;--but once more near her children!

For several hours she hovered round the hut in which she had left them, gazing on it from a distance with longing eyes and a sick heart, without daring to advance: at length she perceived that all the inhabitants had quitted their cottages to attend vespers; then she stole from the thicket, and approached, with faint and timid steps, the spot which contained her heart's treasures. She entered, and found her infants left alone, and playing together on a mat: they screamed at her appearance, so changed was she by suffering; but when she called them by name, they knew her tender voice, and stretched out their little arms towards her. In that moment, the mother forgot all she had endured—all her anguish, all her fears, every thing on earth but the objects which blessed her eyes. She sat down between her children—she took them on her knees —she clasped them in an agony of fondness to her bosom —she covered them with kisses—she shed torrents of tears on their little heads, as she hugged them to her. Suddenly she remembered where she was, and why she was there: new terrors seized her; she rose up hastily, and, with her babies in her arms, she staggered out of the cabin—fainting, stumbling, and almost blind with loss of blood and inanition. She tried to reach the woods, but too feeble to sustain her burthen, which yet she would not relinquish, her limbs trembled, and sank beneath her. At this moment an Indian, who was watching the public oven, perceived her. He gave the alarm by ringing a bell, and the people rushed forth, gathering round Guahiba with fright and astonishment. They gazed upon her as if upon an apparition, till her sobs, and imploring

looks, and trembling and wounded limbs, convinced them that she yet lived, though apparently nigh to death. They looked upon her in silence, and then at each other; their savage bosoms were touched with commisseration for her sad plight, and with admiration, and even awe, at this unexampled heroism of maternal love.

While they hesitated, and none seemed willing to seize her, or to take her children from her, Father Gomez, who had just landed on his return from Javita, approached in haste, and commanded them to be separated. Guahiba clasped her children closer to her breast, and the Indians shrunk back.

"What!" thundered the monk: will ye "suffer this woman to steal two precious souls from heaven? two members from our community? See ye not, that while she is suffered to approach them, there is no salvation for either mother or children? part them, and instantly!"

The Indians, accustomed to his ascendancy, and terrified at his voice, tore the children of Guahiba once more from her feeble arms: she uttered nor word nor cry, but sunk in a swoon upon the earth.

While in this state, Father Gomez, witha cruel mercy, ordered her wounds to be carefully dressed: her arms and legs were swathed with cotton bandages; she was then placed in a canoe, and conveyed to a mission, far, far off, on the river Esmeralda, beyond the Upper Orinoco. She continued in a state of exhaustion and torpor during the voyage; but after being taken out of the boat and carried inland, restoratives brought her back to life, and to a sense of her situation. When she perceived, as reason and consciousness returned, that she was in a strange place, unknowing how she was brought there—among a tribe who spoke a language different from any she had ever heard before, and from whom, therefore, according to Indian prejudices, she could hope nor aid nor pity;—when she recollected that she was far from her beloved children;—when she saw no means of discovering the bearing or the distance of their abode—no clue to guide her back to it:—*then*, and only then, did the mother's heart yield to utter despair; and thenceforward refusing to speak or to move, and obstinately rejecting all nourishment, thus she died.

The boatman, on the river Atabapo, suspends his oar with a sigh as he passes the ROCK OF THE MOTHER. He

points it out to the traveller, and weeps as he relates the tale of her sufferings and her fate. Ages hence, when these solitary regions have become the seats of civilization, of power, and intelligence; when the pathless wilds, which poor Guahiba traversed in her anguish, are replaced by populous cities, and smiling gardens, and pastures, and waving harvests,—still that dark rock shall stand, frowning o'er the stream; tradition and history shall preserve its name and fame; and when even the pyramids, those vast, vain monuments to human pride, have passed away, it shall endure, to carry down to the end of the world the memory of the Indian Mother.

MUCH COIN, MUCH CARE.

A DRAMATIC PROVERB.

WRITTEN FOR

HYACINTHE, EMILY, CAROLINE, AND EDWARD.

CHARACTERS.

DICK, the Cobbler, a very honest man, and very merry withal, much given to singing.

MARGERY, his wife, simple and affectionate, and one of the best women in the world.

LADY AMARANTHE, a fine lady, full of airs and affectation, but not without good feeling.

MADEMOISELLE JUSTINE, her French maid, very like other French maids.

The SCENE lies partly in the Garret of the Cobbler, and partly in LADY AMARANTHE'S Drawing-room.

MUCH COIN, MUCH CARE.

SCENE I.

A Garret meanly furnished; several pairs of old shoes, a coat, hat, bonnet, and shawl hanging against the Wall. DICK *is seated on a low stool in front. He works, and sings.*

As she lay on that day
In the Bay of Biscay O!

Now that's what *I* call a good song; but my wife, she can't abear them blusteration songs, she says; she likes something tender and genteel, full of fine words. (*Sings in a mincing voice.*)

Vake, dearest, vake, and again united
Ve'll vander by the sea-he-he-e.

Hang me, if I can understand a word of it! but when my wife sings it out with her pretty little mouth, it does one's heart good to hear her; and I could listen to her for ever: but, for my own part, what I like is a song that comes thundering out with a meaning in it! (*Sings, and flourishes his hammer with enthusiasm, beating time upon the shoe.*)

March! march! Eskdale and Tiviotdale,
All the blue bonnets are over the border!

MARGERY (*From within.*)—Dick! Dick! what a noise you do keep!

DICK.—A noise, eh? Why, Meg, you did't use to think it a noise: you used to like to hear me sing!

MARGERY (*entering.*)—And so I did, and so I do. I loves music with all my heart; but the whole parish will hear you if you go for to bawl out so monstrous loud.

DICK.—And let them! who cares?

(*He sings, she laughs.*

MARGERY.—Nay, sing away if you like it!

DICK (*stopping suddenly.*)—I won't sing another bit if you don't like it, Meg.

MARGERY.—Oh, I do like! Lord bless us! not like it! it sounds so merry! Why, Dick, love, every body said yesterday that you sung as well as Mr. Thingumee at Sadler's Wells, and says they, "Who is that young man as sings like any nightingale?" and I says (*drawing herself up*), "That's my husband!"

DICK.—Ay! flummery!—But, Meg, I say, how did you like the wedding yesterday?

MARGERY.—Oh, hugeously! such heaps of smart people, as fine as fivepence, I warrant; and such gay gowns and caps! and plenty to eat and drink!—But what I liked best was the walking in the gardens at Bagnigge Wells, and the tea, and the crumpets!

DICK.—And the punch!

MARGERY.—Yes—ha! ha! I could see you thought *that* good! and then the dancing!

DICK.—Ay, ay; and there wasn't one amongst them that footed it away like my Margery. And folks says to me, "Pray, who is that pretty modest young woman as hops over the ground as light as a feather?" says they; and says I, "Why, that there pretty young woman is my wife, to be sure!"

MARGERY.—Ah, you're at your jokes, Dick!

DICK.—I'll be hanged then!

MARGERY (*leaning on his shoulder.*)—Well, to be sure, we were happy yesterday. It's good to make holiday just now and then, but some how I was very glad to come home to our own little room again. O Dick!—did you mind that Mrs. Pinchtoe, that gave herself such grand airs?—she in the fine lavender silk gown—that turned up her nose at me so, and all because she's a master shoemaker's wife! and you are only—only—a cobbler!—(*sighs*) I wish *you* were a master shoemaker, Dick.

DICK.—That you might be a master shoemaker's wife, hay! and turn up your nose like Mrs. Pinchtoe?

MARGERY (*laughing.*)—No, no; I have more manners.

DICK.—Would you love me better, Meg, if I were a master shoemaker?

MARGERY.—No, I couldn't love you better if you were a king; and that you know, Dick; and, after all, we're happy now, and who knows what might be if we were to change?

DICK.—Ay, indeed! who knows? you might grow into a fine lady like she over the way, who comes home o'nights just as we're getting up in the morning, with the flams flaring, and blazing like any thing; and that puts me in mind——

MARGERY.—Of what, Dick? tell me!

DICK.—Why, cousin Tom's wedding put it all out of my head last night; but yesterday there comes over to me one of those fine bedizened fellows we see lounging about the door there, with a cocked hat, and things like stay laces dangling at his shoulder.

MARGERY.—What could he want, I wonder!

DICK.—O! he comes over to me as I was just standing at the door below, a thinking of nothing at all, and singing Paddy O'Raffety to myself, and says he to me, "You cobbler fellor," says he, "don't you go for to keep such a bawling every morning, awakening people out of their first sleep, says he, "for if you do, my lord will have you put into the stocks," says he.

MARGERY.—The stocks! O goodness gracious me! and what for, pray?

DICK (*with a grin.*)—Why, for singing, honey! So says I, "Hark'ee, Mr. Scrape-trencher, there go words to that bargain: what right have you to go for to speak in that there way to me?" says I; and says he, "We'll have you 'dited for a nuisance, fellor," says he.

MARGERY (*clasping her hands.*)—A nuisance! my Dick a nuisance! O Lord a' mercy!

DICK.—Never fear, girl; I'm a free-born Englishman, and I knows the laws well enough: and says I, "No more a fellor than yourself; I'm an honest man, following an honest calling, and I don't care *that* for you nor your lord neither; and I'll sing *when* I please, and I'll sing *what* I please, and I'll sing as loud as I please; I will, by jingo!" and so he lifts me up his cane, and I says quite cool, "This house is my castle; and if you don't take yourself out of that in a jiffey, why, I'll give your laced jacket such a dusting as it never had before in its life—I will."

MARGERY.—O, Dick! you've a spirit of your own, I warrant. Well, and then?

DICK.—Oh, I promise you he was off in the twinkling of a bed-post, and I've heard no more of him; but I was determined to wake you this morning with a thundering song; just to show 'em I didn't care for 'em—ha! ha! ha!

MARGERY. Oh, ho! that was the reason, then, that you bawled so in my ear, and frightened me out of my sleep—was it? Oh, well, I forgive you; but bless me! I stand chattering here, and it's twelve o'clock, as I live! I must go to market—(*putting on her shawl and bonnet.*) What would you like to have for dinner, Dick, love? a nice rasher of bacon, by way of a relish?

DICK (*smacking his lips.*)—Just the very thing, honey.

MARGERY.—Well, give me the shilling, then.

DICK (*scratching his head.*)—What shilling?

MARGERY.—Why, the shilling you had yesterday.

DICK (*feeling in his pockets.*)—A shilling!

MARGERY.—Yes, a shilling. (*Gaily.*) To have meat, one must have money; and folks must eat as well as sing, Dick, love. Come, out with it!

DICK.—But suppose I haven't got it?

MARGERY.—How! what! you don't mean for to say that the last shilling that you put in your pocket, just to make a show, is gone?

DICK (*with a sigh.*)—But I do, though—it's gone.

MARGERY.—What shall we do?

DICK.—I don't know. (*A pause. They look at each other.*) Stay, that's lucky. Here's a pair of dancing pumps as belongs to old Mrs. Crusty, the baker's wife at the corner—

MARGERY (*gaily.*)—We can't eat *them* for dinner, I guess.

DICK.—No, no; but I'm just at the last stitch.

MARGERY.—Yes—

DICK (*speaking and working in a hurry.*)—And so you'll take them home—

MARGERY.—Yes—

DICK.—And tell her I must have seven-pence halfpenny for them. (*Gives them.*)

MARGERY (*examining the shoes.*)—But, Dick, isn't that some'at extortionate, as a body may say? seven-pence halfpenny!

DICK.—Why, here's heel-pieces, and a patch upon each toe; one must live, Meg!

MARGERY.—Yes, Dick, love; but so must other folks. Now I think seven-pence would be enough in all conscience—what do you say?

DICK.—Well, settle it as you like; only get a bit of dinner for us, for I'm as hungry as a hunter, I know.

MARGERY.—I'm going. Good bye, Dick!

DICK.—Take care of theeself—and don't spend the change in caps and ribbons, Meg!

MARGERY.—Caps and ribbons out of seven-pence! Lord help the man! ha, ha, ha! (*She goes out.*)

DICK (*calling after her.*)—And come back soon, d'ye hear? There she goes—hop, skip, and jump, down the stairs. Somehow, I can't abear to have her out of my sight a minute. Well, if ever there was a man could say he had a good wife, why, that's me myself—tho'f I say it—the cheerfullest, sweetest temperedst, cleanliest, lovingest woman in the whole parish, that never gives one an ill word from year's end to year's end, and deserves at least that a man should work hard for her—it's all I can do—and we must think for to-morrow as well as to-day. (*He works with great energy, and sings at the same time with equal enthusiasm.*)

Cannot ye do as I do?
Cannot ye do as I do?
Spend your money, and work for more;
That's the way that I do!
Tol de rol lol.

Re-enter MARGERY *in haste.*

MARG. (*out of breath.*)—Oh, Dick, husband! Dick, I say!

DICK.—Hay! what's the matter now?

MARGERY.—Here be one of those fine powdered laced fellows from over the way comed after you again.

DICK (*rising.*)—An impudent jackanapes! I'll give him as good as he brings.

MARGERY.—Oh, no, no! he's monstrous civil now: for he chucked me under the chin, and says he, "My pretty girl!"

DICK.—Ho! monstrous civil indeed, with a vengeance!

MARGERY.—And says he, "Do you belong to this here house?" "Yes, sir," says I, making a curtsy, for I couldn't do no less when he spoke so civil; and says he, "Is there an honest cobbler as lives here?" "Yes sir," says I, "my husband that is." "Then, my dear," says he, "just tell him to step over the way, for my Lady Amaranthe wishes to speak to him immediately."

DICK.—A Lady! O Lord!

MARGERY.—Yes, so you must go directly. Here, take off your apron, and let me comb your hair a bit.

DICK.—What the mischief can a lady want with me? I've nothing to do with ladies, as I knows of.

MARGERY.—Why, she won't eat you up, I reckon.

DICK.—And yet I—I—I be afeard, Meg!

MARGERY.—Afeard of a lady! that's a good one!

DICK.—Ay, just—if it were a man, I shouldn't care a fig.

MARGERY.—But we've never done no harm to nobody in our whole lives, so what is there to be afraid of?

DICK.—Nay, that's true.

MARGERY.—Now let me help you on with your best coat. Pooh! what is the man about?—Why, you're putting the back to the front, and the front to the back, like Paddy from Cork, with his coat buttoned behind!

DICK.—My head do turn round, just for all the world like a peg-top.—A lady! what *can* a lady have to say to me, I wonder?

MARGERY.—May be, she's a customer.

DICK.—No, no, great gentlefolks like she never wears patched toes nor heel-pieces, I reckon.

MARGERY.—Here's your hat. Now let me see how you can make a bow. (*He bows awkwardly.*) Hold up your head—turn out your toes. That will do capital! (*She walks round him with admiration.*) How nice you look! there's ne'er a gentleman of them all can come up to my Dick.

DICK (*hesitating.*)—But—a—a—Meg, you'll come with me, won't you, and just see me safe in at the door, eh?

MARGERY.—Yes, to be sure; walk on before, and let me look at you. Hold up your head—there, that's it!

DICK (*marching.*)—Come along. Hang it, who's afraid?

[*They go out.*

Scene changes to a Drawing-room in the House of LADY AMARANTHE.

Enter LADY AMARANTHE, *leaning upon her maid,* MADEMOISELLE JUSTINE.

LADY AMARANTHE.—Avancez un fauteuil, ma chère! arrangez les coussins. (JUSTINE *settles the chair and places a footstool.* LADY AMARANTHE, *sinking into the*

arm-chair with a languid air.) Justine, I shall die, I shall certainly die! I never can survive this!

JUSTINE.—Mon Dieu! madame, ne parlez pas comme çà! c'est m'enfoncer un poignard dans le cœur!

LADY AMARANTHE (*Despairingly.*)—No rest—no possibility of sleeping—

JUSTINE.—Et le medecin de madame, qui a ordonné la plus grande tranquillité—qui a même voulu que je me taisais—moi, par exemple!

LADY AMARANTHE.—After fatiguing myself to death with playing the agreeable to disagreeable people, and talking common-place to common-place acquaintance, I return home, to lay my aching head upon my pillow, and just as my eyes are closing, I start—I wake,—a voice that would rouse the dead out of their graves echoes in my ears! In vain I bury my head in the pillow—in vain draw the curtains close—multiply defences against my window—change from room to room—it haunts me! Ah! I think I hear it still! (*covering her ears*) it will certainly drive me distracted!

[*During this speech,* JUSTINE *has made sundry exclamations and gestures expressive of horror, sympathy, and commiseration.*]

JUSTINE.—Vraiment, c'est affreux.

LADY AMARANTHE.—In any more civilized country it never could have been endured—I should have had him removed at once; but here the vulgar people talk of laws!

JUSTINE.—Ah, oui, madame, mais il faut avouer que c'est ici un pays bien barbare, où tout le monde parle loi et metaphysique, et où l'on ne fait point de différence entre les riches et les pauvres.

LADY AMARANTHE.—But what provokes me more than all the rest is this unheard-of insolence! (*rises and walks about the room.*)—a cobbler too—a cobbler who presumes to sing, and to sing when all the rest of the world is asleep! This is the march of intellect with a vengeance!

JUSTINE.—C'est vrai, il ne chante que des marches et de gros chansons à boire—s'il chantait bien doucement quelque joli roman par exemple—(*She sings*)—*dormez, dormez, mez chers amours!*

LADY AMARANTHE.—Justine, did you send the butler over to request civilly that he would not disturb me in the morning?

JUSTINE.—Qui, miladi, dat is, I have send John; de butler he was went out.

LADY AMARANTHE.—And his answer was, that he would sing in spite of me, and louder than ever?

JUSTINE.—Oui, miladi, le monstre! il dit comme çà, dat he will sing more louder den ever.

LADY AMARANTHE (*sinking again into her chair.*)—Ah! the horrid man!

JUSTINE.—Ah! dere is no politesse, no more den dere is police in dis country.

LADY AMARANTHE.—If Lord Amaranthe were not two hundred miles off—but, as it is, I must find some remedy—let me think—bribery, I suppose. Have they sent for him? I dread to see the wretch. What noise is that? allez voir, ma chère!

JUSTINE (*goes and returns.*)—Madame, c'est justement notre homme, voulezvous qu'il entre?

LADY AMARANTHE.—Oui, faites entrer.

[*She leans back in her chair.*]

JUSTINE (*at the door.*)—Entrez, entrez toujours, dat is, come in, good mister.

Enter DICK. *He bows; and, squeezing his hat in his hands, looks round him with considerable embarrassment.*

JUSTINE (*to Lady Amaranthe.*)—Bah! comme il sent le cuir, n'est-ce pas, madame?

LADY AMARANTHE.—Faugh! mes sels—ma vinaigrette, Justine—non, l'eau de Cologne, qui est là sur la table. (JUSTINE *brings her some eau de Cologne; she pours some upon her handkerchief, and applies it to her temples and to her nose, as if overcome; then, raising her eye-glass, she examines* DICK *from head to foot.*) Good man—a—pray, what is your name?

DICK (*with a profound bow.*)—Dick, please your ladyship.

LADY AMARANTHE.—Hum—a—pray, Mr. Dick—

DICK.—Folks just call me plain Dick, my lady. I'm a poor honest cobbler, and no mister.

LADY AMARANTHE (*pettishly.*)—Well, sir, it is of no consequence. You live in the small house over the way, I think?

DICK.—Yes, ma'am, my lady, I does; I rents the attics.

LADY AMARANTHE.—You appear a good civil sort of man enough. (*He bows.*) I sent my servant over to re-

quest that you would not disturb me in the night—or the morning, as you call it. I have very weak health—am quite an invalid—your loud singing in the morning just opposite to my windows——

Dick (*eagerly.*)—Ma'am, I—I'm very sorry; I ax your ladyship's pardon; I'll never sing no more above my breath, if you please.

Justine.—Comment! c'est honnête, par exemple.

Lady Amaranthe (*surprised.*)—Then you did not tell my servant that you would sing louder than ever, in spite of me?

Dick.—Me, my lady? I never said no such thing.

Lady Amaranthe.—This is strange; or is there some mistake? Perhaps you are not the same Mr. Dick?

Dick.—Why, yes, my lady, for that matter, I be the same Dick. (*Approaching a few steps, and speaking confidentially.*) I'll just tell your ladyship the whole truth, and not a bit of a lie. There comes an impudent fellow to me, and he tells me, just out of his own head, I'll be bound, that if I sung o' mornings, he would have me put in the stocks.

Lady Amaranthe.—Good heavens!

Justine (*in the same tone.*)—Grands dieux!

Dick (*with a grin.*)—Now the stocks is for a rogue, as the saying is. As for my singing, that's neither here nor there; but no jackanapes shall threaten *me*. I *will* sing if I please (*sturdily,*) and I won't sing if I don't please; and (*lowering his tone,*) I don't please, if it disturbs your ladyship. (*Retreating*) I wish your ladyship a good day, and better health.

Lady Amaranthe.—Stay; you are not then the rude uncivil person I was told of?

Dick.—I hopes I knows better than to do an uncivil thing by a lady.

[*Bows and retreats towards the door.*

Lady Amaranthe.—Stay, sir—a—a—one word.

Dick.—Oh, as many as you please, ma'am; I'm in no hurry.

Lady Amaranthe (*graciously.*)—Are you married?

Dick (*rubbing his hands with glee.*)—Yes, ma'am, I be; and to as tight a bit of a wife as any in the parish.

Justine.—Ah! il parait que ce monsieur Dick aime sa femme! Est-il amusant!

Lady Amaranthe.—You love her then?

DICK.—Oh, then I do! I love her with all my heart! who could help it?

LADY AMARANTHE.—Indeed! and how do you live?

DICK.—Why, bless you, ma'am, sometimes well, sometimes ill, according as I have luck and work. When we can get a bit of dinner, we eat it, and when we can't, why, we go without: or, may be, a kind neighbour helps us.

LADY AMARANTHE.—Poor creatures!

DICK.—Oh, not so poor neither, my lady; many folks is worser off. I'm always merry, night and day; and my Meg is the good temperedst, best wife in the world. We've never had nothing from the parish, and never will, please God, while I have health and hands.

LADY AMARANTHE.—And you are happy?

DICK.—As happy as the day is long.

LADY AMARANTHE (*aside.*)—This is a lesson to me. Eh bien, Justine! voilà donc notre sauvage!

JUSTINE.—Il est gentil ce monsieur Dick, et à present que je le regarde—vraiment il a une assez jolie tournure.

LADY AMARANTHE (*with increasing interest.*)—Have you any children?

DICK (*with a sigh.*)—No, ma'am; and that's the only thing as frets us.

LADY AMARANTHE.—Good heavens! you do not mean to say you wish for them, and have scarce enough for yourselves? how would you feed them?

DICK.—Oh, I should leave Meg to feed them; I should have nothing to do but to work for them. Providence would take care of us while they were little; and, when they were big, they would help us.

LADY AMARANTHE (*aside.*)—I could not have conceived this. (*She whispers* JUSTINE, *who goes out.*) (*To* DICK.) Can I do any thing to serve you?

DICK.—Only, if your ladyship could recommend me any custom; I mend shoes as cheap as e'er a cobbler in London, though I say it.

LADY AMARANTHE.—I shall certainly desire that all my people employ you whenever there is occasion.

Re-enter JUSTINE, *holding a purse in her hand.*

DICK (*bowing.*)—Much obliged, my lady; I hopes to give satisfaction, but (*looking with admiration at* LADY AMARANTHE'S *foot as it rests on the footstool*) such a pretty, little, delicate, beautiful foot as yon, I never fitted

in all my born days. It can't cost your ladyship much in shoe leather, I guess!

LADY AMARANTHE (*smiling complacently.*)—Rather more than you would imagine, I fancy, my good friend.

JUSTINE.—Comment donc—ce Monsieur Dick, fait aussi des complimens à Madame! Il ne manque pas de goût.—(*aside*) et il sait ce qu'il fait, apparemment.

LADY AMARANTHE (*glancing at her foot.*)—C'est à dire—il a du bon sens, et ne parle pas mal. (*She takes the purse.*) As you so civilly obliged me, you must allow me to make you some return.

DICK (*putting his hand behind him.*)—Me, ma'am! I'm sure I don't want to be paid for being civil.

LADY AMARANTHE.—But as I have deprived you of a pleasure, my good friend, some amends surely—

DICK.—Oh, ma'am, pray don't mention it; my wife's a little tired and sleepy sometimes of a morning, and if I didn't sing her out of bed, I do think she would, by chance, snooze away till six o'clock, like any duchess; but a pinch or a shake or a kiss will do as well, may be: and (*earnestly*) she's, for all that, the best woman in the world.

LADY AMARANTHE (*smiling.*)—I can believe it, though she *does* sleep till six o'clock like a duchess. Well, my good friend, there are five guineas in this purse; the purse is my own work; and I request you will present it to your wife from me, with many thanks for your civility.

DICK (*confused.*)—Much obliged, much obliged, but I can't, I can't indeed, my lady. Five guineas! O Lord! I should never know what to do with such a power of money.

LADY AMARANTHE.—Your wife will not say the same, depend upon it; she will find some use for it.

DICK.—My Meg, poor woman! she never had so much money in all her life.

LADY AMARANTHE.—I must insist upon it; you will offend me.

JUSTINE (*taking the purse out of her lady's hand, and forcing it upon* DICK.)—Dieux! est-il bête!—you no understand?—It is de gold and de silver money (*laughing.*) Comme il a l'air ébahi!

DICK (*putting up the money.*)—Many thanks, and I pray God bless your ladyship!

LADY AMARANTHE (*gaily.*)—Good morning, Mr. Dick. Remember me to your wife.

DICK.—I will, my lady. I wish your ladyship, and you, miss, a good morning. (*To himself.*) Five guineas! —what will Meg say?—now I'll be a master shoemaker. (*Going out in an ecstacy, he knocks his head against the wall.*)

LADY AMARANTHE.—Take care, friend. Montrez-lui la porte, Justine!

JUSTINE.—Mais venez donc, Monsieur Dick—par ici —et n'allez pas donner le nez contre la porte!

[DICK *follows* JUSTINE *out of the door, after making several bows.*

LADY AMARANTHE.—Poor man!—well, he's silenced—he does not look as if he would sing, morning or night, for the next twelve months.

Re-enter JUSTINE.

JUSTINE.—Voici Madame Mincetaille, qui vient pour essayer la robe-de-bal de madame.

LADY AMARANTHE.—Ah! allons donc.

[*They go out.*

The SCENE *changes to the Cobbler's Garret.*

Enter MARGERY, *in haste; a basket in her hand. She looks about her.*

MARGERY.—Not come back yet! what can keep him, I wonder! (*Takes off her bonnet and shawl.*) Well, I must get the dinner ready. (*Pauses, and looks anxious.*) But, somehow, I feel not easy in my mind. What could they want with him?—Hark! (*Goes to the door.*) No—what a time he is! But suppose they should 'dite him for a nuisance—O me! or send him to the watchhouse—O my poor dear Dick! I must go and see after him! I must go this very instant moment! (*Snatches up her bonnet.*) Oh, I hear him now; but how slowly he comes up! [*Runs to the door, and leads him in.*

Enter DICK.

MARGERY.—Oh, my dear, dear Dick, I am so glad you are come at last! But how pale you look! all I don't know how! What's the matter? why don't you speak to me, Dick, love?

DICK (*fanning himself with his hat.*)—Let me breathe, wife.

MARGERY.—But what's the matter? where have you

been? who did you see? what did they say to you? Come, tell me quick.

DICK.—Why, Meg, how your tongue does gallop! as if a man could answer twenty questions in a breath.

MARGERY.—Did you see the lady herself? Tell me that.

DICK (*looking round the room suspiciously.*)—Shut the door first.

MARGERY.—There. [*Shuts it.*

DICK.—Shut the other.

MARGERY.—The other?—There. [*Shuts it.*

DICK.—Lock it fast, I say.

MARGERY.—There's no lock; and that you know.

DICK (*frightened.*)—No lock:—Then we shall all be robbed!

MARGERY.—Robbed of what? Sure, there's nothing here for any one to rob! You never took such a thing into your head before.

[DICK *goes to the door and tries to fasten it.*

MARGERY (*aside.*)—For sartin, he's bewitched—or have they given him something to drink?—or, perhaps, he's ill. (*Very affectionately, and laying her hand on his shoulder.*) Are you not well, Dick, love? Will you go to bed, sweetheart?

DICK (*gruffly.*)—No. Go to bed in the broad day!—the woman's cracked.

MARGERY (*whimpering.*)—Oh, Dick, what in the world has come to you?

DICK.—Nothing—nothing but good, you fool. There—there— don't cry, I tell you.

MARGERY (*wiping her eyes.*)—And did you see the lady?

DICK.—Ay, I seed her; and a most beautiful lady she is, and she sends her service to you?

MARGERY.—Indeed! lauk-a-daisy! I'm sure I'm much obliged—but what did she say to you?

DICK.—Oh, she said this, and that, and t'other—a great deal.

MARGERY.—But what, Dick?

DICK.—Why, she said—she said as how I sung so fine, she couldn't sleep o' mornings.

MARGERY.—Sleep o' mornings! that's a good joke! Let people sleep o' nights, I say.

DICK (*solemnly.*)—But she can't, poor soul, she's very ill; she has pains here, and pains there, and everywhere.

MARGERY.—Indeed! poor lady! then you mustn't disturb her no more, Dick, that's a sure thing.

DICK.—Ay, so I said; and so she gave me this.

[*Takes out the purse, and holds it up.*

MARGERY (*clapping her hands.*)—O goodness! what a fine purse!—Is there any thing in it?

DICK (*chinks the money.*)—Do ye hear that? Guess now.

MARGERY (*timidly.*)—Five shillings, perhaps, eh!

DICK.—Five shillings!—five guineas, girl.

MARGERY (*with a scream.*)—Five guineas! five guineas! (*skips about*) tal, lal, la! five guineas! (*Runs, and embraces her husband.*) Oh, Dick! we'll be so rich and so happy. I want a power of things. I'll have a new gown—lavender, shall it be?—Yes, it shall be lavender; and a dimity petticoat; and a lace cap, like Mrs. Pinchtoe's, with pink ribbons—how she will stare! and I'll have two silver spoons, and a nutmeg-grater, and——

DICK.—Ho, ho, ho! what a jabber! din, din, din! You'll have this, and you'll have that! First, I'll have a good stock of neat's leather.

MARGERY.—Well, well, give me the purse; I'll take care of it. [*Snatches at it.*

DICK.—No, thankee, *I'll* take care of it.

MARGERY (*coaxing.*)—You know I always keep the money, Dick!

DICK.—Ay, Meg, but I'll keep this, do ye mind?

MARGERY.—What! keep it all to yourself?—No, you won't; an't I your wife, and haven't I a right? I ax you that.

DICK.—Pooh! don't be bothering me.

MARGERY.—Come, give it me at once, there's a dear Dick!

DICK.—What, to waste it all in woman's nonsense and frippery? Don't be a fool! we're rich, and we'll keep it safe.

MARGERY.—Why where's the use of money but to spend? Come, come; I *will* have it.

DICK.—Hey-day! you will!—You shan't; who's the master here, I say?

MARGERY (*passionately.*)—Why, if you come to that, who's the mistress here, I say?

DICK.—Now, Meg, don't you go for to provoke me.

MARGERY.—Pooh ! I defy you.

DICK (*doubling his fist.*)—Don't you put me in a passion, Meg !

MARGERY.—Get along ; I don't care that for you ! (*snaps her fingers.*) You used to be my own dear Dick, and now you're a cross, miserly curmudgeon

DICK (*quite furious.*)—You will have it then !—Why, then, take it, with a mischief; take that, and that, and that ! [*He beats her ; she screams.*

MARGERY.—Oh ! oh ! oh !—pray don't—pray—(*Breaks from him, and throws herself into a chair.*) O Dick ! to go for to strike me ! O that I should ever see the day !—you cruel, unkind——Oh ! oh !

[*Covers her face with her apron, sobs, and cries ; and he stands looking at her sheepishly. A long pause.*

DICK (*in great agitation.*)—Eh, why ! women be made of eggshells, I do think. Why, Meg, I didn't hurt you, did I ? why don't you speak ? Now, don't you be sulky, come ; it wasn't much. A man is but flesh and blood, after all ; come, I say—I'll never get into a passion with you again to my dying day—I won't—come, don't cry ; (*tries to remove the apron ;*) come, kiss, and be friends. Won't you forgive your own dear Dick, won't you ? (*ready to cry*) She won't !—Here, here's the money, and the purse and all—take it, do what you like with it. (*She shakes her head.*) What, you won't then ? why, then, there—(*throws it on the ground.*) Deuce fetch me if ever I touch it again ! and I wish my fingers had been burnt before ever I took it,—so I do ! (*with feeling.*) We were so happy this morning, when we hadn't a penny to bless ourselves with, nor even a bit to eat ; and now, since all this money has come to us of a suddent, why, it's all as one as if old Nick himself were in the purse. I'll tell you what, Meg, eh ! shall I ? Shall I take it back to the lady, and give our duty to her, and tell her we don't want her guineas, shall I, Meg ! shall I, dear heart ?

[*During the last few words* MARGERY *lets the apron fall from her face, looks up at him, and smiles.*

DICK.—Oh, that's right, and we'll be happy again, and never quarrel more.

MARGERY.—No, never ! (*They embrace.*) Take it away, for I can't bear the sight of it.

DICK.—Take it *you* then, for you know, Meg, I said I

would never touch it again; and what I says, I says—and what I says, I sticks to.

[*Pushes it towards her with his foot.*

MARGERY.—And so do I: and I vowed to myself that I wouldn't touch it, and I won't. [*Kicks it back to him.*

DICK.—How shall we manage then? Oh, I have it. Fetch me the tongs here. (*Takes up the purse in the tongs, and holds it at arm's length.* Now I'm going. So, Meg, if you repent, now's the time. Speak—or for ever hold your tongue.

MARGERY.—Me repent? No, my dear Dick! I feel, somehow, quite light, as if a great lump were gone away from here. [*Laying her hands on her bosom.*

DICK.—And so do I; so come along. We never should have believed this, if we hadn't tried; but it's just what my old mother used to say—MUCH COIN, MUCH CARE.*

*It need hardly be observed that this little trifle was written exclusively for young actors, to whom the style was adapted. The subject is imitated from one of Theodore Leclerq's *Proverbes Dramatiques*.

DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE.*

Sad, solemn, soure, and full of fancies fraile,
She woxe: yet wist she neither how nor why:
She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease, perdie;
Yet thought it was not Love, but some Melancholie.
SPENSER.

Calais, June 21.

WHAT young lady, travelling for the first time on the continent, does not write a "Diary?" No sooner have we stept on the shores of France—no sooner are we seated in the gay salon at Dessin's, than we call, like Biddy Fudge, for "French pens and French ink," and forth steps from its case the morocco-bound diary, regularly ruled and paged, with its patent Bramah lock and key, wherein we are to record and preserve all the striking, profound, and original observations—the classical reminiscenses—the thread bare raptures—the poetical effusions—in short, all the never-sufficiently-to-be-exhausted topics of sentiment and enthusiasm, which must necessarily suggest themselves while posting from Paris to Naples.

Verbiage, emptiness, and affectation!

Yes—but what must I do, then, with my volume in green morocco?

Very true, I did not think of that.

We have all read the DIARY OF AN INVALID, the best of all diaries since old Evelyn's.—

Well, then,—Here beginneth the DIARY OF A BLUE DEVIL.

What inconsistent beings are we!—How strange that in such a moment as this, I can jest in mockery of my-

* First published in 1826.

self! but I will write on. Some keep a diary, because it is the fashion—a reason why *I* should not; some because it is *blue*, but I am not *blue*, only a *blue devil;* some for their amusement,—*amusement!!* alas! alas!—and some that they may remember,—and I that I may forget. O! would it were possible.

When, to-day, for the first time in my life, I saw the shores of England fade away in the distance—did the conviction that I should never behold them more, bring with it one additional pang of regret, or one consoling thought? neither the one nor the other. I leave behind me the scenes, the objects, so long associated with pain; but from pain itself I cannot fly: it has become a part of myself. I know not yet whether I ought to rejoice and be thankful for this opportunity of travelling, while my mind is thus torn and upset; or rather regret that I must visit scenes of interest, of splendour, of novelty—scenes over which, years ago, I used to ponder with many a sigh, and many a vain longing, now that I am lost to all the pleasure they could once have excited: for what is all the world to me now? But I will not weakly yield: though time and I have not been long acquainted, do I not know what miracles he, "the all-powerful healer," can perform? Who knows but this dark cloud may pass away? Continual motion, continual activity, continual novelty, the absolute necessity for self-command, may do something for me. I cannot quite forget; but if I can cease to remember for a few minutes, or even, it may be, for a few hours! O how idle to talk of "*indulging* grief:" talk of indulging the rack, the rheumatism! who ever indulged grief that truly felt it? to *endure* is hard enough.

It is o'er! with its pains and its pleasures,
The dream of affection is o'er!
The feelings I lavish'd so fondly
Will never return to me more.

With a faith, O! too blindly believing—
A truth, no unkindness could move;
My prodigal heart hath expended
At once, an existence of love.

And now, like the spendthrift forsaken,
By those whom his bounty had blest,
All empty, and cold, and despairing,
It shrinks in my desolate breast.

But a spirit is burning within me,
Unquench'd, and unquenchable yet;
It shall teach me to bear uncomplaining,
The grief I can never forget.

Rouen, June 25.—I do not pity Joan of Arc: that heroic woman only paid the price which all must pay for celebrity in some shape or other: the sword or the faggot, the scaffold or the field, public hatred or private heart-break; what matter? The noble Bedford could not rise above the age in which he lived: but *that* was the age of gallantry and chivalry, as well as superstition: and could Charles, the lover of Agnes Sorel, with all the knights and nobles of France, look on while their champion, and a woman, was devoted to chains and death, without one effort to save her?

It has often been said that her fate disgraced the military fame of the English; it is a far fouler blot on the chivalry of France.

* * * *

St. Germains, June 27.—I cannot bear this place, another hour in it will kill me; this sultry evening—this sickening sunshine—this quiet, unbroken, boundless landscape—these motionless woods—the Seine stealing, creeping through the level plains—the dull grandeur of the old chateau—the languid repose of the whole scene—instead of soothing, torture me. I am left without resource, a prey to myself and to my memory—to reflection, which embitters the source of suffering, and thought, which brings distraction. Horses on to Paris! Vite! Vite!

Paris, 28.—What said the witty Frenchwoman?—*Paris est le lieu du monde où l'on peut le mieux se passer de bonheur;*—in that case it will suit me admirably.

29.—We walked and drove about all day: I was amused. I marvel at my own versatility when I think how soon my quick spirits were excited by this gay, gaudy, noisy, idle place. The different appearance of the streets of London and Paris is the first thing to strike a stranger. In the gayest and most crowded streets of London the people move steadily and rapidly along, with a grave collected air, as if all had some business in view; *here*, as a little girl observed the other day, all the people walk about "like ladies and gentlemen going a visiting:" the women well-dressed and smiling, and with a certain jaunty air, trip along with their peculiar mincing step,

and appear as if their sole object was but to show themselves; the men ill-dressed, slovenly, and in general ill-looking, lounge indolently, and stare as if they had no other purpose in life but to look about them.*

July, 12.—"Quel est à Paris le suprême talent? celui d'amuser: et quel est le suprême bonheur? l'amusement.

Then *le suprême bonheur* may be found every evening from nine to ten, in a walk along the Boulevards, or a ramble through the Champs Élysées, and from ten to twelve in a salon at Tortoni's.

What an extraordinary scene was that I witnessed to-night! how truly *French!* Spite of myself and all my melancholy musings, and all my philosophic allowances for the difference of national character, I was irresistibly compelled to smile at some of the farcical groups we encountered. In the most crowded parts of the Champs Elysées this evening, (Sunday,) there sat an old lady with a wrinkled yellow face and sharp features, dressed in flounced gown of dirty white muslin, a pink sash and a Leghorn hat and feathers. In one hand she held a small tray for the contribution of amateurs, and in the other an Italian bravura, which she sung or rather screamed out with a thousand indescribable shruggings, contortions, and grimaces, and in a voice to which a cracked tea-kettle, or a "brazen candlestick turned," had seemed the music of the spheres. A little farther on we found two elderly gentlemen playing at see-saw; one an immense corpulent man of fifteen stone at least, the other a thin dwarfish animal with grey mustachios, who held before him what I thought was a child, but on approaching, it proved to be a large stone strapped before him, to render his weight a counterpoise to that of his huge companion. We passed on, and returning about half an hour afterward down the same walk, we found the same venerable pair pursuing their edifying amusement with as much enthusiasm as before.

* * * *

Before the revolution, sacrilege became one of the most frequent crimes. I was told of a man who, having stolen from a church the silver box containing the consecrated wafers, returned the wafers next day in a letter to

* It must not be forgotten that this was written ten years ago: the aspect of Paris is much changed since *then*.

the Curé of the parish, *having used one of them to seal his envelope.*

* * * *

July, 27.—A conversation with S** always leaves me sad. Can it then be possible that he is right? No—O no! my understanding rejects the idea with indignation, my whole heart recoils from it; yet if it should be so! what then: have I been till now the dupe and the victim of factitious feelings? virtue, honour, feeling, generosity, you are then but words, signifying nothing? Yet if this vain philosophy lead to happiness, would not S** be happy? it is evident he is *not*. When he said that the object existed not in this world which could lead him twenty yards out of his way, did this sound like happiness? I remember that while he spoke, instead of feeling either persuaded or convinced by his captivating eloquence, I was perplexed and distressed; I *suffered* a painful compassion, and tears were in my eyes. I, who so often have pitied myself, pitied him at that moment a thousand times more; I thought, I would not buy tranquillity at such a price as he has paid for it. Yet *if* he should be right? that *if*, which every now and then suggests itself, is terrible; it shakes me in the utmost recesses of my heart.

S**, in spite of myself, and in spite of all that with most perverted pains, he has made himself, (so different from what he once was,) can charm and interest, pain and perplex me:—not so D**, another disciple of the same school: he inspires me with the strongest antipathy I ever felt for a human being. Insignificant and disagreeable in his appearance, he looks as if all the bile under heaven had found its way into his complexion, and all the infernal irony of a Mephistopheles into his turned-up nose and insolent curled lip. He is, he *says* he is, an atheist, a materialist, a sensualist: the pains he takes to deprave and degrade his nature, render him so disgusting, that I could not even speak in his presence; I dreaded lest he should enter into conversation with me. I might have spared myself the fear. He piques himself on his utter contempt for, and disregard of, women; and, after all, is not himself worthy these words I bestow on him.

* * * *

Aug. 25.—Here begins, I hope, a new æra. I have had a long and dangerous illness; the crisis perhaps of what

I have been suffering for months. Contrary to my own wishes, and to the expectations of others, I *live:* and trusting in God that I have been preserved for some wise and good purpose, am therefore thankful: even supposing I should be reserved for new trials, I cannot surely in this world suffer more than I have suffered: it is not possible that the same causes can be again combined to afflict me.

How truly can I say, few and evil have my days been! may I not say as truly, I have not weakly yielded, I have not "gone about to cause my heart to despair," but have striven, and not in vain? I took the remedies they gave me, and was grateful; I resigned myself to *live*, when had I but willed it, I might have died; and when to die and be at rest, seemed to my sick heart the only covetable boon.

Sept. 3.—A terrible anniversary at Paris—still ill and very weak. Edmonde came, "pour me desennuyer." He has soul enough to bear a good deal of wearing down; but whether the fine qualities he possesses will turn to good or evil, is hard to tell: it is evident his character has not yet settled: it vibrates still as nature inclines him to good, and all the circumstances around him to evil. We talked as usual of women, of gallantry, of the French and English character, of national prejudices, of Shakspeare and Racine, (never failing subjects of discussion,) and he read aloud Delille's Catacombs de Rome, with great feeling, animation, and dramatic effect.

La mode at Paris is a spell of wondrous power: it is most like what we should call in England a rage, a mania, a torrent sweeping down the bounds between good and evil, sense and nonsense, upon whose surface straws and egg-shells float into notoriety, while the gold and the marble are buried and hidden till its force be spent. The rage for cashmeres and little dogs has lately given way to a rage for Le Solitaire, a romance written, I believe, by a certain Vicomte d'Arlincourt. Le Solitaire rules the imagination, the taste, the dress of half Paris: if you go to the theatre, it is to see the "Solitaire," either as tragedy, opera, or melodrame; the men dress their hair and throw their cloaks about them *à la Solitaire;* bonnets and caps, flounces and ribbons, are all *à la Solitaire;* the print shops are full of scenes from Le Solitaire; it is on every toilette, on every work-table;—ladies carry it about in their reticules to show each other that they are

à la mode ; and the men—what can they do but humble their understandings and be *extasiés*, when beautiful eyes sparkle in its defence and glisten in its praise, and ruby lips pronounce it divine, delicious, "quelle sublimité dans les descriptions, quelle force dans les caractères ! quelle âme ! feu ! chaleur ! verve ! originalité ! passion !" &c.

"Vous n'avez pas lu le Solitaire?" said Madame M. yesterday. "Eh mon dieu ! il est donc possible ! vous ? mais, ma chère, vous êtes perdue de réputation, et pour jamais !"

To retrieve my lost reputation, I sat down to read Le Solitaire, and as I read my amazement grew, and I did in "gaping wonderment abound," to think that fashion, like the insane root of old, had power to drive a whole city mad with nonsense ; for such a tissue of abominable absurdities, bombast and blasphemy, bad taste and bad language, was never surely indited by any madman, in or out of Bedlam : not Maturin himself, that king of fustian,

> "——— ever wrote or borrowed
> Any thing half so horrid !"

and this is the book which has turned the brains of half Paris, which has gone through fifteen editions in a few weeks, which not to admire is "*pitoyable*," and not to have read "*quelque chose d'inouie.*"

The objects at Paris which have most struck me, have been those least vaunted.

The view of the city from the Pont des Arts, to-night, enchanted me. As every body who goes to Rome views the Coliseum by moonlight, so nobody should leave Paris without seeing the effect from the Pont des Arts, on a fine moonlight night :

> "Earth hath not any thing to show more fair."

It is singular I should have felt its influence at such a moment : it appears to me that those who, from feeling too strongly, have learnt to consider too deeply, become less sensible to the works of art, and more alive to nature. Are there not times when we turn with indifference from the finest picture or statue—the most improving book—the most amusing poem ; and when the very commonest, and every-day beauties of nature, a soft

evening, a lovely landscape, the moon riding in her glory through a clouded sky, without forcing or asking attention, sink into our hearts? They do not console,—they sometimes add poignancy to pain; but still they have a power, and do not speak in vain: they become a part of us; and never are we so inclined to claim kindred with nature, as when sorrow has lent us her mournful experience. At the time I felt this (and how many have felt it as deeply, and expressed it better!) I did not *think* it, still less could I have *said it;* but I have pleasure in recording the past impression. "On rend mieux compte de ce qu'on a senti que de ce qu'on sent."

* * * *

September 8.—Paris is crowded with English; and I do not wonder at it: it is, on the whole, a pleasant place to live in. I like Paris, though I shall quit it without regret as soon as I have strength to travel. Here the social arts are carried to perfection—above all, the art of conversation: every one talks much and talks well. In this multiplicity of words it must happen of course that a certain quantum of ideas is intermixed; and somehow or other, by dint of listening, talking, and looking about them, people *do* learn, and information to a certain point is general. Those who have knowledge are not shy of imparting it, and those who are ignorant take care not to seem so; but are sometimes agreeable, often amusing, and seldom *bêtes*. Nowhere have I seen unformed sheepish boys, nowhere the surliness, awkwardness, ungraciousness, and uneasy proud bashfulness, I have seen in the best companies in England. Our French friend Lucien has, at fifteen, the air and conversation of a finished gentleman; and our English friend C—— is at eighteen, the veriest log of a lumpish school-boy that ever entered a room. What I have seen of society, I like: the delicious climate too, the rich skies, the clear elastic atmosphere, the *out of doors* life the people lead, are all (in summer at least) delightful. There may be less *comfort* here; but nobody feels the want of it; and there is certainly more amusement—and amusement is here truly "le suprême bonheur." Happiness, according to the French meaning of the word, lies more on the surface of life: it is a sort of happiness which is cheap and ever at hand. This is the place to live in for the merry poor man, or the melancholy rich one: for those

who have too much money, and those who have too little; for those who only wish, like the Irishman, "to live all the days of their life,"—*prendre en légère monnoie la somme des plaisirs:* but to the thinking, the feeling, the domestic man, who only exists, enjoys, suffers through his affections—

> "Who is retired as noontide dew,
> Or fountain in a noonday grove—"

to such a one, Paris must be nothing better than a vast frippery shop, an ever-varying galantee-show, an eternal vanity-fair, a vortex of folly, a pandemonium of vice.

September 18.—Our imperials are packed, our passports signed, and we set off to-morrow for Geneva by Dijon and the Jura. I leave nothing behind me to regret, I see nothing before me to fear, and have no hope but in change: and now all that remains to be said of Paris, and all its wonders and all its vanities, all its glories and all its gaieties, are they not recorded in the ponderous chronicles of most veracious tourists and what can I add thereto?

* * * *

Geneva, Saturday night, 11 o'clock.

Can it be the "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone" I hear from my window? Shall I hear it to-morrow when I wake? Have I seen, have I felt the reality of what I have so often imagined? and much, *much* more? How little do I feel the contretemps and privations which affect others—and feel them *only* because they affect others! To me they are nothing: I have in a few hours stored my mind with images of beauty and grandeur which will last through my whole existence.

* * * *

Yet I know I am not singular; others have felt the same: others, who, capable of "drinking in the soul of things," have viewed nature less with their eyes than their hearts. Now I feel the value of my own enthusiasm; now am I repaid in part for many pains and sorrows and errors it has cost me. Though the natural expression of that enthusiasm be now repressed and restrained, and my spirits subdued by long illness, what but enthusiasm could elevate my mind to a level with the sublime objects round me, and excite me to pour out my whole heart in admi-

ration as I do now! How deeply they have penetrated into my imagination!—Beautiful nature? If I could but infuse into you a portion of my own existence, as you have become a part of mine—if I could but bid you reflect back my soul, as it reflects back all your magnificence, I would make you my only friend, and wish no other; content "to love earth only for its earthly sake."

I am so tired to-night, I can say nothing of the Jura, nor of the superb ascent of the mountain, to me so novel, so astonishing a scene; nor of the cheerful brilliance of the morning sun, illuminating the high cliffs, and throwing the deep woody vallies into the darkest shadow; nor of the far distant plains of France seen between the hills, and melting away into a soft vapoury light; nor of Morey, and its delicious strawberries and honey-comb; nor of that never-to-be-forgotten moment, when turning the corner of the road, as it wound round a cliff near the summit, we beheld the lake and city of Geneva spread at our feet, with its magnificent back-ground of the Italian Alps, peak beyond peak, snow-crowned! and Mont Blanc towering over all! No description had prepared me for this prospect; and the first impression was rapturous surprise: but by degrees the vastness and the huge gigantic features of the scene, pressed like a weight upon "my amazed sprite," and the feeling of its immense extent fatigued my imagination, till my spirits gave way in tears. Then came remembrances of those I ought to forget, blending with all I saw a deeper power—raising up emotions, long buried though not dead, to fright me with their resurrection. I was so glad to arrive here, and shall be *so* glad to sleep—even the dull sleep which laudanum brings me.

Oct. 1.—When next I submit (having the power to avoid it,) to be crammed into a carriage, and carried from place to place, whether I would or not, and be set down at the stated *points de vue*, while a detestable laquais points out what I am to admire, I shall deserve to endure again what I endured to-day. As there was no possibility of relief, I resigned myself to my fate, and was even amused by the absurdity of my own situation. We went to see the junction of the Arve and the Rhone: or rather to see the Arve pollute the rich, blue, transparent Rhone, with its turbid waters. The day was heavy, and the clouds rolled in prodigious masses along the dark sides of the mountains, frequently hiding them from our view, and sub-

stituting for their graceful outlines and ever-varying contrast of tint and shade, an impenetrable veil of dark grey vapour.

3rd.—We took a boat and rowed on the lake for about two hours. Our boatman, a fine handsome athletic figure, was very talkative and intelligent. He had been in the service of Lord Byron, and was with him in that storm between La Meillerie and St. Gingough, which is described in the third canto of Childe Harold. He pointed out, among the beautiful villas, which adorn the banks on either side, that in which the empress Josephine had resided for six months, not long before her death. When he spoke of her, he rested upon his oars to descant upon her virtues, her generosity, her affability, her goodness to the poor, and his countenance became quite animated with enthusiasm. Here, in France, wherever the name of Josephine is mentioned, there seems to exist but one feeling, one opinion of her beneficence and *amabilité* of character. Our boatman had also rowed Marie Louise across the lake, on her way to Paris: he gave us no very captivating picture of her. He described her as *grande, blonde, bien faite, et extrèmement fière:* and told us how she tormented her ladies in waiting; "*comme elle tracassait ses dames d'honneur.*" The day being rainy and gloomy, her attendants begged of her to defer the passage for a short time, till the fogs had cleared away, and discovered all the beauty of the surrounding shores. She replied haughtily and angrily, "Je veux faire ce que je veux—allez toujours."

M. le Baron M——n, whom we knew at Paris, told me several delightful anecdotes of Josephine: he was attached to her household, and high in her confidence. Napoleon sent him on the very morning of his second nuptials, with a message and billet to the ex-empress. On hearing that the ceremony was performed which had passed her sceptre into the hands of the proud, cold-hearted Austrian, the feelings of the *woman* overcame every other. She burst into tears, and wringing her hands, exclaimed "Ah! au moins, qu'il soit heureux!" Napoleon resigned this estimable and amiable creature to narrow views of selfish policy, and with her his good genius fled: he deserved it, and verily he hath had his reward.

We drove after dinner to Copet; and the Duchess de Broglie being absent, had an opportunity of seeing the

chateau. All things "were there of her"—of her, whose genuine worth excused, whose all-commanding talents threw into shade those failings which belonged to the weakness of her sex, and her warm feelings and imagination. The servant girl who showed us the apartments had been fifteen years in Madame de Stael's service. All the servants had remained long in the family, "elle était si bonne et si charmante maitresse!" A picture of Madame de Stael when young, gave me the idea of a fine countenance and figure, though the features were irregular. In the bust, the expression is not so prepossessing:—*there* the colour and brilliance of her splendid dark eyes, the finest feature of her face, are of course quite lost. The bust of M. Rocca* was standing in the Baron de Stael's dressing room: I was more struck with it than any thing I saw, not only as a chef d'œuvre, but from the perfect and regular beauty of the head, and the charm of the expression. It was just such a mouth as we might suppose to have uttered his well-known reply—"*Je l'aimerai tellement, qu'elle finira par m'aimer.*" Madame de Stael had a son by this marriage, who had just been brought home by his brother, the Baron, from a school in the neighbourhood. He is about seven years old. If we may believe the servant, Madame de Stael did not acknowledge this son till just before her death; and she described the wonder of the boy on being brought home to the chateau, and desired to call *Monsieur le Baron* "Mon frère" and "Auguste." This part of Madame de Stael's conduct seems incomprehensible; but her death is recent, the circumstances little known, and it is difficult to judge her motives. As a *woman*, as a *wife*, she might not have been able to brave "the world's dread laugh"—but as a *mother?*——

We have also seen Ferney—a place which did not interest me much, for I have no sympathies with Voltaire:—and some other beautiful scenes in the neighbourhood.

The Panorama exhibited in London just before I left it, is wonderfully correct, with one pardonable exception: the artist did not venture to make the waters of the lake of the intense ultramarine tinged with violet as I now see them before me;

"So darkly, deeply, beautifully blue;"

* By Christian Friederich Tieck.

it would have shocked English eyes as an exaggeration, or rather impossibility.

THE PANORAMA OF LAUSANNE.

Now blest for ever be that heaven-sprung art
Which can transport us in its magic power
From all the turmoil of the busy crowd,
From the gay haunts where pleasure is ador'd,
'Mid the hot sick'ning glare of pomp and light;
And fashion worshipp'd by a gaudy throng
Of heartless idlers—from the jarring world
And all its passions, follies, cares, and crimes—
And bids us gaze, even in the city's heart,
On such a scene as this! O fairest spot!
If but the pictured semblance, the dead image
Of thy majestic beauty, hath a power
To wake such deep delight; if that blue lake,
Over whose lifeless breast no breezes play,
Those mimic mountains robed in purple light,
Yon painted verdure that but *seems* to glow,
Those forms unbreathing, and those motionless woods,
A beauteous mockery all—can ravish thus,
What would it be, could we now gaze indeed
Upon thy *living* landscape? could we breathe
Thy mountain air, and listen to thy waves,
As they run rippling past our feet, and see
That lake lit up by dancing sunbeams—and
Those light leaves quivering in the summer air;
Or linger some sweet eve just on this spot
Where now we *seem* to stand, and watch the stars
Flash into splendour, one by one, as night
Steals over yon snow peaks, and twilight fades
Behind the steeps of Jura! here, O *here!*
'Mid scenes where Genius, Worth and Wisdom dwelt,*
Which fancy-peopled with a glowing train
Of most divine creations—Here to stray
With *one* most cherished, and in loving eyes
Read a sweet comment on the wonders round—
Would this indeed be bliss? would not the soul
Be lost in its own depths? and the full heart
Languish with sense of beauty unexprest,
And faint beneath its own excess of life?

Saturday.—Quitted Geneva, and slept at St. Maurice. I was ill during the last few days of our stay, and therefore left Geneva with the less regret. I suffer now so constantly, that a day tolerably free from pain seems a blessing for which I can scarce be sufficiently thankful. Such was yesterday.

* "Rousseau, Voltaire, our Gibbon, and De Staël,
"Leman! those names are worthy of thy shore."
LORD BYRON.

Our road lay along the south bank of the lake, through Evian, Thonon, St. Gingough: and on the opposite shores we had in view successively, Lausanne, Vevai, Clarens, and Chillon. A rain storm pursued, or almost surrounded us the whole morning; but we had the good fortune to escape it. We travelled faster than it could pursue, and it seemed to retire before us as we approached. The effect was surprisingly beautiful; for while the two extremities of the lake were discoloured and enveloped in gloom, that part opposite to us was as blue and transparent as heaven itself, and almost as bright. Over Vevai, as we viewed it from La Meillerie, rested one end of a glorious rainbow; the other extremity appeared to touch the bosom of the lake, and shone vividly against the dark mountains above Chillon. La Meillerie—Vevai! what magic in those names! and O what a power has genius to hallow with its lovely creations, scenes already so lavishly adorned by Nature! it was not, however, of St. Preux I thought, as I passed under the rock of the Meillerie. Ah! how much of happiness, of enjoyment, have I lost, in being forced to struggle against my feelings, instead of abandoning myself to them! but surely I have done right. Let me repeat it again, and again to myself, and let that thought, if possible, strengthen and console me.

Monday.—I have resolved to attempt no description of scenery; but my pen is fascinated. I *must* note a few of the objects which struck me to-day and yesterday, that I may at will combine them hereafter to my mind's eye, and recall the glorious pictures I beheld, as we travelled through the Vallais to Brig: the swollen and turbid, (no longer "blue and arrowy") Rhone, rushing and roaring along; the gigantic mountains in all their endless variety of fantastic forms, which enclosed us round,—their summits now robed in curling clouds, and then, as the winds swept them aside, glittering in the sunshine; the little villages perched like eagles' nests on the cliffs, far, far above our heads; the deep rocky channels through which the torrents had madly broken a way, tearing through every obstacle till they reached the Rhone, and marking their course with devastation; the scene of direful ruin at Martigny; the cataracts gushing, bounding from the living rock and plunging into some unseen abyss below; even the shrubs and the fruit trees which in the wider parts of

the valley bordered the road side; the vines, the rich scarlet barberries, the apples and pears which we might have gathered by extending our hands;—all and each, when I recall them, will rise up a vivid picture before my own fancy;—but never could be truly represented to the mind of another—at least through the medium of words.

And yet, with all its wonders and beauties, this day's journey has not enchanted me like Saturday's. The scenery *then* had a different species of beauty, a deeper interest—when the dark blue sky was above our heads, and the transparent lake shone another heaven at our feet, and the recollection of great and glorious names, and visions of poetic fancy, and ideal forms more lovely than ever trod this earth, hovered around us:—and then those thoughts which would intrude—remembrances of the far-off absent, who are or have been loved, mingled with the whole, and shed an imaginary splendour or a tender interest, over scenes which required no extraneous powers to enhance their native loveliness,—no charm borrowed from imagination to embellish the all-beautiful reality.

Duomo d'Ossola.—What shall I say of the marvellous, the miraculous Simplon? Nothing: every body has said already, every thing that *can* be said and *exclaimed*.

In our descent, as the valley widened, and the stern terrific features of the scene assumed a gentler character, we came to the beautiful village of Davedro, with its cottages and vineyards spread over a green slope, between the mountains and the torrent below. This lovely nook struck me the more from its contrast with the region of snows, clouds, and barren rocks, to which our eyes had been for several hours accustomed. In such a spot as Davedro I fancied I should wish to *live*, could I in life assemble round me all that my craving heart and boundless spirit desire;—*or die*, when life had exhausted all excitement, and the subdued and weary soul had learned to be content with repose:—but not till *then*.

We are now in Italy; but have not yet heard the soft sounds of the Italian language. However, we read with great satisfaction the Italian denomination of our Inn, "La grande Alberga della Villa"—called out "Cameriere!" instead of "Garçon!"—plucked ripe grapes as they hung from the treillages above our heads—gathered green figs from the trees, bursting and luscious—panted

with the intense heat—intense and overpowering from its contrast with the cold of the Alpine regions we had just left—and fancied we began to feel

———cette vie ennivrante,
Que le soleil du sud inspire a tous les sens.

* * * * *

11 *at night.*—Fatigue and excitement have lately proved too much for me: but I will not sink. I will yet bear up; and when a day thus passed amid scenes like those of romance, amid all that would once have charmed my imagination, and enchanted my senses, brings no real pleasure, but is ended, as *now* it ends, in tears, in bitterness of heart, in languor, in sickness, and in pain—ah! let me remember the lesson of resignation I have lately learned; and by elevating my thoughts to a better world, turn to look upon the miserable affections which have agitated me *here* as ——*

Could I but become as insensible, as regardless of the painful past as I am of the all lovely present! Why was I proud of my victory over passion? alas! what avails it that I have shaken the viper from my hand, if I have no miraculous antidote against the venom which has mingled with my life-blood, and clogged the pulses of my heart! But the antidote of Paul—even faith—may it not be mine if I duly seek it?

* * * * *

Arona on the Banks of the Lago Maggiore.

Rousseau mentions somewhere, that it was once his intention to place the scene of the Heloïse in the Borromean Islands. What a French idea! How strangely incongruous had the pastoral simplicity of his lovers appeared in such a scene! It must have changed, if not the whole plan, at least the whole colouring of the tale. Imagine *la divine* JULIE tripping up and down the artificial terraces of the Isola Bella, among flower pots and statues, and colonnades and grottos; and St. Preux sighing towards her, from some trim fantastic wilderness in the Isola Madre!

The day was heavenly, and I shall never forget the sun-

* The sentence which follows is so blotted as to be illegible.—ED.

set, as we viewed it reflected in the lake, which appeared at one moment an expanse of living fire. This is the first we have seen of those effulgent sunsets with which Italy will make us familiar.

Milan.—Our journey yesterday, through the flat fertile plains of Lombardy, was not very interesting; and the want of novelty and excitement made it fatiguing, in spite of the matchless roads and the celerity with which we travelled.

Whatever we may think of Napoleon in England, it is impossible to travel on the continent, and more particularly through Lombardy, without being struck with the magnificence and vastness of his public works—either designed or executed. He is more regretted here than in France; or rather he has not been so soon banished from men's minds. In Italy he followed the rational policy of depressing the nobles, and providing occupation and amusement for the lower classes. I spoke to-day with an intelligent artisan, who pointed out to us a hall built near the public walk by Napoleon, for the people to dance and assemble in, when the weather was unfavourable. The man concluded some very animated and sensible remarks on the late events, by adding expressively, that though many had been benefited by the change, there was to him and all others of his class as much difference between the late reign and the present, as between *l'or et le fer.*

The silver shrine of St. Carlo Borromeo, with all its dazzling waste of magnificence, struck me with a feeling of melancholy and indignation. The gems and gold which lend such a horrible splendour to corruption; the skeleton head, grinning ghastly under its invaluable coronet; the skeleton hand supporting a crozier glittering with diamonds, appeared so frightful, so senseless a mockery of the excellent, simple-minded, and benevolent being they were intended to honour, that I could but wonder, and escape from the sight as quickly as possible. The Duomo is on the whole more remarkable for the splendour of the material, than the good taste with which it is employed: the statues which adorn it inside and out, are sufficient of themselves to form a very respectable congregation: they are four thousand in number.

9th. Tuesday.—We gave the morning to the churches, and the evening to the Ambrosian library. The day was, on the whole, more fatiguing than edifying or amusing.

I remarked whatever was remarkable, admired all that is usually admired, but brought away few impressions of novelty or pleasure. The objects which principally struck my capricious and fastidious fancy, were precisely those which passed unnoticed by every one else; and are not worth recording. In the first church we visited, I saw a young girl respectably, and even elegantly dressed, in the beautiful costume of the Milanese, who was kneeling on the pavement before a crucifix, weeping bitterly, and at the same time fanning herself most vehemently with a large green fan. Another church (St. Alessandro, I think) was oddly decorated for a christian temple. A statue of Venus stood on one side of the porch, a statue of Hercules on the other. The two divinities, whose attributes could not be mistaken, had been *converted* from heathenism into two very respectable saints. I forget their *christian names*. Nor is this the most amusing metamorphosis I have seen here. The transformation of two heathen divinities into saints, is matched by the apotheosis of two modern sovereigns into pagan deities. On the frieze of the *salle*, adjoining the Amphitheatre, there is a head of Napoleon, which, by the addition of a beard, has been converted into a Jupiter; and on the opposite side, a head of Josephine, which, being already beautiful and dignified, has required no alteration except in name, to become a creditable Minerva.

10*th*.—At the Brera, now called the "Palace of the Arts and Sciences," we spent some delightful hours. There is a numerous collection of pictures by Titian, Guido, Albano, Schidone, the three Carraccis, Tintoretto, Giorgione, &c. Some old paintings in fresco by Luini and others of his age, were especially pointed out to us, which had been cut from the walls of churches now destroyed. They are preserved here, I presume, as curiosities, and specimens of the progress of the arts, for they possess no other merit—none, at least, that I could discover. Here is the "Marriage of the Virgin," by Raffaelle, of which I had often heard. It disappointed me at the first glance, but charmed me at the second, and enchanted me at the third. The unobtrusive grace and simplicity of Raffaelle do not immediately strike an eye so unpractised, and a taste so unformed as mine still is: for though I have seen the best pictures in England, we have there no opportunity of becoming acquainted

with the two divinest masters of the Italian art, Raffaelle and Correggio. There are not, I conceive, half a dozen of either in all the collections together, and those we do possess, are far from being among their best efforts. But Raffaelle must not make me forget the Hagar in the Brera: the affecting—the inimitable Hagar! what agony, what upbraiding, what love, what helpless desolation of heart in that countenance! I may well remember the deep pathos of this picture; for the face of Hagar has haunted me sleeping and waking ever since I beheld it. Marvellous power of art! that mere inanimate forms, and colours compounded of gross materials, should thus live —thus speak—thus stand a soul-felt presence before us, and from the senseless board or canvas, breathe into our hearts a feeling, beyond what the most impassioned eloquence could ever inspire—beyond what mere words can ever render.

Last night and the preceding we spent at the Scala. The opera was stupid, and Madame Bellocchi, who is the present prima donna, appeared to me harsh and ungraceful, when compared to Fodor. The new ballet, however, amply indemnified us for the disappointment.

Our Italian friends condoled with us on being a few days too late to see *La Vestale*, which had been performed for sixty nights, and is one of Vigano's masterpieces. I thought the *Didone Abbandonata* left us nothing to regret. The immense size of the stage, the splendid scenery, the classical propriety and magnificence of the dresses, the fine music, and the exquisite acting, (for there is very little dancing,) all conspired to render it enchanting. The celebrated cavern scene, in the fourth book of Virgil, is rather too closely copied in a most inimitable pas de deux; so closely, indeed, that I was considerably alarmed *pour les bienséances;* but little Ascanius, who is asleep in a corner, (Heaven knows how he came there,) wakes at the critical moment, and the impending catastrophe is averted. Such a scene, however beautiful, would not, I think, be endured on the English stage. I observed that when it began, the curtains in front of the boxes were withdrawn, the whole audience, who seemed to be expecting it, was hushed; the deepest silence, the most delighted attention prevailed during its performance; and the moment it was over, a third of the spectators daparted. I am told this is always the case; and that in

almost every ballet d'action, the public are gratified by a scene, or scenes, of a similar tendency.

The second time I saw the *Didone*, my attention, in spite of the fascination of the scene, was attracted towards a box near us, which was occupied by a noble English family just arrived at Milan. In the front of the box sat a beautiful girl, apparently not fifteen, with laughing lips and dimpled cheeks, the very personification of blooming, innocent, *English* loveliness. I watched her (I could not help it, when my interest was once awakened,) through the whole scene. I marked her increased agitation: I saw her cheeks flush, her eyes glisten, her bosom flutter, as if with sighs, I could not overhear, till at length, overpowered with emotion, she turned away her head, and covered her eyes with her hand. Mothers! —English mothers! who bring your daughters abroad to finish their education—do ye well to expose them to scenes like these, and *force* the young bud of early feeling in such a precious hot-bed as this?——Can a finer finger on the piano,—a finer taste in painting, or any possible improvement in foreign arts, and foreign graces, compensate for one taint on that moral purity, which has ever been (and may it ever be!) the boast, the charm of Englishwomen? But what have I to do with all this?— I came here to be amused and to forget:—not to moralize, or to criticise.

Vigano, who is lately dead, composed the *Didone Abbandonata*, as well as *La Vestale*, Otello, Nina, and others. All his ballets are celebrated for their classical beauty and interest. This man, though but a dancing-master, must have had the soul of a painter, a musician, and a poet in one. He must have been a perfect master of design, grouping, contrast, picturesque, and scenic effect. He must have had the most exquisite feeling for musical expression, to adapt it so admirably to his purposes; and those gestures and movements with which he has so gracefully combined it, and which address themselves but too powerfully to the senses and the imagination—what are they, but the very "poetry of motion," *la poésie mise en action*, rendering words a superfluous and feeble medium in comparison?

I saw at the mint yesterday, the medal struck in honour of Vigano, bearing his head on one side, and on the other, Prometheus chained; to commemorate his famous

ballet of that name. One of these medals, struck in gold, was presented to him in the name of the government:—a singular distinction for a dancing-master;—but Vigano was a dancing-master of *genius;* and this is the land, where genius in every shape is deified.

The enchanting music of the Prometteo by Beethoven, is well known in England, but to produce the ballet on our stage, as it was exhibited here, would be impossible. The entire tribe of our dancers and figurantes, with their jumpings, twirlings, quiverings, and pirouettings, must be first annihilated; and Vigano, or Didelot, or Noverre rise again to inform the whole corps de ballet with another soul and the whole audience with another spirit:—for

> —"Poiche paga il volgo sciocco, e giusto
> Scioccamente '*ballar*' per dargli gusto."

The theatre of the Scala, notwithstanding the vastness of my expectations, did not disappoint me. I heard it criticised as being dark and gloomy; for only the stage is illuminated: but when I remember how often I have left our English theatres with dazzled eyes and aching head,—distracted by the multiplicity of objects and faces, and "blasted with excess of light,"—I feel reconciled to this peculiarity; more especially as it heightens beyond measure the splendour of the stage effect.

We have the Countess Bubna's box while we are here. She scarcely ever goes herself, being obliged to hold a sort of military drawing-room almost every evening. Her husband, General Bubna, has the command of the Austrian forces in the north of Italy: and though the Archduke Réinier is nominal viceroy, all real power seems lodged in Bubna's hands. He it was who suppressed the insurrection in Piedmont during the last struggle for liberty: 'twas his vocation—more the pity. Eight hundred of the Milanese, at the head of them Count Melzi, were connected with the Carbonari and the Piedmontese insurgents. On Count Bubna's return from his expedition, a list of these malcontents being sent to him by the police, he refused even to look at it, and merely saying that it was the business of the police to *surveiller* those persons, but *he* must be allowed to be ignorant of their names, publicly tore the paper. The same night he

visited the theatre, accompanied by Count Melzi, was received with acclamations, and has since been deservedly popular.

Bubna is a heavy gross-looking man, a victim to the gout, and with nothing martial or captivating in his exterior. He has talents, however, and those not only of a military cast. He was generally employed to arrange the affairs of the Emperor of Austria with Napoleon. His loyalty to his own sovereign, and the soldier-like frankness and integrity of his character, gained him the esteem of the French emperor; who, when any difficulties occurred in their arrangements, used to say impatiently—"Envoyez-moi donc Bubna!"

The count is of an illustrious family of Alsace, which removed to Bohemia when that province was ceded to France. He had nearly ruined himself by gambling, when the emperor (so it is said) advised him, or, in other words, commanded him to marry the daughter of one Arnvelt or Arnfeldt, a baptized Jew, who had been servant to a Jewish banker at Vienna; and on his death left a million of florins to each of his daughters. He was a man of the lowest extraction, and without any education; but having sense enough to feel its advantages, he gave a most brilliant one to his daughters. The Countess Bubna is an elegant, an accomplished, and has the character of being also an amiable woman. She is here a person of the very first consequence, the wife of the archduke alone taking precedence of her. Apropos of the viceroy, when on the Corso to-day with the Countess Bubna, we met him with the *vice-queen*, as she is styled here, walking in public. The archduke has not (as the countess observed) *la plus jolie tournure du monde:* his appearance is heavy, awkward and slovenly, with more than the usual Austrian stupidity of countenance: a complete *testà tedesca*. His beautiful wife, the Princess Maria of Savoy, to whom he has been married only a few months, held his arm; and as she moved a little in front, seemed to drag him after her like a mere appendage to her state. I gazed after them, amused by the contrast: he looking like a dull, stiff, old bachelor, the very figure of Moody in the Country Girl;—she, an elegant, sprightly, captivating creature; decision in her step, laughter on her lips, and pride, intelligence, and mischief in her brilliant eyes.

* * * * *

We visited yesterday the military college, founded by the viceroy, Eugene Beauharnoss, for the children of soldiers who had fallen in battle. The original design is now altered; and it has become a mere public school, to which any boys may be admitted, paying a certain sum a year. We went over the whole building, and afterward saw the scholars, two hundred and eighty in number, sit down to dinner. Every thing appeared nice, clean, and admirably ordered. At the mint, which interested me extremely, we found them coining silver crowns for the Levant trade, with the head of Maria Theresa, and the date 1780. We were also shown the beautifully engraved die for the medal which the university of Padua presented to Belzoni.

The evening was spent at the Teatro Re, where we saw a bad sentimental comedy (una Commedia di Caraterre) exceedingly well acted. One actor I thought almost equal to Dowton, in his own style;—we had afterward some fine music. Some of the Milanese airs, which the itenerant musicians give us, have considerable beauty and character. There is less monotony, I think, in their general style than in the Venetian music; and perhaps less sentiment, less softness. When left alone to-night, to do penance on the sofa, for my late walks, and recruit for our journey to-morrow,—I tried to adapt English verses to one or two very pretty airs which Annoni brought me to-day, without the Italian words; but it is a most difficult and invidious task. Even Moore, with his unequalled command over the lyric harmonies of our language, cannot perfectly satisfy ears accustomed to the

"Linked sweetness long drawn out"

of the Italian vowels, combined with musical sounds: fancy such dissonant syllables as *ex*, *pray*, *what*, *breaks*, *strength*, uttered in minim time,—hissing and grating through half a bar, instead of the dulcet *anima mia*, *Catina amabile*—*Caro mio tesoro*, &c.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

All that it hoped
My heart believed,
And when most trusting,
Was most deceived.

A shadow hath fallen
O'er my young years;
And hopes when brightest,
Were quench'd in tears.

I make no plaint—
I breathe no sigh—
My lips can smile,
And mine eyes are dry.

I ask no pity,
I hope no cure—
The heart, tho' broken,
Can live, and endure!

We left Milan two days ago, and arrived early the same day at Brescia: there is, I believe, very little to see there, and of that little, I saw nothing,—being too ill and too low for the slightest exertion. The only pleasurable feeling I can remember was excited by our approach to the Alps, after traversing the flat, fertile, uninteresting plains of Lombardy. The peculiar sensation of elevation and delight, inspired by mountain scenery, can only be understood by those who have felt it: at least I never had formed an idea of it till I found myself ascending the Jura.

But Brescia ought to be immortalized in the history of our travels: for there, stalking down the Corso—*le nez en l'air*—we met our acquaintance L——, from whom we had parted last on the pavé of Piccadilly. I remember that in London I used to think him not remarkable for wisdom,—and his travels have infinitely improved him—in folly. He boasted to us triumphantly that he had run over sixteen thousand miles in sixteen months: that he had bowed at the levée of the Emperor Alexander,—been slapped on the shoulder by the Archduke Constantine,—shaken hands with a Lapland witch,—and been presented in full volunteer uniform at every court between Stockholm and Milan. Yet is he not one particle wiser than if he had spent the same time in walking up and down the strand. He has contrived, however, to pick up on his tour, strange odds and ends of foreign follies, which stick upon the coarse-grained materials of his own John Bull character like tinfoil upon sackcloth: so that I see little difference between what he was, and what he is, except that from a *simple goose*,—he has become a compound one. With all this, L—— is not unbearable—not *yet* at

least. He amuses others as a butt—and me as a specimen of a new genus of fools: for his folly is not like any thing one usually meets with. It is not, *par exemple*, the folly of stupidity, for he talks much; nor of dullness, for he laughs much; nor of ignorance, for he has seen much; nor of wrong-headedness, for he can be guided right; nor of bad-heartedness, for he is good-natured; nor of thoughtlessness, for he is prudent; nor of extravagance, for he can calculate even to the value of half a lira: but it is an essence of folly, peculiar to himself, and like Monsieur Jaques's melancholy, "compounded of many simples, extracted from various objects, and the sundry contemplation of his travels." So much, for the present, of our friend L——.

We left Brescia early yesterday morning, and after passing Desenzano, came in sight of the Lago di Garda. I had from early associations a delightful impression of the beauty of this lake, and it did not disappoint me. It is far superior, I think, to the Lago Maggiore, because the scenery is more *resserré*, lies in a smaller compass, so that the eye takes in the separate features more easily. The mountains to the north are dark, broken, and wild in their forms, and their bases seemed to extend to the water edge; the hills to the south are smiling, beautiful, and cultivated, studded with white flat-roofed buildings, which glitter one above another in the sunshine. Our drive along the promontory of Sirmione, to visit the ruins of the Villa of Catullus, was delightful. The fresh breeze which ruffled the dark blue lake, revived my spirits, and chased away my head-ache. I was inclined to be enchanted with all I saw; and when our guide took us into an old cellar choked with rubbish, and assured us gravely that it was the very spot in which Catullus had written his Odes to Lesbia, I did not laugh in his face; for, after all, it would be as easy to prove that *it is*, as that it is *not*. The old town and castle of Sirmio are singularly picturesque, whether viewed from above or below; and the grove of olives which crowned the steep extremity of the promontory, interested us, being the first we had seen in Italy: on the whole I fully enjoyed the early part of this day.

At Peschiera, which is strongly fortified, we crossed the Mincio.—

> O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
> Smooth flowing Mincius crowned with vocal reeds.

Its waters were exquisitely transparent; but it was difficult to remember its poetical pretensions, in sight of those odious barracks and batteries. The reeds mentioned by Virgil and Milton still flourish upon its banks, and I forgave them for spoiling in some degree the beauty of the shore, when I thought of Adelaide of Burgundy, who concealed herself among them for three days, when she fled from the dungeon of Peschiera to the arms of her lover. I was glad I had read her story in Gibbon, since it enabled me to add to classical and poetical associations, an interest at once romantic and real.

The rest to-morrow—for I can write no more.

At Verona, Oct. 20.

I had just written the above when I was startled by a mournful strain from a chorus of voices, raised at intervals, and approaching gradually nearer. I walked to the window, and saw a long funeral procession just entering the church, which is opposite to the door of our inn. I immediately threw over me a veil and shawl, followed it, and stood by while the service was chanted over the dead. The scene, as viewed by the light of about two hundred tapers, which were carried by the assistants, was as new to me as it was solemn and striking: but it was succeeded by a strange and forlorn contrast. The moment the service was over, the tapers were suddenly extinguished; the priests and relatives all disappeared in an inconceivably short time, and before I was quite aware of what was going forward: the coffin, stripped of its embroidered pall and garlands of flowers, appeared a mere chest of deal boards, roughly nailed together; and was left standing on tressels, bare, neglected, and forsaken in the middle of the church. I approached it almost fearfully, and with a deeper emotion than I believed such a thing could now excite within me. And here, thought I, rests the human being who has lived and loved, suffered and enjoyed, and, if I may judge by the splendour of his funeral rites, has been honoured, served, flattered while living:—and now not one remains to shed a last tear over the dead, but a single stranger, a wanderer from a land he perhaps knew not: to whom his very name is unknown!

And while thus I moralized, two sextons appeared; and one of them seizing the miserable and deserted coffin, rudely and unceremoniously flung it on his shoulders, and vanished through a vaulted door; and I returned to my room, to write this, and to think how much better, how much more *humanely*, we manage these things in our own England.

Oct. 21.—Verona is a clean and quiet place, containing some fine edifices by Palladio and his pupils. The principal object of interest is the ancient amphitheatre; the most perfect I believe in Italy. The inner circle, with all its ranges of seats, is entire. We ascended to the top, and looked down into the Piazza d'arme, where several battalions of Austrian soldiers were exercising; their arms glittering splendidly in the morning sun. As I have now been long enough in Italy to sympathize in the national hatred of the Austrians, I turned from the sight, resolved not to be pleased. The arena of the amphitheatre is smaller, and less oval in form than I had expected: and in the centre there is a little paltry gaudy wooden theatre for puppets and tumblers,—forming a grotesque contrast to the massive and majestic architecture around it: but even tumblers and puppets, as Rospo observed, are better than wild beasts and ferocious gladiators.

There is also at Verona a triumphal arch to the Emperor Gallienus; the architecture and inscription almost as perfect as if erected yesterday;—and a most singular bridge of three irregular arches, built, I believe by the Scaligieri family, who were once princes of Verona.

It is well known that the story of Romeo and Juliet is here regarded as a traditionary and indisputable fact, and the tomb of Juliet is shown in a garden near the town. So much has been written and said on this subject, I can add only one observation. To the reality of the story it has been objected that the oldest narrator, Masuccio, relates it as having happened at Sienna: but might he not have heard the tradition at Verona, and transferred the scene to Sienna, since he represented it as related by a Siennese?—Della Corte, whose history of Verona I have just laid down, mentions it as a real historical event; and Louis da Porta, in his beautiful novel, la Giulietta, expressly asserts that he has written it down from tradition. If Shakspeare, as it is said, never saw the novel Da Porta, how came he by the names of Romeo and Juliet, the

Montagues and the Capulets: if he *did* meet with it, how came he to depart so essentially from the story, particularly in the catastrophe? I must get some books, if possible, to clear up these difficulties.

23d, *at Padua.*—We spent yesterday morning pleasantly at Vicenza. Palladio's edifices in general disappointed me; partly because I am not architect enough to judge of their merits, partly because, of most of them, the situation is bad, and the materials paltry: but the Olympic theatre, although its solid perspective be a mere trick of the art, surprised and pleased me. It has an air of antique and classic elegance in its decorations, which is very striking. I have heard it criticised as a specimen of bad taste and trickery: but why should its solid scenery be considered more a *trick*, and in bad taste, than a curtain of painted canvas? In both a deception is practised and intended. We saw many things in Vicenza and its neighbourhood, which I have not time, nor spirits to dwell upon.

We arrived here (at Padua) last night, and to-day I am again ill: unable to see or even to wish to see any thing. My eyes are so full of tears that I can scarcely write. I must lay down my pencil, lest I break through my resolution, and be tempted to record feelings I afterward tremble to see written down.—O bitter and too lasting remembrance! I must sleep it away—even the heavy and drug-bought sleep to which I am now reduced, is better than such waking moments as these.

* * * * *

Venice, October 25th.

I feel, while I gaze round me, as if I had seen Venice in my dreams—as if it were itself the vision of a dream. We have been here two days; and I have not yet recovered from my first surprise. All is yet enchantment: all is novel, extraordinary, affecting from the many associations and remembrances excited in the mind. Pleasure and wonder are tinged with a melancholy interest; and while the imagination is excited, the spirits are depressed.

The morning we left Padua was bright, lovely, and cloudless. Our drive along the shores of the Brenta, crowned with innumerable villas and gay gardens, was delightful; and the moment of our arrival at Fusina, where we left our carriages to embark in gondolas, was

the most auspicious that could possibly have been chosen. It was about four o'clock: the sun was just declining towards the west: the whole surface of the *lagune*, smooth as a mirror, appeared as if paved with fire;—and Venice, with her towers and domes, indistinctly glittering in the distance, rose before us like a gorgeous exhalation from the bosom of the ocean. It is farther from the shore than I expected. As we approached, the splendour faded: but the interest and the wonder grew. I can conceive nothing more beautiful, more singular, more astonishing, than the first appearance of Venice, and sad indeed will be the hour when she sinks (as the poet prophesies) "into the slime of her own canals."

The moment we had disembarked our luggage at the inn, we hired gondolas and rowed to the Piazza di San Marco. Had I seen the church of St. Mark any where else, I should have exclaimed against the bad taste which every where prevails in it: but Venice is the proper region of the fantastic, and the church of St. Mark—with its four hundred pillars of every different order, colour, and material, its oriental cupolas, and glittering vanes, and gilding, and mosaics—assimilates with all around it: and the kind of pleasure it gives is suitable to the place and the people.

After dinner I had a chair placed at the balcony of our inn, and sat for some time contemplating a scene altogether new and delightful. The arch of the Rialto just gleamed through the deepening twilight; long lines of palaces, at first partially illuminated, faded away at length into gloomy and formless masses of architecture; the gondolas glided to and fro, their glancing lights reflected on the water. There was a stillness all around me, solemn and strange in the heart of a great city. No rattling carriages shook the streets, no trampling of horses echoed along the pavement: the silence was broken only by the melancholy cry of the gondoliers, and the dash of their oars; by the low murmur of human voices, by the chime of the vesper bells, borne over the water, and the sounds of music raised at intervals along the canals. The poetry, the romance of the scene stole upon me unawares. I fell into a revery, in which visionary forms and recollections gave way to dearer and sadder realities, and my mind seemed no longer in my own power. I called upon the lost, the absent, to share the present with

me—I called upon past feelings to enhance that moment's delight. I did wrong—and memory avenged herself as usual. I quitted my seat on the balcony, with despair at my heart, and drawing to the table, took out my books and work. So passed our first evening at Venice.

Yesterday we visited the Accademia where there are some fine pictures. The famous Assumption by Titian is here, and first made me *feel* what connisseurs mean when they talk of the carnations and draperies of Titian. We were shown two designs for monuments to the memory of Titian, modelled by Canova. Neither of them has been erected; but the most beautiful, with a little alteration, and the substitution of a lady's bust for Titian's venerable head, has been dedicated, I believe, to the memory of the Archduchess Christina of Austria. I remember also an exquisite Canaletti, quite different in style and subject from any picture of this master I ever saw.

We then rowed to the ducal palace. The council chamber (I thought of Othello as I entered it) is now converted into a library. The walls are decorated with the history of Pope Alexander the Third, and Frederic Barbarossa, painted by the Tintoretti, father and son, Paul Veronese and Palma. Above them, in compartments, hang the portraits of the Doges; among which Marino Faliero is *not;* but his name only, inscribed on a kind of black pall. The Ganymede is a most exquisite little group, attributed to the age of Praxiteles; and not without reason even to the hand of that sculptor.

To-day we visited several churches—rich, on the outside, with all the luxury of architecture,—withinside, gorgeous with painting, sculpture, and many-coloured marbles. The prodigality with which the most splendid and costly materials are lavished here is perfectly amazing: pillars of lapis-lazuli, columns of Egyptian porphyry, and pavements of mosaic, altars of alabaster ascended by steps encrusted with agate and jasper:—but to particularize would be in vain. I will only mention three or four which I wish to recollect: the church of the Madonna della Salute, so called because erected to the Virgin in gratitude for the deliverance of the city from a pestilence, which she miraculously drove into the Adriatic. It is remarkable for its splendid pictures, most of them by Luca Giordano; and the superb high altar. I think it was the Church of the Gesuata which astonished us

most. The whole of the inside walls and columns are encrusted with Carrara marble inlaid with verd-antique, in a kind of damask pattern; over the pulpit it fell like drapery, so easy, so graceful, so exquisitely imitated, that I was obliged to touch it to assure myself of the material. Then by way of contrast followed the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore,—one of Palladio's masterpieces. After the dazzling and gorgeous buildings we had left, its beautiful simplicity and correct taste struck me at first with an impression of poverty and coldness. At the Church of St. John and St. Paul is the famous martyrdom, or rather assassination, of St. Peter Martyr, by Titian, one of the most magical pictures in the world. Its tragic horror is redeemed by its sublimity. Here too is a most admirable series of bas-reliefs in white marble, representing the history of our Saviour, the work of a modern sculptor. Here too the Doges are buried; and close to the church is the equestrian statue of one of the Falieri family: near which Marino Faliero met the conspirators.

At the Frati is the grave of Titian: a small square slab covers him, with this inscription:—

Qui giace il gran Tiziano Vecelli.
Emulator dei Zeusi e degli Apelli.

there is no monument:—and there needs none.

It was, I think, in the Church of St. John and St. Paul, that I saw a singular and beautiful altar of black touchstone, used when mass is said for the soul of an executed criminal.

This is all I can remember of to-day. I am fatigued, and my head aches;—my imagination is yet dazzled:—my eyes are tired of admiring, my mind is tired of thinking, and my heart with feeling.——Now for repose.

27.—To-day we visited the Manfrini Palace, the Casa Pisani, the Palazzo Barberigo, and concluded the morning in the colonnade of St. Mark, and the public gardens. The day has been far less fatiguing than yesterday: for though we have seen an equal variety of objects, they forced the attention less, and gratified the imagination more.

At the Manfrini Palace there is the most valuable and splendid collection of pictures I have yet seen in Italy or

elsewhere. I have no intention of turning my little Diary into a mere catalogue of names which I can find in every guide-book; but I cannot pass over Giorgione's beautiful group of himself, and his wife and child, which Lord Byron calls "love at full length and life, not love ideal," and it is indeed exquisite. A female with a guitar by the same master is almost equal to it. There are two Lucretias—one by Guido and one by Giordano: though both are beautiful, particularly the former, there was, I thought, an impropriety in the conception of both pictures: the figure was too voluptuous—too exposed, and did not give me the idea of the matronly Lucretia, who so carefully arranged her drapery before she fell. I remember, too, a St. Cecilia by Carlo Dolci, of most heavenly beauty,—two Correggios—Iphigenia in Aulis, by Padovanimo; in this picture the figure of Agamemnon is a complete failure, but the lifeless beauty of Iphigenia, a wonderful effort of art: and a hundred others at least, all masterpieces.

The Barberigo Palace was the school of Titian. We were shown the room in which he painted, and the picture he left unfinished when he died at the age of 99. It is a David—as vigorous in the touch and style as any of his first pictures.

* * * *

It is now some days since I had time to write; or rather the intervals of excitement and occupation found me too much exhausted to take up my pencil. Our stay at Venice has been rendered most agreeable by the kindness of Mr. H——, the British Consul, and his amiable and charming wife, and in their society we have spent much of the last few days.

One of our pleasantest excursions was to the Armenian convent of St. Lazaro, where we were received by Fra Pasquale, an accomplished and intelligent monk, and a particular friend of Mr. H——. After we had visited every part of the convent, the printing-press—the library—the laboratory—which contains several fine mathematical instruments of English make; and admired the beautiful little tame gazelle which bounded through the corridors, we were politely refreshed with most delicious sweetmeats and coffee; and took leave of Fra Pasquale with regret.

There is no opera at present, but we have visited both

the other theatres. At the San Luca, they gave us "Elizabeth, the Exile of Siberia," tolerably acted: but there was one trait introduced very characteristic of the place and people: Elizabeth in a tremendous snow storm, is pursued by robbers; and finding a crucifix erected by the road side, embraces it for protection. The crucifix flies away with her in a clap of thunder, and sets her down safely at a distance from her persecutors. The audience appeared equally enchanted and edified by this scene: some of the women near me crossed themselves, and put their handkerchiefs to their eyes: the men rose from their seats, clapped with enthusiasm, and shouted "Bravo! Miracolo!"

At the San Benedetto we were gratified by a deep tragedy, entitled "Gabrielle Innocente," so exquisitely absurd, and so grotesquely acted, that the best comedy could scarcely have afforded us more amusement,—certainly not more *merriment*. In the course of the evening, coffee and ices were served in our box, as is the custom here.

With Mrs. H—— this evening I had a long and pleasant conversation; she is really one of the most delightful and unaffected women I ever met with: and as there is nothing in my melancholy visage and shrinking reserve to tempt any person to converse with me, I must also set her down as one of the most good-natured. She talked much of Lord Byron, with whom, during his residence here, she was on intimate terms. She spoke of him, not conceitedly, as one vain of the acquaintance of a great character; nor with affected reserve, as if afraid of committing herself—but with openness, animation, and cordial kindness, as one whom she liked, and had reason to like. She says the style of Lord Byron's conversation is very much that of Don Juan: just in the same manner are the familiar, the brilliant, the sublime, the affecting, the witty, the ludicrous, and the licentious, mingled and contrasted. Several little anecdotes which she related I need not write down; I can scarcely forget them, and it would not be quite fair as they were told *en confiance*. I am no anecdote hunter, picking up articles for "my pocket book."

* * * *

A little while ago Captain F. lent me D'Israeli's Essays on the Literary Character, which had once belonged to

Lord Byron; and contained marginal notes in his handwriting. One or two of them are so curiously characteristic that I copy them here.

The first note is on a passage in which D'Israeli, in allusion to Lord Byron, traces his fondness for oriental scenery to his having read Rycaut at an early age. On this Lord Byron observes, that he read *every book* relating to the east before he was ten years old, including De Tott and Cantemir as well as Rycaut: at that age, he says that he *detested* all poetry, and adds, "when I was in Turkey, I was oftener tempted to turn mussulman than poet: and have often regretted since that *I did not.*

At page 99 D'Israeli says,

"The great poetical genius of our times has openly alienated himself from the land of his brothers" (over the word *brothers*, Lord Byron has written *Cains.*) "He becomes immortal in the *language* of a *people* whom he would *contemn*, he accepts with ingratitude the fame he loves more than life, and he is only truly great on that *spot* of *earth*, whose genius, when he is no more, will contemplate his shade in sorrow and in anger."

Lord Byron has underlined several words in this passage, and writes thus in the margin:

"What was rumoured of me in that language, if *true*, I was unfit for England; and if *false*, England was unfit for me. But 'there is a world elsewhere.' I have never for an instant regretted that country,—but often that I ever returned to it. It is not my fault that I am obliged to write in English. If I understood any present language, Italian, for instance, equally well, I would write in it:—but it will require ten years, at least, to form a style. No tongue so easy to acquire a little of, and so difficult to master thoroughly, as Italian."

The next note is amusing; at page 342 is mentioned the anecdote of Petrarch, who when returning to his native town, was informed that the proprietor of the house in which he was born had *often* wished to make alterations in it, but that the town's-people had risen to insist that the house consecrated by his birth should remain unchanged; —"a triumph," adds D'Israeli, "more affecting to Petrarch than even his coronation at Rome."

Lord Byron has written in the margin—"It would have pained *me* more that the proprietor should *often* have wished to make alterations, than it would give me pleasure

that the rest of Arezzo rose against his right (for *right* he had:) the depreciation of the lowest of mankind is more painful, than the applause of the highest is pleasing. The sting of the scorpion is more in *torture* than the possession of any thing short of Venus would be in rapture."

* * * *

The public gardens are the work of the French, and occupy the extremity of one of the islands. They contain the only trees I have seen at Venice:—a few rows of dwarfish unhappy-looking shrubs, parched by the sea breezes, and are little frequented. We found here a solitary gentleman, who was sauntering up and down with his hands in his pockets, and a look at once stupid and disconsolate. Sometimes he paused, looked vacantly over the waters, whistled, yawned, and turned away to resume his solemn walk. On a trifling remark addressed to him by one of our party, he entered into conversation with all the eagerness of a man, whose tongue has long been kept in most unnatural bondage. He congratulated himself on having met with some one who would speak English: adding contemptously, that "he understood none of the outlandish tongues the people spoke hereabouts:" he inquired what was to be seen here, for though he had been four days in Venice, he had spent every day precisely in the same manner; viz. walking up and down the public gardens. We told him Venice was famous for fine buildings and pictures; he knew nothing of *them* things. And that it contained also, "some fine statues and antiques"—he cared nothing about them neither—he should set off for Florence the next morning, and begged to know what was to be seen there? Mr. R—— told him, with enthusiasm, "the most splendid gallery of pictures and statues in the world!" He looked very blank and disappointed. "Nothing else?" then he should certainly not waste his time at Florence, he should go direct to Rome; he had put down the name of that *town* in his pocket-book, for he understood it was a very *convenient* place: he should therefore stay there a week; thence he should go to Naples, a place he had also heard of, where he should stay another week: then he should go to Algiers, where he should stay *three weeks*, and thence to Tunis, where he expected to be very comfortable, and should probably make a long stay; then he should return home, having seen every thing worth seeing. He scarcely seemed to know how or by what route

he had got to Venice—but he assured us he had come "fast enough;"—he remembered no place he had passed through except Paris. At Paris he told us there was a female lodging in the same hotel with himself, who, by his description appears to have been a single lady of rank and fashion, travelling with her own carriages and a suite of servants. He had never seen her; but learning through the domestics that she was travelling the same route, he sat down and wrote her a long letter, beginning "Dear Madam," and proposing they should join company, "for the sake of good fellowship, and the *bit of chat* they might have on their way." Of course she took no notice of this strange billet, "from which," added he, with ludicrous simplicity, "I supposed she would rather travel alone."

Truly, "Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time." After this specimen, sketched from life, who will say there are such things as caricatures?

* * * *

We visited to-day the Giant's Staircase and the Bridge of Sighs, and took a last farewell of St. Mark—we were surprised to see the church hung with black—the festoons of flowers all removed—masses going forward at several altars, and crowds of people looking particularly solemn and devout. It is the "Giorno dei morte," the day by the Roman Catholics consecrated to the dead. I observed many perons, both men and women, who wept while they prayed, with every appearance of the most profound grief. Leaving St. Mark, I crossed the square. On the three lofty standards in front of the church formerly floated the ensigns of the three states subject to Venice,—the Morea, Cyprus, and Candia: the bare poles remain, but the ensigns of empire are gone. One of the standards was extended on the ground, and being of immense length, I hesitated for a moment whether I should make a circuit, but at last stepped over it. I looked back with remorse, for it was like trampling over the fallen.

We then returned to our inn to prepare for our departure. How I regret to leave Venice! not the less because I cannot help it.

Rovigo, Nov. 3.

We left Venice in a hurry yesterday, slept at Padua, and travelled this morning through a most lovely country,

among the Enganean hills to Rovigo, where we are very uncomfortably lodged at the Albergo di San Marco.

I have not yet recovered my regret at leaving Venice so unexpectedly; though, as a residence, I could scarce endure it; the sleepy canals, the gliding gondolas in their "dusk livery of woe"—the absence of all verdure, all variety—of all *nature*, in short; the silence, disturbed only by the incessant chiming of bells—and, worse than all, the spectacle of a great city "expiring," as Lord Byron says, "before our eyes," would give me the horrors: but as a visiter, my curiosity was not half gratified, and I should have liked to have stayed a few days longer—perhaps, after all, I have reason to rejoice that instead of bringing away from Venice a disagreeable impression of satiety, disgust, and melancholy, I have quitted it with feelings of admiration, of deep regret, and undiminished interest.

Farewell, then, Venice! I could not have believed it possible that it would have brought tears to my eyes to leave a place merely for its own sake, and unendeared by the presence of any one I loved.

As Rovigo affords no other amusement I shall scribble a little longer.

Nothing can be more arbitrary than the Austrian government at Venice. As a summary method of preventing robberies during the winter months, when many of the gondoliers and fishermen are out of employ, the police have orders to arrest, without ceremony, every person who has no permanent trade or profession, and keep them in confinement and to hard labour till the return of spring.

The commerce of Venice has so much and so rapidly declined, that Mr. H—— told us when first he was appointed to the consulship, a hundred and fifty English vessels cleared the port, and this year only five. It should seem that Austria, from a cruel and selfish policy, is sacrificing Venice to the prosperity of Trieste: but why do I call that a cruel policy, which on recollection I might rather term poetical and retributive justice?

The grandeur of Venice arose first from its trade in salt. I remember reading in history, that when the king of Hungary opened certain productive salt mines in his dominions, the Venetians sent him a peremptory order to shut them up; and such was the power of the Republic at that time, that he was forced to obey this insolent command, to the

great injury and impoverishment of his states. The tables are now turned: the oppressor has become the oppressed.

The principal revenue derived from Venice is from the tax on houses, there being no *land tax*. So rapid was the decay of the place, that in two years seventy houses and palaces were pulled down; the government forbade this by a special law, and now taxes are paid for many houses whose proprietors are too poor to live in them.

There is no *society*, properly so called, at Venice; three old women of rank receive company now and then, and it is any thing rather than select.

Mr. F. told us at Venice, that on entering the states subject to Austria, he had his Johnson's Dictionary taken from him, and could never recover it; so jealous is the government of English principles and English literature, that *all* English books are prohibited until examined by the police.

The whole country from Milan to Padua was like a vast garden, nothing could exceed its fertility and beauty. It was the latter end of the vintage; and we frequently met huge tub-like wagons loaded with purple grapes, reeling home from the vineyards, and driven by men whose legs were stained with treading in the wine-press—now and then, rich clusters were shaken to the ground, as I have seen wisps of straw fall from a hay-cart in England, and were regarded with equal indifference. Sometimes we saw in the vineyards by the road-side, groups of labourers seated among the branches of the trees, and plucking grapes from the vines, which were trailed gracefully from tree to tree and from branch to branch, and drooped with their luxurious burthen of fruit. The scene would have been as perfectly delightful, as it was new and beautiful, but for the squalid looks of the peasantry; more especially of the women. The principal productions of the country seem to be wine and silk. There were vast groves of mulberry-trees between Verona and Padua; and we visited some of the silk-mills, in which the united strength of men invariably performed those operations which in England are accomplished by steam or water. I saw, in a huge horizontal wheel, about a dozen of these poor creatures labouring so hard, that my very heart ached to see them, and I begged that the machine might be stopped that I might speak to them:—but when it *was* stopped, and I beheld their half savage, half stupified, I had almost

said *brutified* countenances, I could not utter a single word—but gave them something, and turned away.

"Compassion is wasted upon such creatures," said R——; "do you not see that their minds are degraded down to their condition? they do not pity themselves;" —but therefore did I pity them the more.

* * * *

Bologna, Nov. 5.

I fear I shall retain a disagreeable impression of Bologna, for here I am again ill. I have seen little of what the town contains of beautiful and curious: and that little, under unpleasant and painful circumstances.

Yesterday we passed through Ferrara; only stopping to change horses and dine. We snatched a moment to visit the hospital of St. Anna and the prison of Tasso—the glory and disgrace of Ferrara. Over the iron gate is written "Ingresso alla prigione di Torquato Tasso." The cell itself is miserably gloomy and wretched, and not above twelve feet square. How amply has posterity avenged the cause of the poet on his tyrant!—and as we emerge from his obscure dungeon and descend the steps of the hospital of St. Anna, with what fervent hatred, indignation, and scorn, do we gaze upon the towers of the ugly red brick palace, or rather fortress, which deforms the great square, and where Alphonso feasted while Tasso wept! The inscription on the door of the cell, calling on strangers to venerate the spot where Tasso, "Infermo più di tristezza che delirio," was confined seven years and one month—was placed there by the French, and its accuracy may be doubted; as far as I can recollect. The grass growing in the wide streets of Ferrara is no poetical exaggeration; I saw it rank and long even on the thresholds of the deserted houses, whose sashless windows, and flapping doors, and roofless walls, looked strangely desolate.

I will say nothing of Bologna;—for the few days I have spent here have been to me days of acute suffering, in more ways than I wish to remember, and therefore dare not dwell upon.

At Covigliajo in the Appenines.

O for the pencil of Salvator, or the pen of a Radcliffe! But could either, or could both united, give to my mind

the scenes of to-day, in all their splendid combinations of beauty and brightness, gloom and grandeur? A picture may present to the eye a small portion of the boundless whole—one aspect of the ever-varying face of nature; and words, how weak are they!—they are but the elements out of which the quick imagination frames and composes lovely landscapes, according to its power or its peculiar character; and in which the unimaginative man finds only a mere chaos of verbiage, without form, and void.

The scenery of the Appenines is altogether different in character from that of the Alps: it is less bold, less lofty, less abrupt and terrific—but more beautiful, more luxuriant, and infinitely more varied. At one time, the road wound among precipices and crags, crowned with dismantled fortresses and ruined castles—skirted with dark pine forests—and opening into wild recesses of gloom, and immeasurable depths like those of Tartarus profound; then came such glimpses of paradise! such soft sunny valleys and peaceful hamlets—and vine-clad eminences and rich pastures, with here and there a convent half hidden by groves of cypress and cedars. As we ascended we arrived at a height from which, looking back, we could see the whole of Lombardy spread at our feet; a vast, glittering, indistinct landscape, bounded on the north by the summits of the Alps, just apparent above the horizon, like a range of small silvery clouds; and on the east a long unbroken line of bluish light marked the far distant Adriatic; as the day declined, and we continued our ascent, (occasionally assisted by a yoke of oxen where the aclivity was very precipitate,) the mountains closed around us, the scenery became more wildly romantic, barren, and bleak. At length, after passing the crater of a volcano, visible through the gloom by its dull red light, we arrived at the Inn of Covigliajo, an uncouth dreary edifice, situated in a lonely and desolate spot, some miles from any other habitation. This is the very inn, infamous for a series of the most horrible assassinations, committed here some years ago. Travellers arrived, departed, disappeared, and were never heard of more; by what agency, or in what manner disposed of, could not be discovered. It was supposed for some time that a horde of banditti were harboured among the mountains, and the police were for a long time in active search for them, while the real mis-

creants remained unsuspected for their seeming insignificance and helplessness; these were the mistress of the inn, the camerière, and the curate of the nearest village, about two leagues off. They secretly murdered every traveller who was supposed to carry property—buried or burned their clothes, packages, and vehicles, retaining nothing but their watches, jewels, and money. The whole story, with all its horrors, the manner of discovery, and the fate of these wretches, is told, I think, by Forsyth, who can hardly be suspected of romance or exaggeration. I have him not with me to refer to; but I well remember the mysterious and shuddering dread with which I read the anecdote. I am glad no one else seems to recollect it. The inn at present contains many more than it can possibly accommodate. We have secured the best rooms, or rather the *only* rooms—and besides ourselves and other foreigners, there are numbers of native travellers: some of whom arrived on horseback, and others with the Vetturini. A kind of gallery or corridor separates the sleeping rooms, and is divided by a curtain into two parts: the smaller is appropriated to us, as a saloon: the other half, as I contemplate it at this moment through a rent in the curtain, presents a singular and truly Italian spectacle—a huge black iron lamp, suspended by a chain from the rafters, throws a flaring and shifting light around. Some trusses of hay have been shaken down upon the floor, to supply the place of beds, chairs, and tables; and there, reclining in various attitudes, I see a number of dark looking figures, some eating and drinking, some sleeping, some playing at cards, some telling stories with all the Italian variety of gesticulation and intonation, some silently looking on, or listening. Two or three common-looking fellows began to smoke their segars, but when it was suggested that this might incommode the ladies on the other side of the curtain, they with genuine politeness ceased directly. Through this motley and picturesque assemblage I have to make my way to my bed-room in a few minutes—I will take another look at them and then—— andiamo!

Florence, Nov. 8.

"La bellisema e famosissima figlia di Roma," as Dante calls her in some relenting moment. Last night we slept

in a blood-stained hovel—and to-night we are lodged in a palace. So much for the vicissitudes of travelling.

I am not subject to idle fears, and least of all to superstitious fears—but last night, at Covigliajo, I could not sleep—I could not even lie down for more than a few minutes together. The whispered voices and hard breathing of the men who slept in the corridor, from whom only a slight door divided me, disturbed and fevered my nerves; horrible imaginings were all around me: and gladly did I throw open my window at the first glimpse of the dawn, and gladly did I hear the first well-known voice which summoned me to a hasty breakfast. How reviving was the breath of the early morning, after leaving that close, suffocating, ill-omened inn! how beautiful the blush of light stealing downwards from the illumined summits to the valleys, tinting the fleecy mists, as they rose from the earth, till all the landscape was flooded with sunshine: and when at length we passed the mountains, and began to descend into the rich vales of Tuscany—when from the heights above Fèsole we beheld the city of Florence, and above it the young moon and the evening star suspended side by side; and floating over the whole of the Val d'Arno, and the lovely hills which enclose it, a mist, or rather a suffusion of the richest rose colour, which gradually, as the day declined, faded, or rather deepened into purple; then I first understood all the enchantment of an Italian landscape.—O what a country is this! All that I see, I *feel*—all that I *feel*, sinks so deep into my heart and my memory! the deeper because I suffer—and because I never think of expressing, or sharing, one emotion with those around me, but lock it up in my own bosom; or at least in my little book—as I do now.

Nov. 10.—We visited the gallery for the first time yesterday morning; and I came away with my eyes and imagination so dazzled with excellence, and so distracted with variety, that I retained no distinct recollection of any particular object except the Venus; which of course was the first and great attraction. This morning was much more delightful; my powers of discrimination returned, and my power of enjoyment was not diminished. New perceptions of beauty and excellence seemed to open upon my mind; and faculties long dormant, were roused to pleasurable activity.

I came away untired, unsated; and with a delightful

and distinct impression of all I had seen. I leave to catalogues to particularise; and am content to admire and to remember.

I am glad I was not disappointed in the Venus which I half expected. Neither was I surprised: but I felt while I gazed a sense of unalloyed and unmingled pleasure, and forgot the cant of criticism. It has the same effect to the eye, that perfect harmony has upon the ear: and I think I can understand why no copy, cast, or model, however accurate, however exquisite, can convey the impression of tenderness and sweetness, the divine and peculiar charm of the original.

After dinner we walked in the grounds of the Cascine, —a dairy farm belonging to the grand duke, just without the gates of Florence. The promenade lies along the bank of the river, and is sheltered and beautiful. We saw few native Italians, but great numbers of English walking and riding. The day was as warm, as sunny, as brilliant as the first days of September in England.

To-night, after resting a little, I went out to view the effect of the city and surrounding scenery, by moonlight. It is not alone the brilliant purity of the skies and atmosphere, nor the peculiar character of the scenery which strikes a stranger; but here art harmonizes with nature: the style of the buildings, their flat projecting roofs, white walls, balconies, colonnades, and statues, are all set off to advantage by the radiance of an Italian moon.

I walked across the first bridge, from which I had a fine view of the Ponte della Trinità, with its graceful arches and light balustrade, touched with the sparkling moonbeams and relieved by dark shadow: then I strolled along the quay in front of the Corsini palace, and beyond the colonnade of the Uffizi, to the last of the four bridges; on the middle of which I stood and looked back upon the city—(how justly styled the Fair!)—with all its buildings, its domes, its steeples, its bridges, and woody hills, and glittering convents, and marble villas, peeping from embowering olives and cypresses; and far off the snowy peaks of the Appenines, shining against the dark purple sky; the whole blended together in one delicious scene of shadowy splendour. After contemplating it with a kind of melancholy delight, long enough to get it by heart, I returned homewards. Men were standing on the wall along the Arno, in various picturesque attitudes,

fishing, after the Italian fashion, with singular nets suspended to long poles; and as I saw their dark figures between me and the moonlight, and elevated above my eye, they looked like colossal statues. I then strayed into the Piazza del Gran Duca. Here the rich moonlight, streaming through the arcade of the gallery, fell directly upon the fine Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini; and illuminating the green bronze, touched it with a spectral and supernatural beauty. Thence I walked round the equestrian statue of Cosmo, and so home over the Ponte Alla Carrajo.

Nov. 11.—I spent about two hours in the gallery, and for the first time saw the Niobe. This statue has been for a long time a favourite of my imagination, and I approached it, treading softly and slowly, and with a feeling of reverence; for I had an impression that the original Niobe would, like the original Venus, surpass all the casts and copies I had seen, both in beauty and expression; but apparently expression is more easily caught than delicacy and grace, and the grandeur and pathos of the attitude and grouping easily copied—for I think the best casts of the Niobe are accurate counterparts of the original; and at the first glance I was capriciously disappointed, because the statue did not *surpass* my expectations. It should be contemplated from a distance. It is supposed that the whole group once ornamented the pediment of a temple—probably the temple of Diana or Latona. I once saw a beautiful drawing by Mr. Cockerell, of the manner in which he supposed the whole group was distributed. Many of the figures are rough and unfinished at the back, as if they had been placed on a height, and viewed only in front.

In the same room with the Niobe is a head which struck me more—the *Alexandre Mourant.* The title seemed to me misapplied; for there is something indignant and upbraiding, as well as mournful, in the expression of this magnificent head. It is undoubtedly Alexander—but Alexander reproaching the gods—or calling upon heaven for new worlds to conquer.

I visited also the gallery of Bronzes: it contains, among other masterpieces, the aerial Mercury of John of Bologna, of which we see such a multiplicity of copies. There is a conceit in perching him upon the bluff cheeks of a little Eolus: but what exquisite lightness in the

figure!—how it mounts, how it floats, disdaining the earth! On leaving the gallery, I sauntered about; visited some churches, and then returned home depressed and wearied: and in this melancholy humour I had better close my book, lest I be tempted to write what I could not bear to see written.

Sunday.—At the English ambassador's chapel. To attend public worship among our own countrymen, and hear the praises of God in our native accents, in a strange land, among a strange people; where a different language, different manners, and a different religion prevail, affects the mind, or at least ought to affect it;—and deeply too: yet I cannot say that I felt devout this morning. The last day I visited St. Mark's, when I knelt down beside the poor weeping girl and her dove-basket, my heart was touched, and my prayers, I humbly trust, were not unheard: to-day, in that hot, close, crowded room, among those fine people flaunting in all the luxury of dress, I felt suffocated, feverish, and my head ached—the clergyman too———

* * * * *

Samuel Rogers paid us a long visit this morning. He does not look as if the suns of Italy had *revivified* him—but he is as *amiable* and amusing as ever. He talked long, *et avec beaucoup d'onction*, of ortolans and figs; till methought it was the very poetry of epicurism; and put me in mind of his own suppers—

> "Where blushing fruits through scatter'd leaves invite,
> Still clad in bloom and veiled in azure light.
> The wine as rich in years as Horace sings;"

and the rest of his description worthy of a poetical Apicius.

Rogers may be seen every day about eleven or twelve in the Tribune, seated opposite to the Venus, which appears to be the exclusive object of his adoration; and gazing, as if he hoped, like another Pygmalion, to animate the statue; or rather perhaps that the statue might animate *him*. A young Englishman of fashion, with as much talent as espiéglerie, placed an epistle in verse between the fingers of the statue, addressed to Rogers; in which the goddess entreats him not to come there *ogling* her every day;—for though "partial friends might deem

him still alive," she knew by his looks he had come from the other side of the Styx; and retained her *antique* abhorrence of the spectral dead, &c. &c. She concluded by besecching him, if he could not desist from haunting her with his *ghostly* presence, at least to spare her the added misfortune of being be-rhymed by his muse.

Rogers, with equal good nature and good sense, neither noticed these lines, nor withdrew his friendship and intimacy from the writer.

* * * * *

Carlo Dolce is not one of my favourite masters. There is a cloying sweetness in his style, a general want of power which wearies me: yet I brought away from the Corsini Palace to-day an impression of a head by Carlo Dolce, (La Poesia,) which I shall never forget. Now I recall the picture, I am at a loss to tell where lies the charm which has thus powerfully seized on my imagination. Here are no "eyes upturned like one inspired"—no distortion—no rapt enthusiasm—no Muse full of the God;—but it is a head so purely, so divinely intellectual, so heavenly sweet, and yet so penetrating,—so full of sensibility, and yet so unstained by earthly passion—so brilliant, and yet so calm—that if Carlo Dolce had lived in our days, I should have thought he intended it for the personified genius of Wordsworth's poetry. There is such an individual reality about this beautiful head, that I am inclined to believe the tradition, that it is the portrait of one of Carlo Dolce's daughters who died young:—and yet

> "Did ever mortal mixture of earth's mould
> Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?"

* * * * *

Nov. 15.—Our stay at Florence promises to be far gayer than either Milan or Venice, or even Paris: more diversified by society, as well as affording a wider field of occupation and amusement.

Sometimes in the long evenings, when fatigued and over-excited, I recline apart on the sofa, or bury myself in the recesses of a *fauteuil;* when I am aware that my mind is wandering away to forbidden themes, I force my attention to what is going forward; and often see and hear much that is entertaining, if not improving. People

are so accustomed to my pale face, languid indifference, and, what M—— calls, my *impracticable* silence, that after the first glance and introduction, I believe they are scarcely sensible of my presence: so I sit, and look, and listen, secure and harboured in my apparent dullness. The flashes of wit, the attempts at sentiment, the affectation of enthusiasm, the absurdities of folly, and the blunders of ignorance; the contrast of characters and the clash of opinions, the scandalous anecdotes of the day, related with sprightly malice, and listened to with equally malicious avidity,—all these, in my days of health and happiness, had power to surprise, or amuse, or provoke me. I could mingle *then* in the conflict of minds; and bear my part with smiles in the social circle; though the next moment perhaps I might contemn myself and others: and the personal scandal, the characteristic tale, the amusing folly, or the malignant wit, were effaced from my mind—

——"Like forms with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors for one feast night."

Now it is different: I can smile yet, but my smile is in pity, rather than in mockery. If suffering has subdued my mind to seriousness, and perhaps enfeebled its powers, I may at least hope that it has not soured or embittered my temper:—if what could once *amuse*, no longer amuses,—what could once *provoke*, has no longer power to irritate: thus my loss may be improved into a gain—*car tout est bien, quand tout est mal.*

It is sorrow which makes our experience; it is sorrow which teaches us to feel properly for ourselves and for others. We must feel deeply, before we can think rightly. It is not in the tempest and storm of passions we can reflect,—but afterward when *the waters have gone over our soul;* and like the precious gems and the rich merchandize which the wild wave casts on the shore out of the wreck it has made—such are the thoughts left by retiring passions.

Reflection is the result of feeling; from that absorbing, heart-rending compassion for oneself, (the most painful sensation, *almost*, of which our nature is capable,) springs a deeper sympathy for others; and from the sense of our own weakness, and our own self-upbraiding, arises a dis-

position to be indulgent—to forbear—and to forgive—so at least it ought to be. When once we have shed those inexpressibly bitter tears, which fall unregarded, and which we forget to wipe away, O how we shrink from inflicting pain! how we shudder at unkindness!—and think all harshness, even in thought, only another name for cruelty! These are but common-place truths, I know, which have often been a thousand times better expressed. Formerly I heard them, read them, and thought I believed them: now I feel them; and feeling, I utter them as if they were something new.—Alas! the lessons of sorrow are as old as the world itself.

To-day we have seen nothing new. In the morning I was ill: in the afternoon we drove to the Cascina; and while the rest walked, I spread my shawl upon the bank and basked like a lizard in the sunshine. It was a most lovely day, a summer-day in England. In this paradise of a country, the common air, and earth, and skies, seem happiness enough. While I sat to-day, on my green bank —languid, indeed, but free from pain—and looked round upon a scene which has lost its novelty, but none of its beauty,—where Florence, with its glittering domes and its back-ground of sunny hills, terminated my view on one side, and the Appenines, tinted with rose colour and gold, bounded it on the other, I felt not only pleasure, but a deep thankfulness that such pleasures were yet left to me.

Among the gay figures who passed and repassed before me, I remarked a benevolent but rather heavy-looking old gentleman, with a shawl hanging over his arm, and holding a parasol, with which he was gallantly shading a little plain old woman from the November sun. After them walked two young ladies, simply dressed; and then followed a tall and very handsome young man, with a plain but elegant girl hanging on his arm. This was the Grand Duke and his family; with the prince of Carignano, who has lately married one of his daughters. Two servants in plain drab liveries, followed at a considerable distance. People politely drew on one side as they approached; but no other homage was paid to the sovereign, who thus takes his walk in public almost every day. Lady Morgan is merry at the expense of the Grand Duke's taste for brick and mortar: but monarchs, like other men, must have their amusements; some invent uniforms, some

stitch embroidery ;—and why should not this good-natured Grand Duke amuse himself with his trowel if he likes it? As to the Prince of Carignano, I give him up to her lash—*le traître*—but perhaps he thought he was doing right : and at all events there are not flatterers wanting, to call his perfidy patriotism.

* * * *

I am told that Florence retains its reputation of being the most devout capital in Italy, and that here love, music, and devotion, hold divided empire, or rather are *tria juncta in uno*. The liberal patronage and taste of Lord Burghersh, contribute perhaps to make music so much a *passion* as it is at present. Magnelli, the Grand Duke's Maestra di Cappella, and director of the Conservatorio, is the finest tenor in Italy. I have the pleasure of hearing him frequently, and think the purity of his taste at least equal to the perfection of his voice ; rare praise for a singer in these "most brisk and giddy-paced times." He gave us last night the beautiful recitative which introduces Desdemona's song in Othello—

Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria!

and the words, the music, and the divine pathos of the man's voice combined, made me feel—as I thought I never could have felt again.

TO ———

As sounds of sweetest music, heard at eve,
When summer dews weep over languid flowers,
When the still air conveys each touch, each tone,
However faint—and breathes it on the ear
With a distinct and thrilling power, that leaves
Its memory long within the raptur'd soul,—
—Even *such* thou art to me!—and thus I sit
And feel the harmony that round thee lives,
And breathes from every feature. Thus I sit—
And when most quiet—cold—or silent—*then*
Even then, I feel each word, each look, each tone!
There's not an accent of that tender voice,
There's not a day-beam of those sunbright eyes,
Nor passing smile, nor melancholy grace,
Nor thought half utter'd, feeling half betray'd,
Nor glance of kindness,—no, nor gentlest touch
Of that dear hand, in amity extended,

> That e'er was lost to me;—that treasur'd well,
> And oft recall'd, dwells not upon my soul
> Like sweetest music heard at summer's eve!

Yesterday we visited the church of San Lorenzo, the Laurentian library, and the Pietra Dura manufactory, and afterward spent an hour in the Tribune.

In a little chapel in the San Lorenzo are Michel Angelo's famous statues, the Morning, the Noon, the Evening, and the Night. I looked at them with admiration rather than with pleasure: for there is something in the severe and overpowering style of this master, which affects me disagreeably, as beyond my feeling, and above my comprehension. These statues are very ill disposed for effect: the confined *cell* (such it seemed) in which they are placed is so strangely disproportioned to the awful and massive grandeur of their forms.

There is a picture by Michel Angelo, sonsidered a chef d'œuvre, which hangs in the Tribune, to the right of the Venus: now if all the connoisseurs in the world, with Vasari at their head, were to harangue for an hour together on the merits of this picture, I might submit in silence, for I am no connoisseur; but that it is a disagreeable, a hateful picture, is an opinion which fire could not melt out of me. In spite of Messieurs les Connoisseurs, and Michel Angelo's fame, I woul die in it at the stake: for instance, here is the Blessed Virgin, not the "Vergine-Santa, d'ogni grazia piena," but a Virgin, whose brick-dust coloured face, harsh unfeminine features, and muscular, masculine arms, give me the idea of a washerwoman, (con rispetto parlando!) an infant Saviour with the proportions of a giant: and what shall we say of the nudity of the figures in the back ground; profaning the subject and shocking at once good taste and good sense? A little farther on, the eye rests on the divine Madre di Dio of Correggio: what beauty, what sweetness, what maternal love, and humble adoration are blended in the look and attitude with which she bends over her infant! Beyond it hangs the Madonna del Cardellino of Raffaele: what heavenly grace, what simplicity, what saint-like purity, in the expression of that face, and that exquisite mouth! And from these must I turn back, on pain of being thought an ignoramus, to admire the coarse perpetration of Michel Angelo—because it is Michel Angelo's? But I speak in ignorance.*

* This was indeed ignorance! (1834.)

To return to San Lorenzo. The chapel of the Medici, begun by Ferdinand the First, where coarse brickwork and plaster mingle with marble and gems, is still unfinished and likely to remain so : it did not interest me. The fine bronze sarcophagus, which encloses the ashes of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and of his brother Giuliano, assassinated by the Pazzi, interested me far more. While I was standing carelessly in front of the high altar, I happened to look down, and under my feet were these words, "To COSMO THE VENERABLE, THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY." I moved away in haste, and before I had decided to my own satisfaction upon Cosmo's claims to the gratitude and veneration of posterity, we left the church.

At the Laurentian library we were edified by the sight of some famous old manuscripts, invaluable to classical scholars. To my unlearned eyes the manuscript of Petrarch, containing portraits of himself and Laura, was more interesting. Petrarch is hideous—but I was pleased with the head of Laura, which in spite of the antique dryness and stiffness of the painting, has a soft and delicate expression not unlike one of Carlo Dolce's Madonnas. Here we saw Galileo's fore-finger, pointing up to the skies from a white marble pedestal; and exciting more derision than respect.

At the Pietra Dura, notwithstanding the beauty and durability of some of the objects manufactured, the result seemed to me scarce worth the incredible time, patience, and labour required in the work. *Par exemple*, six months' hard labour spent upon a butterfly in the lid of a snuff-box seems a most disproportionate waste of time. Thirty workmen are employed here at the Grand Duke's expense; for this manufacture, like that of the Gobelins at Paris, is exclusively carried on for the sovereign.

Nov. 20.—I am struck in this place with grand beginnings and mean endings. I have not yet seen a finished church, even the Duomo has no façade.

Yesterday we visited the Palazzo Mozzi to see Benvenuto's picture, "The Night after the Battle of Jena." Then several churches—the Santa Croce, which is hallowed ground : the Annonciata, celebrated for the frescos of Andrea del Sarto; and the Carmine, which pleased me by the light elegance of its architecture, and its fine altorelievos in white marble. In this church is the chapel of the Madonna del Carmele, painted by Masuccio, and the

most ancient frescos extant: they are curious rather than beautiful, and going to decay.

To-day we visited the school of the Fine Arts: it contains a very fine and ample collection of casts after the antique; and some of the works of modern artists and students are exhibited. Were I to judge from the specimens I have seen here and elsewhere, I should say that a cold, glaring, hard *tea-tray* style prevails in painting, and a still worse taste, if possible, in sculpture. No soul, no grandeur, no simplicity; a meagre insipidity in the conception, a nicety of finish in the detail; affectation instead of grace, distortion instead of power, and prettiness instead of beauty. Yet the artists who execute these works, and those who buy them, have free access to the marvels of the gallery, and the treasures of the Pitti Palace. Are they sans eyes, sans souls, sans taste, sans every thing, but money and self-conceit?

Nov. 22.—Our mornings, however otherwise occupied, are generally concluded by an hour in the gallery or at the Pitti Palace; the evenings are spent in the Mercato Nuovo, in the workshops of artists, or at the Cascina.

To-day at the gallery I examined the Dutch school and the Salle des Portraits, and ended as usual with the Tribune. The Salle des Portraits contains a complete collection of the portraits of painters down to the present day. In general their respective countenances are expressive of their characters and style of painting. Poor Harlow's picture, painted by himself, is here.

The Dutch and Flemish painters (in spite of their exquisite pots and pans, and cabbages and carrots, their birch-brooms, in which you can count every twig, and their carpets, in which you can reckon every thread) do not interest me; their landscapes too, however natural, are mere Dutch nature, (with some brilliant exceptions,) fat cattle, clipped trees, boors, and windmills. Of course I am not speaking of Vandyke, nor of Rubens, he that "in the colours of the rainbow lived," nor of Rembrandt, that king of clouds and shadows; but for mine own part, I would give up all that Mieris, Netscher, Teniers, and Gerard Douw ever produced, for one of Claude's Eden-like creations, or one of Guido's lovely heads—or merely for the pleasure of looking at Titian's Flora once a day, I would give a whole gallery of Dutchmen, if I had them.

In the daughter of Herodias, by Leonardo da Vinci,

there is the same eternal face he always paints, but with a peculiar expression—she turns away her head with the air of a fine lady, whose senses are shocked by the sight of blood and death, while her heart remains untouched either by remorse or pity.

His ghastly Medusa made me shudder while it fascinated me.

* * * *

Nov. 24.—After dinner, we drove to the beautiful gardens of the Villa Strozzi, on the Monte Ulivetto, and the evening we spent at the Cocomero, where we saw a detestable opera, capitally acted, and heard the most vile, noisy, unmeaning music, sung to perfection.

Nov. 26.—Yesterday we spent some hours at Morgan's gallery, looking over his engravings; and afterward examined the bronze gates of the Baptistery, which Michel Angelo used to call the gates of Paradise. We then ascended the Campanile or Belfrey Tower to see the view from its summit. Florence lay at our feet, diminished to a model of itself, with its walls and gates, its streets and bridges, palaces and churches, all and each distinctly visible; and beyond, the Val d'Arno with its amphitheatre of hills, its villas, and its vineyards—classical Fesole, with its ruined castle, and Monte Ulivetto, with its diadem of cypresses; luxuriant nature and graceful art, blending into one glorious picture, which no smoky vapours, no damp exhalations, blotted and discoloured; but all was serenely bright and fair, gay with moving life, and rich with redundant fertility.

O dell' Etruria gran Citta Reina,
D'arti e di studj e di grand' or feconda;
Cui tra quanto il sol guarda, e 'l mar circonda,
Ogn' altra in pregio di belta s' inchina:
Monti superbi, la cui fronte alpina
Fa di se contra i venti argine e sponda:
Valli beate, per cui d'onda in onda
L'Arno con passo signoril cammina:
Bei soggiorni ove par ch' abbiansi eletto
Le grazie il seggio, e, come in suo confine,
Sia di natura il bel tutto ristretto; &c.

Filicaja will be pardoned for his hyperboles by all who remember that he was himself a Florentine.

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28.—"Corinne" I find is a fashionable *vade mecum* for sentimental travellers in Italy; and that I too might be *à la mode*, I brought it from Molini's to-day, with the intention of reading on the spot those admirable and affecting passages which relate to Florence; but when I began to cut the leaves, a kind of terror seized me, and I threw it down resolved not to open it again. I know myself weak, I feel myself unhappy; and to find my own feelings reflected from the pages of a book, in language too deeply and eloquently true, is not good for me. I want no helps to admiration, nor need I kindle my enthusiasm at the torch of another's mind. I can suffer enough, feel enough, think enough, without this.

Not being well, I spent a long morning at home, and then strayed into the church of the Santo Spirito, which is near our hotel. There is in this church a fine copy of Michael Angelo's Pietà, which a monk whom I met in the church insisted was the original. But I believe the *originalissimo* group is at Rome. There are also two fine pictures, a marriage of the Virgin, in a very sweet Guido-like style, and the woman taken in adultery. This church is the richest in paintings I have seen here. I remarked a picture of the Virgin, said to be possessed of miraculous powers; and that part of it visible is not destitute of merit as a painting; but some of her grateful devotees having decorated her with a real blue silk gown, spangled with tinsel stars, and two or three crowns, one above another, of gilt-foil, the effect is the oddest imaginable. As I was sitting upon a marble step, philosophizing to myself, and wondering at what seemed to me such senseless bad taste, such pitiable and ridiculous superstition, there came up a poor woman, leading by the hand a pale and delicate boy, about four years old. She prostrated herself before the picture, while the child knelt beside her, and prayed for some time with fervour; she then lifted him up, and the mother and child kissed the picture alternately with great devotion; then making him kneel down and clasp his little hands, she began to teach him an Ave Maria, repeating it word for word, slowly and distinctly, so that I got it by heart too. Having finished their devotions, the mother put into the child's hands a piece of money, which she directed him to drop into a box, inscribed "Per i poveri vergognosi"—"for the bashful poor;" they then went their way. I was an unperceived witness of this little scene, which strongly affected me; the simple piety of this poor woman, though mistaken in its object, appeared to me respectable; and the Virgin,

in her sky-blue brocade and her gilt tiara, no longer an object to ridicule. I returned home rejoicing in kinder, gentler, happier thoughts; for though I may wish these poor people a purer worship, yet, as Wordsworth says somewhere, far better than I could express it—

> "Rather would I instantly decline
> To the traditionary sympathies
> Of a most rustic ignorance,—
> This rather would I do, than see and hear
> The repetitions wearisome of sense
> Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no place."

The Ave Maria which I learned, or rather *stole* from my poor woman, pleases me by its simplicity.

AVE MARIA.

Dio ti salvi, O Maria, piena di grazia! Il Signore è teco! tu sei benedetta fra le donne, e benedetto è il frutto del tuo seno, Gesu! Santa Maria! madre di Dio! Prega per noi peccatori, adesso, e nell 'ora della nostra morte! e cosi sia.*

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Sunday.—Attended divine service at the English ambassador's in the morning, and in the evening, not being well enough to go to the Cascine, I remained at home. I sat down at the window, and read Foscolo's beautiful poem, "I sepolcri:" the subject of my book, and the sight of Alfieri's house meeting my eye whenever I looked up, inspired the idea of visiting the Santa Croce again, and I ventured out unattended. The streets, and particularly the Lung' Arno, were crowded with gay people in their holyday costumes. Not even our Hyde Park on a summer Sunday, ever presented a more lively spectacle or a better dressed mob. I was often tempted to turn back rather than encounter this moving multitude; but at length I found my way to the Santa Croce, which presented a very different scene. The service was over; and a few persons were walking up and down the aisles, or kneeling at different altars. In a chapel on the other side of the cloisters, they were chanting the Via Crucis; and the blended voices swelled and floated round, then died away, then rosé again, and at length sunk into silence. The evening was closing fast, the shadows of the heavy pillars grew darker and darker, the

* Hail, O Maria, full of grace! the Lord is with thee! blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, even Jesus. Holy Virgin Mary, mother of God! pray for us sinners—both now and in the hour of death! Amen.—[Ed.]

tapers round the high altar twinkled in the distance like dots of light, and the tombs of Michael Angelo, of Galileo, of Machiavelli, and Alfieri, were projected from the deep shadow in indistinct, formless masses: but I needed not to see them to image them before me; for with each and all my fancy was familiar. I spent about an hour walking up and down—abandoned to thoughts which were melancholy, but not bitter. All memory, all feeling, all grief, all pain were swallowed up in the sublime tranquillity which was within me and around me. How could I think of myself, and of the sorrow which swells at my impatient heart, while all of genius that could die was sleeping round me; and the spirits of the glorious dead—they who rose above their fellow-men by the might of intellect—whose aim was excellence, the noble end "that made ambition virtue," were or seemed to me present?—and if those tombs could have opened their ponderous and marble jaws, what histories of sufferings and persecution, wrongs and wretchedness, might they not reveal! Galileo—

"chi vide
Sotto l'etereo padiglion rotarsi
Piu mondi, e il sole iradiarli immoto,"

pining in the dungeons of the inquisition; Machiavelli,

"quel grande,
Che tomprando lo scettro a' regnatori,
Gil allor ne sfronda"—

tortured and proscribed; Michael Angelo, persecuted by envy; and Alfieri perpetually torn, as he describes himself, by two furies—"Ira e Malinconia"—

"La mente e il cor in perpetua lite."

But they fulfilled their destinies; and inexorable Fate will be avenged upon the favourites of Heaven and nature. I can remember but one instance in which the greatly gifted spirit was not also the conspicuously wretched mortal—our own divine Shakspeare—and of him we know but little.

In some books of travels I have met with, Boccaccio, Aretino, and Guicciardini are mentioned among the illustrious dead of the Santa Croce. The second, if his biographers say true, was a wretch, whose ashes ought to have been scattered in the air. He was buried I believe at Venice—or no matter

where. Boccaccio's tomb is, or *was*, at Certaldo: and Guicciardini's—I forget the name of the church honoured by his remains—but it is not the Santa Croce.

The finest figure on the tomb of Michael Angelo is Architecture. It should be contemplated from the left to be seen to advantage. The effect of Alfieri's monument depends much on the position of the spectator: when viewed in front, the figure of Italy is very heavy and clumsy; and in no point of view has it the grace and delicacy which Canova's statues generally possess.

There is a most extraordinary picture in this church representing God the Father supporting a dead Christ, by Cigoli, a painter little known in England, though I have seen some admirable pictures of his in the collections here: his style reminds me of Spagnoletto's.

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Our departure is fixed for Wednesday next: and though I know that change and motion are good for me, yet I dread the fatigue and excitement of travelling; and I shall leave Florence with regret. For a melancholy invalid like myself, there cannot be a more delightful residence: it is gay without tumult—quiet, yet not dull. I have not mingled in society; therefore cannot judge of the manners of the people. I trust they are not exactly what Forsyth describes: with all his taste, he sometimes writes like a caustic old bachelor; and on the Florentines he is peculiarly severe.

We leave our friend L. behind for a few days, and our Venice acquaintance V. will be our *compagnon de voyage* to Rome. Of these two young men, the first amuses me by his follies, the latter rather fatigues *de trop de raison*. The first talks too much, the latter too little; the first speaks, and speaks egregious nonsense; the latter never says any thing beyond common-place; the former always makes himself ridiculous, and the latter never makes himself particularly agreeable: the first is (*con ris petto parlando*) a great fool, and the latter would be pleasanter were he less wise. Between these two *opposites*, I was standing this evening on the banks of the Arno, contemplating a sunset of unequalled splendour. L., finding that enthusiasm was his cue, played off various sentimental antics, peeped through his fingers, threw his head on one side, exclaiming, "Magnificent, by Jove! grand! grandissimo! It just reminds me of what Shakspeare says: 'Fair Aurora'—I forget the rest."

V. with his hands in his pockets, contemplated the superb

spectacle—the mountains, the valley, the city flooded with a crimson glory, and the river flowing at our feet like molten gold—he gazed on it all with a look of placid satisfaction, and then broke out—"Well! this does one's heart good!"

L. (I owe him this justice) is not the author of the famous blunder which is now repeated in every circle. I am assured it was our neighbour Lord G., though I scarce believe it, who, on being presented with the Countess of Albany's card, exclaimed—"The Countess of Albany! Ah!—true—I remember: wasn't she the widow of Charles the Second, who married Ariosto?" There is in this celebrated *bevue* a glorious confusion of times and persons, beyond even my friend L.'s capacity.

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The whole party are gone to the Countess of Albany's to-night to take leave; that being, as L. says, "the correct thing." Our notions of correctness vary with country and climate. What Englishwoman at Florence would not be a *au désespoir*, to be shut from the Countess of Albany's parties—though it is a known and indisputable fact that she was never married to Alfieri? Apropos d'Alfieri—I have just been reading a selection of his tragedies—his Filippo, the Pazzi, Virginia, Mirra; and when I have finished Saul, I will read no more of them for some time. There is a superabundance of harsh energy, and a want of simplicity, tenderness, and repose throughout, which fatigues me, until admiration becomes an effort instead of a pleasurable feeling. Marochesi, a celebrated tragedian, who, Minutti says, understood "*la vera filosofia della comica*," used to recite Alfieri's tragedies with him or to him. Alfieri was himself a bad actor and declaimer. I am surprised that the tragedy of Mirra should be a great favourite on the stage here. A very young actress, who made her debût in this character, enchanted the whole city by the admirable manner in which she performed it; and the piece was played for eighteen nights successively; a singular triumph for an actress, though not uncommon for a singer. In spite of its many beauties and the artful management of the story, it would, I think, be as impossible to make an English audience endure the Mirra, as to find an English actress who would exhibit herself in so revolting a part.

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Tuesday.—Our last day at Florence. I walked down to the San Lorenzo this morning early, and made a sketch of the

sarcophagus of Lorenzo de' Medici. Afterward we spent an hour in the gallery, and bade adieu to the Venus—

O bella Venere !
Che sola sei,
Piacer degli uomini
E degli dei !

When I went to take a last look of Titian's Flora, I found it removed from its station, and an artist employed in copying it. I could have envied the lady for whom this copy was intended; but comforted myself with the conviction that no hireling dauber in water-colours could do justice to the heavenly original, which only wants motion and speech to live indeed. We then spent nearly two hours in the Pitti palace; and the court having lately removed to Pisa, we had an opportunity of seeing Canova's Venus, which is placed in one of the Grand Duke's private apartments. She stands in the centre of a small cabinet, panelled with mirrors, which reflect her at once in every possible point of view. This statue was placed on the pedestal of the Venus de Medicis during her forced residence at Paris; and is justly considered as the triumph of modern art: but though a most beautiful creature, she is not a goddess. I looked in vain for that full divinity, that ethereal something which breathes round the Venus of the Tribune. In another private room are two magnificent landscapes by Salvator Rosa.

Every good Catholic has a portrait of the Virgin hung at the head of his bed; partly as an object of devotion, and partly to scare away the powers of evil: and for this purpose the Grand Duke has suspended by his bedside one of the most beautiful of Raffaelle's Madonnas. Truly, I admire the good taste of his piety, though it is rather selfish thus to appropriate such a gem, when the merest daub would answer the same purpose. It was only by secret bribery I obtained a peep at this picture, as the room is not publicly shown.

The lower classes at Florence are in general ill-looking; nor have I seen one handsome woman since I came here. Their costume too is singularly unbecoming; but there is an airy cheerfulness and vivacity in their countenances, and a civility in their manners which is pleasing to a stranger. I was surprised to see the women, even the servant-girls, decorated with necklaces of real pearl, of considerable beauty and value. On expressing my surprise at this to a shopkeeper's wife, she

informed me that these necklaces are handed down as a kind of heir-loom from mother to daughter; and a young woman is considered as dowered who possesses a handsome chain of pearl. If she has no hope of one in reversion, she buys out of her little earnings a pearl at a time, till she has completed a necklace.

The style of swearing at Florence is peculiarly elegant and classical. I hear the vagabonds in the street adjuring Venus and Bacchus; and my shoemaker swore, "by the aspect of Diana," that he would not take less than ten pauls for what was worth about three;—yet was the knave forsworn.

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JOURNEY TO ROME.

SOFFRI E TACI.

Ye empty shadows of unreal good!
Phantoms of joy!—too long—too far pursued,
Farewell! no longer will I idly mourn
O'er vanish'd hopes that never can return;
No longer pine o'er hoarded griefs—nor chide
The cold vain world, whose falsehood I have tried.
Me, never more can sweet affections move,
Nor smiles awake to confidence and love:
To *me*, no more can disappointment spring,
Nor wrong, nor scorn one bitter moment bring!
With a firm spirit—though a breaking heart,
Subdu'd to act through life my weary part,
Its closing scenes in patience I await,
And by a stern endurance, conquer fate.

December 8.—In beginning another volume, I feel almost inclined to throw the last into the fire: as in writing it I have generally begun the record of one day by tearing away the half of what was written the day before; but though it contains much that I would rather forget, and some things written under the impression of pain, and sick and irritable feelings, I will not yet *ungratefully* destroy it. I have frequently owed to my little Diary not amusement only, but consolation. It has gradually become not only the faithful depository of my recollections, but the confidante of my feelings, and the sole witness of my tears. I know not if this be wise: but if it be folly, I have the comfort of knowing that a mere act of my will destroys for ever the record of my weakness; and meantime a confidante whose mouth is sealed with a patent lock and key,

and whom I can put out of existence in a single moment, is not dangerous; so, as Lord Byron elegantly expresses it, "*Here goes.*"

We left Florence this morning; and saw the sun rise upon a country so enchantingly beautiful, that I dare not trust myself to description: but I felt it, and still feel it—almost in my heart. The blue cloudless sky, the sun pouring his beams upon a land which even in this wintry season smiles when others languish—the soft varied character of the scenery, comprising every species of natural beauty—the green slope, the woody hill, the sheltered valley,—the deep dales, into which we could just peep, as the carriage whirled us too rapidly by—the rugged fantastic rocks, cultivated plains, and sparkling rivers, and, beyond all, the chain of the Appenines with light clouds floating across them, or resting in their recesses—all this I saw, and felt, and shall not forget.

I write this at Arezzo, the birth-place of Petrarch, of Redi, of Pignotti, and of that Guido who discovered counter-point. Whether Arezzo is remarkable for any thing else, I am too sleepy to recollect: and as we depart early to-morrow morning, it would only tantalize me to remember. We arrived here late, by the light of a most resplendent moon. If such is this country in winter, what must it be in summer?

9*th*, *at Perugia.*—All the beauties of natural scenery have been combined with historical associations, to render our journey of to-day most interesting; and with a mind more at ease, nothing had been wanting to render this one of the most delightful days I have spent abroad.

At Cortona, Hannibal slept the night before the battle of Thrasymene. Soon after leaving this town on our left, we came in view of the lake, and the old tower on its banks. There is an ancient ruin on a high eminence to the left, which our postillion called the "Forteressa di Annibale il Carthago." Further on, the Gualandra hills seem to circle round the lake; and here was the scene of the battle. The channel of the Sanguinetto, which then ran red with the best blood of Rome and Carthage, was dry when we crossed it—

> "And hooting boys might dry-shod pass,
> And gather pebbles from the naked ford."

While we traversed the field of battle at a slow pace, V., who had his Livy in his pocket, read aloud his minute description of the engagement: and we could immediately point out

the different places mentioned by the historian. The whole valley and the hills around are now covered with olive woods; and from an olive-tree which grew close to the edge of the lake, I snatched a branch as we passed by, and shall preserve it—an emblem of peace, from the theatre of slaughter. The whole landscape, as we looked back upon it from a hill on this side of the Casa del Rano, was exceedingly beautiful. The lake seemed to slumber in the sunshine; and Passignano jutting into the water, with its castellated buildings, the two little woody islands, and the undulating hills enclosing the whole, as if to shut it from the world, made it look like a scene fit only to be peopled by fancy's fairest creations, if the remembrance of its blood-stained glories had not started up, to rob it of half its beauty. Mrs. R—— compared it to the lake of Geneva; but in my own mind I would not admit the comparison. The lake of Geneva stands alone in its beauty; for there the sublimest and the softest features of nature are united: there the wonderful, the wild, and the beautiful, blend in one mighty scene; and love and heroism, poetry and genius, have combined to hallow its shores. The lake of Perugia is far more circumscribed: the scenery around it wants grandeur and extent; though so beautiful in itself, that if no comparison had been made, no want would have been suggested: and on the bloody field of Thrasymene I looked with curiosity and interest unmingled with pleasure. I have long survived my sympathy with the fighting heroes of antiquity. All this I thought as we slowly walked up the hill, but I was silent as usual: as Jaques says, "I can think of as many matters as other men, but I praise God, and make no boast of it." We arrived here too late to see any thing of the city.

Dec. 10th, at Turni.—The ridiculous *contretemps* we sometimes meet with would be matter of amusement to me if they did not affect others. And in truth, as far as paying well, and scolding well, can go, it is impossible to travel more magnificently, more *à la milor Anglais* than we do: but there is no controlling fate; and here, as our evil destinies will have it, a company of strolling actors had taken possession of the best quarters before our arrival; and our accommodations are, I must confess, tolerably bad.

When we left Perugia this morning, the city, throned upon its lofty eminence, with its craggy rocks, its tremendous fortifications, and its massy gateways, had an imposing effect. Forwards, we looked over a valley, which so resembled a lake, the hills projecting above the glittering white vapour having

the appearance of islands scattered over its surface, that at the first glance I was positively deceived; and all my topographical knowledge, which I had conned on the map the night before, completely put to the rout. As the day advanced, this white mist sank gradually to the earth, like a veil dropped from the form of a beautiful woman, and nature stood disclosed in all her loveliness.

Trevi, on its steep and craggy hill, detached from the chain of mountains, looked beautiful as we gazed up at it, with its buildings mingled with rocks and olives—

I had written thus far, when we were all obliged to decamp in haste to our respective bed-rooms: as it is found necessary to convert our salon into a dormitory. I know I shall be tired, and very tired to-morrow,—therefore add a few words in pencil, before the impressions now fresh on my mind are obscured.

After Trevi came the Clitumnus with its little fairy temple; and we left the carriage to view it from below, and drink of the classic stream. The temple (now a chapel) is not much in itself, and was voted in bad taste by some of our party. To me the tiny fane, the glassy river, more pure and limpid than any fabled or famous fountain of old, the beautiful hills, the sunshine, and the associations connected with the whole scene, were enchanting; and I could not at the moment descend to architectural criticism.

The road to Spoleto was a succession of olive grounds, vineyards, and rich woods. The vines with their skeleton boughs looked wintry and miserable; but the olives, now in full fruit and foliage, intermixed with the cypress, the ilex, the cork-tree, and the pine, clothed the landscape with a many-tinted robe of verdure.

While sitting in the open carriage at Spoleto, waiting for horses, I saw one of that magnificent breed of "milk-white steers," for which the banks of the Clitumnus have been famed from all antiquity, led past me gayly decorated, to be baited on a plain without the city. As the noble creature, serene and unresisting, paced along, followed by a wild, ferocious-looking, and far more brutal rabble, I would have given all I possessed to redeem him from his tormentors: but it was in vain. As we left the city, we heard his tremendous roar of agony and rage echo from the rocks. I stopped my ears, and was glad when we were whirled out of hearing. The impression left upon my nerves by this rencounter, makes me dislike to remember Spoleto: yet I believe it is a beautiful and interesting place. Hannibal, as I recollect, besieged this city, but was

bravely repulsed. I could say much more of the scenes and the feelings of to-day ; but my pencil refuses to mark another letter.

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December 11th, at Civita Castellana.

I could not write a word to-night in the salon, because I wished to listen to the conversation of two intelligent travellers, who, arriving after us, were obliged to occupy the same apartment. Our accommodations here are indeed deplorable altogether. After studying the geography of my bed, and finding no spot thereon to which Sancho's couch of pack-saddles and pummels would not be a bed of down in comparison, I ordered a fresh fagot on my hearth : they brought me some ink in a gally-pot—*invisible* ink—for I cannot see what I am writing ; and I sit down to scribble, *pour me desennuyer*.

This morning we set off to visit the Falls of Terni (La cascata di Marmore) in two carriages and four : O such equipages !—such rat-like steeds ! such picturesque accoutrements ! and such poetical-looking guides and postillions, ragged, cloaked, and whiskered !—but it was all consistent : the wild figures harmonized with the wild landscape. We passed a singular fortress on the top of a steep insulated rock, which had formerly been inhabited by a band of robbers and their families, who were with great difficulty, and after a regular siege, dislodged by a party of soldiers, and the place dismantled. In its present ruined state, it has a very picturesque effect ; and though the presence of the banditti would no doubt have added greatly to the romance of the scene, on the present occasion we excused their absence.

We visited the falls both above and below, but unfortunately we neither saw them from the best point of view, nor at the best season. The body of waters is sometimes ten times greater, as I was assured—but can scarce believe it possible. The words " Hell of waters," used by Lord Byron, would not have occurred to me while looking at this cataract, which impresses the astonished mind with an overwhelming idea of power, might, magnificence, and impetuosity ; but blends at the same time all that is most tremendous in sound and motion, with all that is most bright and lovely in forms, in colours, and in scenery.

As I stood close to the edge of the precipice, immediately under the great fall, I felt my respiration gone : I turned giddy, almost faint, and was obliged to lean against the rock for sup-

port. The mad plunge of the waters, the deafening roar, the presence of a power which no earthly force could resist or control, struck me with an awe almost amounting to terror. A bright sunbow stood over the torrent, which, seen from below, has the appearance of a luminous white arch bending from rock to rock. The whole scene was—but how can I say what it was? I have exhausted my stock of fine words; and must be content with silent recollections, and the sense of admiration and wonder unexpressed.

Below the fall, an inundation which took place a year ago undermined and carried away part of the banks of the Nera, at the same time laying open an ancient Roman bridge, which had been buried for ages. The channel of the river and the depth of the soil must have been greatly altered since this bridge was erected.

When we returned to the inn at Terni, and while the horses were putting to, I took up a volume of Eustace's tour, which some traveller had accidentally left on the table; and turning to the description of Terni, read part of it, but quickly threw down the book with indignation, deeming all his verbiage the merest nonsense I had ever met with: in fact, it *is* nonsense to attempt to image in words an individual scene like this. When we had made out our description as accurately as possible, it would do as well for any other cataract in the world: we can only combine rocks, wood, and water in certain proportions. A good picture may give a tolerable idea of a particular scene or landscape: but no picture, no painter, not Ruysdael himself, can give a just idea of a cataract. The lifeless, silent, unmoving image is there: but where is the thundering roar, the terrible velocity, the glory of refracted light, the eternity of sound, and infinity of motion, in which essentially its effect consists?

In the valley beneath the Falls of Terni, there is a beautiful retired little villa, which was once occupied by the late Queen Caroline: and in the gardens adjoining it, we gathered oranges from the trees ourselves for the first time. After passing Mount Soracte, of classical fame, we took leave of the Appenines; having lived among them ever since we left Bologna.

The costume of this part of the country is very gay and picturesque: the women wear a white head-dress formed of a square kerchief, which hangs down upon the shoulders, and is attached to the hair by a silver pin; a boddice half laced, and decorated with knots of riband, and a short scarlet petticoat complete their attire. Between Perugia and Terni I did not

see one woman without a coral necklace ; and those who have the power load themselves with trinkets and ornaments.

Rome, December 12th.

The morning broke upon us so beautifully between Civita Castellana and Nevi, that we lauded our good fortune, and anticipated a glorious approach to the "Eternal City." We were impatient to reach the heights of Baccano ; from which, at the distance of fifteen miles, we were to view the cross of St. Peter's glittering on the horizon, while the postillions, rising in their stirrups, should point forward with exultation, and exclaim "ROMA!" But, O vain hope! who can control their fate? just before we reached Baccano, impenetrable clouds enveloped the whole Campagna. The mist dissolved into a drizzling rain ; and when we entered the city, it poured in torrents. Since we left England, this is only the third time it has rained while we were on the road ; it seems therefore unconscionable to murmur. But to lose the first view of Rome! the first view of the dome of St. Peter's! no—that lost moment will never be retrieved through our whole existence.

We found it difficult to obtain suitable accommodation for our numerous *cortège*, the Hotel d'Europe, and the Hotel de Londres being quite full : and for the present we are rather indifferently lodged in the Albergo di Parigi.

So here we are, in ROME! where we have been for the last five hours, and have not seen an inch of the city beyond the dirty pavement of the Via Santa Croce ; where an excellent dinner cooked *à l'Anglaise*, a blazing fire, a drawing-room snugly carpeted and curtained, and the rain beating against our windows, would almost persuade us that we are in London ; and every now and then, it is with a kind of surprise that I remind myself that I am really in Rome. Heaven send us but a fine day to-morrow!

13*th*.—The day arose as beautiful, as brilliant, as cloudless as I could have desired for the first day in Rome. About seven o'clock, and before any one was ready for breakfast, I walked out ; and directing my steps by mere chance to the left, found myself in the Piazza di Spagna, and opposite to a gigantic flight of marble stairs leading to the top of a hill. I was at the summit in a moment ; and breathless and agitated by a thousand feelings, I leaned against the obelisk, and looked over the whole city. I knew not where I was : nor among the crowded mass of buildings, the innumerable domes and towers, and vanes and pinnacles, brightened by the ascending sun, could I for a while

distinguish a single known object; for my eyes and my heart were both too full: but in a few minutes my powers of perception returned; and in the huge round bulk of the castle of St. Angelo, and the immense façade and soaring cupola of St. Peter's, I knew I could not be mistaken. I gazed and gazed as if I would have drunk it all in at my eyes: and then descending the superb flight of steps rather more leisurely than I had ascended, I was in a moment at the door of our hotel.

The rest of the day I wish I could forget—I found letters from England on the breakfast table—

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Until dinner-time we were driving through the narrow dirty streets at the mercy of a stupid *laquais de place*, in search of better accommodations, but without success: and, on the whole, I fear I shall always remember too well the disagreeable and painful impressions of my first day in Rome.

Dec. 18*th.*—A week has now elapsed, and I begin to know and feel Rome a little better than I did. The sites of the various buildings, the situations of the most interesting objects, and the bearings of the principal hills, the Capitol, the Palatine, the Aventine, and the Æsquiline, have become familiar to me, assisted in my perambulations by an excellent plan. I have been disappointed in nothing, for I expected that the general appearance of modern Rome would be mean; and that the impression made by the ancient city would be melancholy; and I had been, unfortunately, too well prepared, by previous reading, for all I see, to be astonished by any thing except the Museum of the Vatican.

I entered St. Peter's expecting to be struck dumb with admiration, and accordingly it was so. A feeling of vastness filled my whole mind, and made it disagreeable, almost impossible to speak or exclaim: but it was a style of grandeur, exciting rather than oppressive to the imagination, nor did I experience any thing like that sombre and reverential awe, I have felt on entering one of our Gothic minsters. The interior of St. Peter's is all airy magnificence and gigantic splendour; light and sunshine pouring in on every side; gilding and gay colours, marbles and pictures dazzling the eye above, below, around. The effect of the whole has not diminished in a second and third visit; but rather grows upon me. I can never utter a word for the first ten minutes after I enter the church.

For the museum of the Vatican, I confess I was totally unprepared; and the first and second time I walked through the

galleries, I was so amazed—so intoxicated, that I could not fix my attention upon any individual object except the Apollo, upon which, as I walked along confused and lost in wonder and enchantment, I stumbled accidentally, and stood spell-bound. Gallery beyond gallery, hall within hall, temple within temple, new splendours opening at every step! of all the creations of luxurious art, the museum of the Vatican may alone defy any description to do it justice, or any fancy to conceive the unimaginable variety of its treasures. When I remember that the French had the audacious and sacrilegious vanity to snatch from these glorious sanctuaries the finest specimens of art, and hide them in their villanous old gloomy Louvre, I am confounded.

I have been told, and can well believe, that the whole *giro* of the galleries exceed two miles.

I have not yet studied the frescoes of Raffaelle sufficiently to feel all their perfection; and should be in despair at my own dulness, were I not consoled by the recollection of Sir Joshua Reynolds. At present, one of Raffaelle's divine Virgins delights me more than all his camere and logie together; but I can look upon them with due veneration, and grieve to see the ravages of time and damp.

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19*th*.—Last night we took advantage of a brilliant full moon to visit the Coliseum by moonlight; and if I came away disappointed of the pleasure I had expected, the fault was not in me nor in the scene around me. In its sublime and heart-stirring beauty, it more than equalled, it surpassed all I had anticipated—but—(there must always be a *but!* always in the realities of this world something to disgust;) it happened that one or two gentlemen joined our party—young men, too, and classical scholars, who perhaps thought it fine to affect a well-bred *nonchalance*, a fashionable disdain for all romance and enthusiasm, and amused themselves with *quizzing* our guide, insulting the gloom, the grandeur, and the silence around them, with loud impertinent laughter at their own poor jokes; and I was obliged to listen, sad and disgusted, to their empty and tasteless and misplaced flippancy. The young barefooted friar, with his dark lantern, and his black eyes flashing from under his cowl, who acted as our cicerone, was in picturesque unison with the scene; but—more than one murder having lately been committed among the labyrinthine recesses of the ruin, the government has given orders that every person entering after dusk should be attended by a guard of

two soldiers. These fellows therefore necessarily walked close after our heels, smoking, spitting, and spluttering German. Such were my companions, and such was my *cortège*. I returned home vowing that while I remained at Rome, nothing should induce me to visit the Coliseum by moonlight again.

To-day I was standing before the Laocoon with Rogers, who remarked that the absence of all parental feeling in the aspect of Laocoon, his self-engrossed indifference to the sufferings of his children (which is noticed and censured, I think, by Dr. Moore) adds to the pathos, if properly considered, by giving the strongest possible idea of that physical agony which the sculptor intended to represent. It may be so, and I thought there was both truth and *tacte* in the poet's observation.

The Perseus of Canova does not please me so well as his Paris; there is more simplicity and repose in the latter statue, less of that theatrical air which I think is the common fault of Canova's figures.

It is absolutely necessary to look at the Perseus before you look at the Apollo, in order to do the former justice. I have gazed with admiration at the Perseus for minutes together, then walked from it to the Apollo, and felt instantaneously, but could not have expressed, the difference. The first is indeed a beautiful statue, the latter "breathes the flame with which 'twas wrought," as if the sculptor had left a portion of his own soul within the marble to half-animate his glorious creation. The want of this informing life is strongly felt in the Perseus, when contemplated after the Apollo. It is delightful when the imagination rises in the scale of admiration, when we ascend from excellence to perfection; but excellence after perfection is absolute inferiority; it sinks below itself, and the descent is so disagreeable and disappointing, that we can seldom estimate justly the object before us. We make comparisons involuntarily in a case where comparisons are odious.

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The weather is cold here during the prevalence of the tramontana; but I enjoy the brilliant skies and the delicious purity of the air, which leaves the eye free to wander over a vast extent of space. Looking from the gallery of the Belvedere at sunset this evening, I clearly saw Tivoli, Albano, and Frascati, although all Rome and part of the Campagna lay between me and those towns. The outlines of every building, ruin, hill, and wood were so distinctly marked, and *stood out* so brightly to the eye! and the full round moon, magnified through the purple vapour which floated over the Appenines,

rose just over Tivoli, adding to the beauty of the scene. O Italy! how I wish I could transport hither all I love! how I wish I were well enough, happy enough to enjoy all the lovely things I see! but pain is mingled with all I behold, all I feel: a cloud seems for ever before my eyes, a weight for ever presses down my heart. I know it is wrong to repine; and that I ought rather to be thankful for the pleasurable sensations yet spared to me, than lament that they are so few. When I take up my pen to record the impressions of the day, I sometimes turn within myself, and wonder how it is possible that amid the strife of feelings not all subdued, and the desponding of the heart, the mind should still retain its faculties unobscured, and the imagination all its vivacity and its susceptibility to pleasure, like the beautiful sunbow I saw at the Falls of Terni, bending so bright and so calm over the verge of the abyss which toiled and raged below.

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22*d*.—This morning was devoted to the Capitol, where the objects of art are ill arranged and too crowded: the lights are not well managed, and on the whole I could not help wishing, in spite of my veneration for the Capitol, that some at least among the divine master-pieces it contains could be transferred to the glorious halls of the Vatican, and shrined in temples worthy of them.

The objects which most struck me were the dying Gladiator, the Antinous, the Flora, and the statue called (I know not on what authority) the Faun of Praxiteles.

The dying Gladiator is the chief boast of the Capitol. The antiquarian Nibby insists that this statue represents a Gaul, that the sculpture is Grecian, that it formed part of a group on a pediment, representing the vengeance which Apollo took on the Gauls, when under their king Brennus they attacked the temple of Delphi: that the cord round the neck is a twisted chain, an ornament peculiar to the Gauls; and that the form of the shield, the bugles, the style of the hair, and the mustachios, all prove it to be a Gaul. I asked, "why should such faultless, such exquisite sculpture be thrown away upon a high pediment?" the affecting expression of the countenance, the head "bowed low and full of death," the gradual failure of the strength and sinking of the form, the blood slowly trickling from his side—how could any spectator, contemplating it at a vast height, be sensible of these minute traits—the distinguishing perfections of this matchless statue? It was replied, that many of the ancient buildings were so constructed, that it was

possible to ascend and examine the sculpture above the cornice, and though some statues so placed were unfinished at the back (for instance some of the figures which belonged to the group of Niobe), others (and he mentioned the Ægina marbles as an example) were as highly finished behind as before. I owned myself unwilling to consider the Gladiator a Gaul, but the reasoning struck me, and I am too unlearned to weigh the arguments he used, much less confute them. That the statue being of Grecian marble and Grecian sculpture must therefore have come from Greece, does not appear a conclusive argument, since the Romans commonly employed Greek artists: and as to the rest of the argument,—suppose that in a dozen centuries hence, the charming statue of Lady Louisa Russel should be discovered under the ruins of Woburn Abbey, and that by a parity of reasoning, the production of Chantrey's chisel should be attributed to Italy and Canova, merely because it is cut from a block of Carrara marble?—we might smile at such a conclusion.

Among the pictures in the gallery of the Capitol, the one most highly valued pleases me least of all—the Europa of Paul Veronese. The splendid colouring and copious fancy of this master can never reconcile me to his strange anomalies in composition, and his sins against good taste and propriety. One wishes that he had allayed the heat of his fancy with some cooling drops of discretion. Even his colouring, so admired in general, has something florid and meretricious to my eye and taste.

One of the finest pictures here is Domenichino's Cumean Sibyl, which, like all other master-pieces, defies the copyist and engraver. The Sibilla Persica of Guercino hangs a little to the left; and with her contemplative air, and the pen in her hand, she looks as if she were recording the effusions of her more inspired sister. The former is a chaste and beautiful picture, full of feeling and sweetly coloured; but the vicinity of Domenichino's magnificent creation throws it rather into shade. Two unfinished pictures, upon which Guido was employed at the time of his death, are preserved in the Capitol: one is the Bacchus and Ariadne, so often engraved and copied; the other, a single figure, the size of life, represents the Soul of the righteous man ascending to heaven. Had Guido lived to finish this divine picture, it would have been one of his most splendid productions; but he was snatched away to realize, I trust, in his own person, his sublime conception. The head alone is finished, or nearly so; and has a most ecstatic ex-

pression. The globe of the earth seems to sink from beneath the floating figure, which is just sketched upon the canvass, and has a shadowy indistinctness which to my fancy added to its effect. Guercino's chef-d'œuvre, the Resurrection of Saint Petronilla (a saint, I believe, of very hypothetical fame), is also here, and has been copied in mosaic for St. Peter's. A magnificent Rubens, the She Wolf nursing Romulus and Remus; a fine copy of Raffaelle's Triumph of Galatea by Giulo Romano; Domenichino's Saint Barbara, with the same lovely inspired eyes he always gives his female saints, and a long et cetera.

From the Capitol we immediately drove to the Borghese Palace, where I spent half an hour looking at the picture *called* the Cumean Sibyl of Domenichino, and am more and more convinced that it is a Saint Cecilia, and not a Sibyl.

We have now visited the Borghese Palace four times; and apropos to pictures, I may as well make a few memoranda of its contents. It is not the most numerous, but it is by far the most valuable and select private gallery in Rome.

Domenichino's Chase of Diana, with the two beautiful nymphs in the foreground, is a splendid picture. Titian's Sacred and Profane Love puzzles me completely: I neither understand the name nor the intention of the picture. It is evidentally allegorical: but an allegory very clumsily expressed. The aspect of Sacred Love would answer just as well for Profane Love. What is that little Cupid about, who is grouping in the cistern behind? why does Profane Love wear gloves? The picture, though so provokingly obscure in its subject, is most divinely painted. The three Graces, by the same master, is also here; two heads by Giorgione, distinguished by all his peculiar depth of character and sentiment, some exquisite Albanos; one of Raffaelle's finest portraits—and in short, an endless variety of excellence. I feel my taste become more and more fastidious every day.

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This morning we heard mass at the Pope's Chapel; the service was read by Cardinal Fesche, and the venerable old pope himself, robed and mitred *en grand costume*, was present. No females are allowed to enter without veils, and we were very ungallantly shut up behind a sort of grating, where, though we had a tolerable view of the ceremonial going forward, it was scarcely possible for us to be seen. Cardinal Gonsalvi sat so near us, that I had leisure and opportunity to contemplate the fine intellectual head and acute features of

this remarkable man. I thought his countenance had something of the Wellesley cast.

The Pope's Chapel is decorated in the most exquisite taste; splendid at once and chaste. There are no colours—the whole interior being white and gold.

At an unfortunate moment, Lady Morgan's ludicrous description of the twisting and untwisting of the Cardinal's tails came across me, and made me smile very *mal apropos:* it is certainly from the life. Whenever this lively and clever woman describes what she has actually seen with her own eyes, she is as accurately true as she is witty and entertaining. Her sketches after nature are admirable; but her observations and inferences are coloured by her peculiar and rather unfeminine habits of thinking. I never read her "*Italy*" till the day, when L., whose valet had contrived to smuggle it into Rome, offered to lend it to me. It is one of the books most rigorously proscribed here; and if the Padre Anfossi or any of his satellites had discovered it in my hands, I should assuredly have been fined in a sum beyond what I should have liked to pay.

We concluded the morning at St. Peter's, where we arrived in time for the anthem.

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23.—Our visit to the Barberini Palace to-day was solely to view the famous portrait of Beatrice Cenci. Her appalling story is still as fresh in remembrance here, and her name and fate as familiar in the mouths of every class, as if, instead of two centuries, she had lived two days ago. In spite of the innumerable copies and prints I have seen, I was more struck than I can express by the dying beauty of the Cenci. In the face, the expression of heart-sinking anguish and terror is just not *too* strong, leaving the loveliness of the countenance unimpaired; and there is a wo-begone negligence in the streaming hair and loose drapery which adds to its deep pathos. It is consistent too with the circumstances under which the picture is traditionally said to have been painted—that is, in the interval between her torture and her execution.

A little daughter of the Princess Barberini was seated in the same room, knitting. She was a beautiful little creature; and as my eye glanced from her to the picture and back again, I fancied I could trace a strong family resemblance; particularly about the eyes, and the very peculiar mouth. I turned back to ask her whether she had ever been told that she was like

that picture? pointing to the Cenci. She shook back her long curls, and answered with a blush and a smile, "yes, often."*

The Barberini Palace contains other treasures besides the Cenci. Poussin's celebrated picture of the Death of Germanicus, Raffaelle's Fornarina, inferior I thought to the one at Florence, and a St. Andrew by Guido, in his very best style of heads, "mild, pale, and penetrating;" besides others which I cannot at this moment recall.

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24.—Yesterday, after chapel, I walked through part of the Vatican; and then, about vesper-time, entered St. Peter's, expecting to hear the anthem: but I was disappointed. I found the church as usual crowded with English, who every Sunday convert St. Peter's into a kind of Hyde Park, where they promenade arm in arm, show off their finery, laugh, and talk aloud: as if the size and splendour of the edifice detracted in any degree from its sacred character. I was struck with a feeling of disgust; and shocked to see this most glorious temple of the Deity metamorphosed into a mere theatre. Mr. W. told me this morning, that in consequence of the shameful conduct of the English, in pressing in and out of the chapel, occupying all the seats, irreverently interrupting the service, and almost excluding the natives, the anthem will not be sung in future.

This is not the first time that the behaviour of the English has created offence, in spite of the friendly feeling which exists towards us, and the allowances which are made for our national character. Last year the pope objected to the indecent custom of making St. Peter's a place of fashionable rendezvous, and notified to Cardinal Gonsalvi his desire that English ladies and gentlemen should not be seen arm in arm walking up and down the aisles, during and after divine service. The cardinal, as the best means of proceeding, spoke to the Duchess of Devonshire, who signified the wishes of the Papal Court to a large party, assembled at her house. The hint, so judiciously and so delicately given, was at the time attended to, and during a short interval the offence complained of ceased. New comers

* The family of the Cenci was a branch of the house of Colonna, now extinct in the direct male line. The last Prince Colonna left two daughters, co-heiresses, of whom one married the Prince Sciarra, and the other the Prince Barberini. In this manner the portrait of Beatrice Cenci came into the Barberini family. The authenticity of this interesting picture has been disputed: but last night, after hearing the point extremely well contested by two intelligent men, I remained convinced of its authenticity.

have since recommenced the same course of conduct: and in fact, nothing *could* be worse than the exhibition of gayety and frivolity, gallantry and coquetterie at St. Peter's yesterday. I almost wish the Pope may interfere, and with rigour; though, individually, I should lose a high gratification if our visits to St. Peter's were interdicted. It is surely most ill-judged and unfeeling (to say nothing of the *profanation*, for such it is), to show such open contempt for the Roman Catholic religion in its holiest, grandest temple, and under the very eyes of the head of that church. I blushed for my country-women.

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On Christmas Eve we went in a large party to visit some of the principal churches, and witness the celebration of the Nativity; one of the most splendid ceremonies of the Romish Church. We arrived at the chapel of Monte Cavallo about half-past nine: but the pope being ill and absent, nothing particular was going forward; and we left it to proceed to the San Luigi dei Francesi; where we found the church hung from the floor to the ceiling with garlands of flowers, blazing with light, and resounding with heavenly music: but the crowd was intolerable, the people dirty, and there was such an effluence of strong perfumes, in which garlic predominated, that our physical sensations overcame our curiosity: and we were glad to make our escape. We then proceeded to the church of the Ara Celi, built on the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and partly from its ruins. The scene here, from the gloomy grandeur and situation of the church, was exceedingly fine: but we did not stay long enough to see the concluding procession, as we were told it would be much finer at the Santa Maria Maggiore; for there the *real* manger which had received our Saviour at his birth was deposited: and this inestimable relic was to be displayed to the eyes of the devout; and a waxen figure laid within (called here Il Bambino) was to be carried in procession round the church, "with pomp, with music, and with triumphing."

The *real* cradle was a temptation not to be withstood: and to witness this signal prostration of the human intellect before ignorant and crafty superstition, we adjourned to the Santa Maria Maggiore. For processions and shows I care very little, but not for any thing, not for all I suffered at the moment, would I have missed the scene which the interior of the church exhibited; for it is impossible that any description could have given me the faintest idea of it. This most noble edifice, with its perfect proportions, its elegant Ionic columns, and its ma-

jestic simplicity, appeared transformed, for the time being, into the temple of some Pagan divinity. Lights and flowers, incense and music, were all around: and the spacious aisles were crowded with the lowest classes of the people, the inhabitants of the neighbouring hills, and the peasantry of the Campagna, who, with their wild ruffian-like figures and picturesque costumes, were lounging about, or seated at the bases of pillars, or praying before the altars. How I wished to paint some of the groups I saw! but only Rembrandt could have done them justice.

We remained at the Santa Maria Maggiore till four o'clock, and no procession appearing, our patience was exhausted. I nearly fainted on my chair from excessive fatigue; and some of our party had absolutely laid themselves down on the steps of an altar, and were fast asleep; we therefore returned home, completely knocked up with the night's dissipation.

27.—"Come," said L. just now, as he drew his chair to the fire, and rubbed his hands with great complacency, "I think we've worked pretty hard to-day; three palaces, four churches —besides odds and ends of ruins we despatched in the way: to say nothing of old Nibby's lectures in the morning about the Volces, the Saturnines, the Albanians, and the other old Romans —by Jove! I almost fancied myself at school again—

'*Armis vitrumque canter,*'

as old Virgil or somebody else says. So now let's have a little écarté to put it all out of our heads:—for my brains have turned round like a windmill, by Jove! ever since I was on the top of that cursed steeple on the capitol," &c. &c.

I make a resolution to myself every morning before breakfast, that I will be prepared with a decent stock of good-nature and forbearance, and not laugh at my friend L.'s absurdities; but in vain are my amiable intentions: his blunders and his follies surpass all anticipation, as they defy all powers of gravity. I console myself with the conviction that such is his slowness of perception he does not see that he is the *butt* of every party; and such his obtuseness of feeling, that if he did see it he would not mind it; but he is the heir to twenty-five thousand a year, and therefore, as R. said, he can afford to be laughed at.

We "despatched," as L. says, a good deal to-day, though I did not "work quite so hard" as the rest of the party: in fact I was obliged to return home from fatigue, after having visited

the Doria and Sciarra Palaces (the last for the second time) and the church of San Pietro in Vincoli.

The Doria Palace contains the largest collection of pictures in Rome: but they are in a dirty, neglected condition, and many of the best are placed in the worst possible light: added to this, there is such a number of bad and indifferent pictures, that one ought to visit the Doria Gallery half a dozen times merely to select those on which a cultivated taste would dwell with pleasure. Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of Joanna of Naples, is considered one of the most valuable pictures in the collection. It exhibits the same cast of countenance which prevails through all his female heads, a sort of sentimental, simpering affectation which is very disagreeable, and not at all consistent with the character of Joanna. I was much more delighted by some magnificent portraits by Titian and Rubens; and by a copy of the famous antique picture, the Nozze Aldobrandini, executed in a kindred spirit by the classic pencil of Poussin.

The collection at the Sciarra Palace is small but very select. The pictures are hung with judgment, and well taken care of. The Magdalen, which is considered one of Guido's masterpieces, charmed me most: the countenance is heavenly: though full of ecstatic and devout contemplation, there is in it a touch of melancholy, "all sorrow's softness charmed from its despair," which is quite exquisite: and the attitude, and particularly the turn of the arm, are perfectly graceful: but why those odious turnips and carrots in the foreground? They certainly do not add to the sentiment and beauty of the picture. Leonardo da Vinci's Vanity and Modesty, and Caravaggio's Gamblers, both celebrated pictures in very different styles, are in this collection. I ought not to forget Raffaelle's beautiful portrait of a young musician who was his intimate friend. The Doria and Sciarra Palaces contain the only Claudes I have seen in Rome. Since the acquisition of the Altieri Claudes, we may boast of possessing the finest productions of this master in England. I remember but one solitary Claude in the Florentine gallery; and I see none here equal to those at Lord Grosvenor's and Angerstein's. We visited the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, to see Michael Angelo's famous statue of Moses,—of which, who has not heard? I must confess I never was so disappointed by any work of art as I was by this statue, which is easily accounted for. In the first place, I had not seen any model or copy of the original; and, secondly, I *had* read Zappi's sublime sonnet, which I humbly conceive does rather more than justice to its subject. The fine opening—

"Chi e costui che in dura pietra scolto
Siede *Gigante*"—

gave me the impression of a colossal and elevated figure: my surprise, therefore, was great to see a sitting statue, not much larger than life, and placed nearly on the level of the pavement; so that instead of looking up at it, I almost looked down upon it. The "Doppio raggio in fronte," I found in the shape of a pair of horns, which at the first glance gave something quite Satanic to the head, which disgusted me. When I began to recover from this first disappointment—although my eyes were opened gradually to the sublimity of the attitude, the grand forms of the drapery, and the lips, which unclose as if about to speak—I still think that Zappi's sonnet (his acknowledged chef d'œuvre) is a more sublime production than the chef d'œuvre it celebrates.

The mention of Zappi reminds me of his wife, the daughter of Carlo Maratti, the painter. She was so beautiful that she was her father's favourite model for his Nymphs, Madonnas, and Vestal Virgins; and to her charms she added virtue, and to her virtue uncommon musical and literary talents. Among her poems, there is a sonnet addressed to a lady, once beloved by her husband, beginning

"Donna! che tanto al mio sol piacesti,"

which is one of the most graceful, most feeling, most delicate compositions I ever read. Zappi celebrates his beautiful wife under the name of Clori, and his first mistress under that of Filli: to the latter he has addressed a sonnet, which turns on the same thought as Cowley's well known song, "Love in thine eyes." As they both lived about the same time, it would be hard to tell which of the two borrowed from the other: probably they were both borrowers from some elder poet.

The characteristics of Zappi's style, are tenderness and elegance; he occasionally rises to sublimity; as in the sonnet on the Statue of Moses, and that on Good Friday. He never emulates the flights of Guido or Filicaja, but he is more uniformly graceful and flowing than either: his happy thoughts are not spun out too far,—and his *points* are seldom mere *concetti*.

SONETTO.

DI GIAMBATTISTA ZAPPI.

Amor s'asside alla mia Filli accanto,
Amor la segue ovunque i passi gira :
In lei parla, in lei tace, in lei sospira,
Anzi in lei vive, ond'ella ed ei può tanto.

Amore i vezzi, amor le insegna il canto ;
E se mai duolsi, o se pur mai s'adira,
Da lei non parte amor, anzi se mira
Amor ne le belle ire, amor nel pianto.

Se avvien che danzi in regolato errore,
Darle il moto al bel piede, amor riveggio,
Come l'auretto quando muove un fiore.

Le veggio in fronte amor come in suo seggio,
Sul crin, negli occhi, su le labbra amore,
Sol d'intorno al suo cuore, amor non veggio.

TRANSLATION, EXTEMPORE, OF THE FOREGOING SONNET.

Love, by my fair one's side is ever seen,
He hovers round her steps, where'er she strays,
Breathes in her voice, and in her silence speaks,
Around her lives, and lends her all his arms.

Love is in every glance—Love taught her song ;
And if she weep, or scorn contract her brow,
Still Love departs not from her, but is seen
Even in her lovely anger and her tears.

When, in the mazy dance she glides along
Still Love is near to poise each graceful step :
So breathes the zephyr o'er the yielding flower.

Love in her brow is throned, plays in her hair,
Darts from her eye and glows upon her lip,
But, oh ! he never yet approached her heart.

After being confined to the house for three days, partly by indisposition, and partly by a vile sirocco, which brought, as usual, vapours, clouds, and blue devils in its train—this most lovely day tempted me out ; and I walked with V. over the Monte Cavallo to the Forum of Trajan. After admiring the view from the summit of the pillar, we went on towards the Capitol, which presented a singular scene : the square and street in front, as well as the immense flight of steps, one hundred and fifty in number, which led to the church of the Ara

Celi, were crowded with men, women, and children, all in their holyday dresses. It was with difficulty we made our way through them, though they very civilly made way for us, and we were nearly a quarter of an hour mounting the steps, so dense was the multitude ascending and descending, some on their hands and knees out of extra-devotion. At last we reached the door of the church, where we understood, from the exclamations and gesticulations of those of whom we inquired, something extraordinary was to be seen. On one side of the entrance was a puppet show, on the other a band of musicians, playing "Di tanti palpati." The interior of the church was crowded to suffocation; and all in darkness, except the upper end, where, upon a stage brilliantly and very artificially lighted by unseen lamps, there was an exhibition in wax-work, as large as life, of the Adoration of the Shepherds. The Virgin was habited in the court dress of the last century, as rich as silk and satin, gold-lace, and paste diamonds could make it, with a flaxen wig, and high-heeled shoes. The infant Saviour lay in her lap, his head encircled with rays of gilt wire, at least two yards long. The shepherds were very well done, but the sheep and dogs best of all; I believe they were the real animals stuffed. There was a distant landscape seen between the pasteboard trees, which was well painted, and from the artful disposition of the light and perspective, was almost a deception—but by a blunder very consistent with the rest of the show, it represented a part of the Campagna of Rome. Above all was a profane representation of that Being, whom I dare scarcely allude to, in conjunction with such preposterous vanities, encircled with saints, angels, and clouds: the whole got up very like a scene in a pantomime, and accompanied by music from a concealed orchestra, which was intended, I believe, to be sacred music, but sounded to me like some of Rossini's airs. In front of the stage there was a narrow passage divided off, admitting one person at a time, through which a continued file of persons moved along, who threw down their contributions as they passed, bowing and crossing themselves with great devotion. It would be impossible to describe the ecstasies of the multitude, the lifting up of hands and eyes, the string of superlatives—the bellissimos, santissimos, gloriosissimos, and maravigliosissimos, with which they expressed their applause and delight. I stood in the background of this strange scene, supported on one of the long-legged chairs which V** placed for me against a pillar, at once amazed, diverted, and disgusted by this display of profaneness and super-

stition, till the heat and crowd overcame me, and I was obliged to leave the church. I shall never certainly forget the "Bambino" of the Ara Celi: for though the exhibition I saw afterward at the San Luigi (where I went to look at Domenichino's fine pictures) surpassed what I have just described, it did not so much surprise me. Something in the same style is exhibited in almost every church, between Christmas day and the Epiphany.

During our examination of Trajan's Forum to-day, I learned nothing new, except that Trajan levelled part of the Quirinal to make room for it. The ground having lately been cleared to the depth of about twelve feet, part of the ancient pavement has been discovered, and many fragments of columns set upright: pieces of frieze and broken capitals are scattered about. The pillar, which is now cleared to the base, stands in its original place, but not, as it is supposed, at its original level, for the Romans generally raised the substructure of their buildings, in order to give them a more commanding appearance. The antiquarians here are of opinion that both the pavement of the Basilica and the base of the pillar were raised above the level of the ancient street, and that there is a flight of steps, still concealed, between the pillar and the pavement in front. The famous Ulpian Library was on each side of the Basilica, and the Forum differed from other Forums in not being an open space surrounded by buildings, but a building surrounded by an open space.

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Dec. 31.—*Jan.* 1.—That hour in which we pass from one year to another, and begin a new account with ourselves, with our fellow-creatures, and with God, must surely bring some solemn and serious thoughts to the bosoms of the most happy and most unreflecting among the triflers on this earth. What then must it be to me? The first hour, the first moment of the expiring year was spent in tears, in distress, in bitterness of heart—as it began, so it ends. Days, and weeks, and months, and seasons, came and "passed like visions to their viewless home," and brought no change. Through the compass of the whole year I have not enjoyed one single day—I will not say of *happiness*—but of health and peace; and what I have endured has left me little to learn in the way of suffering. Would to Heaven that as the latest minutes now ebb away while I write, memory might also pass away! Would to Heaven that I could efface the last year from the series of time, hide it from myself, bury it in oblivion, stamp it into annihilation, that none

of its dreary moments might ever rise up again to haunt me, like spectres of pain and dismay! But this is wrong—I feel it is—and I repent, I recall my wish. That great Being, to whom the life of a human creature is a mere point, but who has bestowed on his creatures such capacities of feeling and suffering, as extend moments to hours and days to years, inflicts nothing in vain, and if I have suffered much, I have also learned much. Now the last hour is past—another year opens: may it bring to those I love all I wish them in my heart! to me it can bring nothing. The only blessing I hope from time is *forgetfulness;* my only prayer to Heaven is—*rest, rest, rest!*

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Jan. 4.—We *despatched*, as L** would say, a good deal today; we visited the Temple of Vesta, the Church of Santa Maria in Cosmadino, the Temple of Fortune, the Ponte Rotto, and the house of Nicolo Rienzi: all these lie together in a dirty, low, and disagreeable part of Rome. Thence we drove to the Pyramid of Caius Cestus. As we know nothing of this Caius Cestus, but that he lived, died, and was buried, it is not possible to attach any fanciful or classical interest to his tomb, but it is an object of so much beauty in itself, and from its situation so striking and picturesque, that it needs no additional interest. It is close to the ancient walls of Rome, which stretch on either side as far as the eye can reach in huge and broken masses of brick-work, fragments of battlements and buttresses, overgrown in many parts with shrubs, and even trees. Around the base of the pyramid lies the burying-ground of strangers and heretics. Many of the monuments are elegant, and their frail materials and diminutive forms are in affecting contrast with the lofty and solid pile which towers above them. The tombs lie around in a small space, "amicably close," like brothers in exile, and as I gazed I felt a kindred feeling with all; for I too am a wanderer, a stranger, and a heretic; and it is probable that my place of rest may be among them. Be it so! for methinks this earth could not afford a more lovely, a more tranquil, or more sacred spot. I remarked one tomb, which is an exact model, and in the same material with the sarcophagus of Cornelius Scipio, in the Vatican. One small slab of white marble bore the name of a young girl, an only child, who died at sixteen, and "left her parents disconsolate:" another elegant and simple monument bore the name of a young painter of genius and promise, and was erected "by his companions and fellow-students as a tes-

timony of their affectionate admiration and regret." This part of old Rome is beautiful beyond description, and has a wild, desolate, and poetical grandeur, which affects the imagination like a dream. The very air disposes one to revery. I am not surprised that Poussin, Claude, and Salvator Rosa made this part of Rome a favourite haunt, and studied here their finest effects of colour, and their grandest combinations of landscape. I saw a young artist seated on a pile of ruins, with his sketch book open on his knee, and his pencil in his hand—during the whole time we were there he never changed his attitude, nor put his pencil to the paper, but remained leaning on his elbow, like one lost in ecstasy.

Jan. 5.—To-day we drove through the quarter of the Jews, called the Ghetta degli Ebrei. It is a long street, enclosed at each end with a strong iron gate, which is locked by the police at a certain hour every evening (I believe at 10 o'clock); and any Jew found without its precincts after that time, is liable to punishment and a heavy fine. The street is narrow and dirty, the houses wretched and ruinous, and the appearance of the inhabitants squalid, filthy, and miserable—on the whole, it was a painful scene, and one I should have avoided, had I followed my own inclinations. If this specimen of the effects of superstition and ignorance was depressing, the next was not less ridiculous. We drove to the Lateran; I had frequently visited this noble Basilica before, but on the present occasion, we were to go over it *in form*, with the usual torments of laquais and ciceroni. I saw nothing new but the cloisters, which remain exactly as in the time of Constantine. They are in the very vilest style of architecture, and decorated with Mosaic in a very elaborate manner; but what most amused us was the collection of relics, said to have been brought by Constantine from the Holy Land, and which our cicerone exhibited with a sneering solemnity which made it very doubtful whether he believed himself in their miraculous sanctity. Here is the stone on which the cock was perched when it crowed to St. Peter, and a pillar from the Temple of Jerusalem, split asunder at the time of the crucifixion; it looks as if it had been *sawed* very accurately in half from top to bottom; but this of course only renders it more miraculous. Here is also the column in front of Pilate's house, to which our Saviour was bound, and the very well where he met the woman of Samaria. All these, and various other relics, supposed to be consecrated by our Saviour's Passion, are carelessly thrown into the cloisters—not so the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, which are considered

as the chief treasures in the Lateran, and are deposited in the body of the church in a rich shrine. The beautiful sarcophagus of red porphyry, which once stood in the portico of the Pantheon, and contained the ashes of Agrippa, is now in the Corsini chapel here, and encloses the remains of some Pope Clement. The bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which stands on the Capitol, was dug from the cloisters of the Lateran. The statue of Constantine in the portico was found in the baths of Constantine: it is in a style of sculpture worthy the architecture of the cloisters. Constantine was the first Christian emperor, a glory which has served to cover a multitude of sins: it is indeed impossible to forget that he was the chosen instrument of a great and blessed revolution, but in other respects it is as impossible to look back to the period of Constantine without horror—an era when bloodshed and barbarism, and the general depravity of morals and taste seemed to have reached their climax.

On leaving the Lateran we walked to the Scala Santa, said to be the very flight of steps which led to the judgment hall at Jerusalem, and transported hither by the Emperor Constantine; but while the other relics which his pious benevolence bestowed on the city of Rome have apparently lost some of their efficacy, the Scala Santa is still regarded with the most devout veneration. At the moment of our approach, an elegant barouche drove up to the portico, from which two well-dressed women alighted, and pulling out their rosaries, began to crawl up the stairs on their hands and knees, repeating a Paternoster and an Ave Maria on every step. A poor diseased beggar had just gone up before them, and was a few steps in advance. This exercise, as we are assured, purchases a thousand years of indulgence. The morning was concluded by a walk on the Monte Pincio.

I did not know on that first morning after our arrival, when I ran up the Scala della Trinità, to the top of the Pincian hill, and looked around me with such transport, that I stood by mere chance on that very spot from which Claude used to study his sunsets, and his beautiful effects of evening. His house was close to me on the left, and those of Nicolo Poussin and Salvator Rosa a little beyond. Since they have been pointed out to me, I never pass from the Monte Pincio along the Via Felice without looking up at them with interest: such power has genius "to hallow in the core of human hearts even the ruin of a wall."

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Jan. 6th.—Sunday, at the English chapel, which was crowded to excess, and where it was at once cold and suffocating. We had a plain but excellent sermon, and the officiating clergyman, Mr. W., exhorted the congregation to conduct themselves with more decorum at St. Peter's, and to remember what was due to the temple of that God who was equally the God of all Christians. We afterward went to St. Peter's, where the anthem was performed at vespers as usual, and the tenor of the Argentino sung. The music was indeed heavenly—but I did not enjoy it; for though the behaviour of the English was much more decent than I have yet seen it, the crowd round the chapel, the talking, pushing, whispering, and movement were enough to disquiet and discomfort me: I withdrew, therefore, and walked about at a little distance, where I could just hear the swell of the organ. Such is the immensity of the building, that at the other side of the aisle the music is perfectly inaudible.

7th.—Visited the Falconieri Palace to see Cardinal Fesche's gallery. The collection is large, and contains many fine pictures, but there is such a *mêlange* of good, bad, and indifferent, that on the whole, I was disappointed. L** attached himself to my side the whole morning—to benefit, as he said, by my "tasty remarks:" he hung so dreadfully heavy on my hands, and I was so confounded by the interpretations and explanations his ignorance required, that I at last found my patience nearly at an end. Pity he is so good-natured and good-tempered that one can neither have the comfort of heartily disliking him, nor find nor make the shadow of an excuse to shake him off!

In the evening we had a gay party of English and foreigners: among them—

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A REPLY TO A COMPLAINT.

Trust not the ready smile!
'Tis a delusive glow—
For cold and dark the while
The spirits flag below.

With a beam of departed joy,
The eye may kindle yet:
As the cloud in yon wintry sky
Still glows with the sun that is set.

The cloud will vanish away—
The sun will shine to-morrow—
To me shall break no day
On this dull night of sorrow!

A REPLY TO A REPROACH.

I would not that the world should know
How deep within my panting heart
A thousand warmer feelings glow,
Than word or look could e'er impart.

I would not that the world should guess
At aught beyond this outward show;
What happy dreams in secret bless—
What burning tears in secret flow.

And let them deem me cold or vain;
—O there is *one* who thinks not so!
In one devoted heart I reign,
And what is all the rest below?

9th.—We have had two days of truly English weather; cold, damp, and gloomy, with storms of wind and rain. I know not why, but there is something peculiarly deforming and discordant in bad weather here; and we are all rather stupid and depressed. To me, sunshine and warmth are substitutes for health and spirits; and their absence inflicts positive suffering. There is not a single room in our palazzetto which is weather-proof; and as to a good fire, it is a luxury unknown, but not unnecessary, in these regions. In such apartments as contain no fire-place, a stufa or portable stove is set, which diffuses little warmth, and renders the air insupportably close and suffocating.

I witnessed a scene last night, which was a good illustration of that extraordinary indolence for which the Romans are remarkable. Our lackey Camillo suffered himself to be turned off, rather than put wood on the fire three times a day; he would rather, he said, starve in the streets, than break his back by carrying burthens like an ass; and though he was miserable to displease the Onoratissimo Padrone, his first *duty* was to take care of his own health, which, with the blessing of the saints, he was determined to do." R—— threw him his wages, repeating with great contempt the only word of his long speech he understood, "*Asino!*"—"Sono Romano, io," replied the

fellow, drawing himself up with dignity. He took his wages, however, and marched out of the house.

The impertinence of this Camillo was something amusing, but often provoking. He piqued himself on being a profound antiquarian, would confute Nibby, and carried Nardini in his pocket, to whom he referred on all occasions: yet the other day he had the impudence to assure us that Caius Cestus was an English Protestant, who was excommunicated by Pope Julius Cæsar; and took his Nardini out of his pocket to prove his assertion.

V—— brought me to-day the "Souvenirs de Félicie" of Madame de Genlis, which amused me delightfully for a few hours. They contained many truths, many half or whole falsehoods, many impertinent things, and several very interesting anecdotes. They are written with all the graceful simplicity of style, and in that tone of lady-like feeling which distinguishes whatever she writes: but it is clear that though she represents these "Souvenirs" as mere extracts from her journal, they have been carefully composed or re-composed for publication, and were always intended to be seen. Now if my poor little Diary should ever be seen! I tremble but to think of it!—what egotism and vanity, what discontent—repining—caprice—should I be accused of?—neither perhaps have I always been just to others; *quand on sent, on réfléchit rarement.* Such strange vicissitudes of temper—such opposite extremes of thinking and feeling, written down at the moment, without noticing the intervening links of circumstances and impressions which led to them, would appear like detraction, if they should meet the eye of any indifferent person—but I think I have taken sufficient precautions against the possibility of such an exposure, and the only eyes which will ever glance over this blotted page, when the hand that writes it is cold, will read, not to *criticise*, but to *sympathize.*

10*th.*—A lovely brilliant day, the sky without a cloud and the air as soft as summer. The carriages were ordered immediately after breakfast, and we sallied forth in high spirits—resolved, as L** said, with his usual felicitous application of Shakspeare,

To take the tide in the affairs of men.

The baths of Titus are on the Æsquiline; and nothing remains of them but piles of brickwork, and a few subterranean chambers almost choked with rubbish. Some fragments of

exquisite arabesque painting are visible on the ceilings and walls; and the gilding and colours are still fresh and bright. The brickwork is perfectly solid and firm, and appears as if finished yesterday. On the whole, the impression on my mind was, that not the slow and gentle hand of time, but sudden rapine and violence had caused the devastation around us: and looking into Nardini on my return, I found that the baths of Titus were nearly entire in the thirteenth century, but were demolished with great labour and difficulty by the ferocious Senator Brancaleon, who, about the year 1257, destroyed an infinite number of ancient edifices, "per togliere ai Nobili il modo di fortificarsi." The ruins were excavated during the pontificate of Julius the Second, and under the direction of Raffaelle, who is supposed to have taken the idea of the arabesques in the Loggie of the Vatican from the paintings here. We were shown the niche in which the Laocoon stood when it was discovered in 1502. After leaving the baths, we entered the neighbouring church of San Pierto in Vincoli, to look again at the beautiful fluted Doric columns which once adorned the splendid edifice of Titus: and on this occasion we were shown the chest in which the fetters of St. Peter are preserved in a triple enclosure of iron, wood, and silver. My unreasonable curiosity not being satisfied by looking at the mere outside of this sacred coffer, I turned to the monk who exhibited it, and civilly requested that he would open it, and show us the miraculous treasure it contained. The poor man looked absolutely astounded and aghast at the audacity of my request, and stammered out, that the coffer was never opened without a written order from his holiness the pope, and in the presence of a cardinal, and, that this favour was never granted to a heretic (con rispetto parlando); and with this excuse we were obliged to be satisfied.

The church of San Martino del Monte is built on part of the substructure of the baths of Titus; and there is a door opening from the church, by which you descend into the ancient subterranean vaults. The small, but exquisite pillars, and the pavement, which is of the richest marbles, were brought from the Villa of Adrian at Tivoli. The walls were painted in fresco by Nicolo and Gaspar Poussin, and were once a celebrated study for young landscape painters; almost every vestige of colouring is now obliterated by the damp which streams down the walls. There are some excellent modern pictures in good preservation, I think by Carluccio. This church, though not large, is one of the most magnificent

we have yet seen, and the most precious materials are lavished in profusion on every part. The body of Cardinal Tomasi is preserved here, embalmed in a glass-case. It is exhibited conspicuously, and in my life I never saw (or smelt) any thing so abominable and disgusting.

The rest of the morning was spent in the Vatican.

I stood to-day for some time between those two great masterpieces, the Transfiguration of Raffaelle, and Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome. I studied them, I examined them figure by figure, and then in the ensemble, and mused upon the different effect they produce, and were designed to produce, until I thought I could decide to my own satisfaction on their respective merits. I am not ignorant that the Transfiguration is pronounced the "grandest picture in the world," not so insensible to excellence as to regard this glorious composition without all the admiration due to it. I am dazzled by the flood of light which bursts from the opening heavens above, and affected by the dramatic interest of the group below. What splendour of colour! What variety of expression! What masterly grouping of the heads! I see all this—but to me Raffaelle's picture wants unity of interest: it is two pictures in one: the domoniac boy in the foreground always shocks me; and thus, from my peculiarity of taste, the pleasure it gives me is not so perfect as it ought to be.

On the other hand, I never can turn to the Domenichino without being thrilled with emotion and touched with awe. The story is told with the most admirable skill, and with the most exquisite truth and simplicity: the interest is one and the same; it all centres in the person of the expiring saint; and the calm benignity of the officiating priest is finely contrasted with the countenances of the group who support the dying form of St. Jerome: anxious tenderness, grief, hope, and fear, are expressed with such deep pathos and reality, that the spectator forgets admiration in sympathy: and I have gazed till I could almost have fancied myself one of the assistants. The colouring is as admirable as the composition—gorgeously rich in effect, but subdued to a tone which harmonizes with the solemnity of the subject.

There is a curious anecdote connected with this picture, which I wish I had noted down at length as it was related to me, and at the time I heard it: it is briefly this. The picture was painted by Domenichino for the church of San Girolamo della Carità. At that time the factions between the different schools of painting ran so high at Rome, that the followers of

Domenichino and Guido absolutely stabbed and poisoned each other; and the popular prejudice being in favour of the latter, the Communion of St. Jerome was torn down from its place and flung into a lumber garret. Some time afterward, the superiors of the convent wishing to substitute a new altar-piece, commissioned Nicolo Poussin to execute it; and sent him Domenichino's rejected picture as old canvass to paint upon. No sooner had the generous Poussin cast his eyes on it, than he was struck, as well he might be, with astonishment and admiration. He immediately carried it into the church, and there lectured in public on its beauties, until he made the stupid monks ashamed of their blind rejection of such a masterpiece, and boldly gave it that character it has ever since retained, of being the second best picture in the world.

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11*th*.—A party of four, including L** and myself, ascended the dome of St. Peter; and even mounted into the gilt ball. It was a most fatiguing expedition, and one I have since repented. I gained, however, a more perfect and a more sublime idea of the architectural wonders of St Peter's than I had before; and I was equally pleased and suprised by the exquisite neatness and cleanliness of every part of the building. We drove from St. Peter's to the church of St. Onofrio, to visit the tomb of Tasso. A plain slab marks the spot, which requires nothing but his name to distinguish it. "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well." The poet Guidi lies in a little chapel close by; and his effigy is so placed that the eyes appear fixed upon the tomb of Tasso.

In the church of Santa Maria Trastevere (which is held in peculiar reverence by the Tresteverni), there is nothing remarkable, except that like many others in Rome, it is rich in the spoils of antique splendour: afterward to the Palazzo Farnese and the Farnesina, to see the frescoes of Raffaelle, Giulio Romano, and the Caraccis, which have long been rendered familiar to me in copies and engravings.

12*th*.—I did penance at home for the fatigue of the day before, and to-day (the 13th) I took a delightful drive of several hours, attended only by Scaccia. Having examined at different times, and in detail, most of the interesting objects within the compass of the ancient city, I wished to generalize what I had seen by a kind of *survey* of the whole. For this purpose, making the Capitol a central point, I drove first slowly through the Forum, and made the circuit of the Palatine Hill, then by the arch of Janus (which, by a late decision of the antiquarians, has no

more to do with Janus than with Jupiter) and the temple of Vesta, back again over the site of the Circus Maximus, between the Palatine and the Aventine (the scene of the Rape of the Sabines), to the baths of Caracalla, where I spent an hour, musing, sketching, and poetizing; thence to the church of San Stefano Rotundo, once a temple dedicated to Claudius by Agrippina; over the Celian Hill, covered with masses of ruins, to the church of St. John and St. Paul, a small but beautiful edifice; then to the neighbouring church of San Gregorio, from the steps of which there is such a noble view. Thence I returned by the arch of Constantine and the Coliseum, which frowned on me in black masses through the soft but deepening twilight, through the street now called the Suburra, but formerly the Via Scelerata, where Tullia trampled over the dead body of her father, and so over the Quirinal, home.

My excursion was altogether delightful, and gave me the most magnificent, and I had almost said, the most *bewildering* ideas of the grandeur and extent of ancient Rome. Every step was classic ground: illustrious names, and splendid recollections crowded upon the fancy—

"And trailing clouds of glory did they come."

On the Palatine Hill were the houses of Cicero and the Gracchi; Horace, Virgil, and Ovid resided on the Aventine; and Mecænas and Pliny on the Æsquiline.—If one little fragment of a wall remained, which could with any shadow of probability be pointed out as belonging to the residence of Cicero, Horace, or Virgil, how much dearer, how much more sanctified to memory would it be than all the magnificent ruins of the fabrics of the Cæsars! But no—all has passed away. I have heard the remains of Rome coarsely ridiculed, because, after the researches of centuries, so little is comparatively known—because of the endless disputes of antiquarians, and the night and ignorance in which all is involved: but to the imagination, there is something singularly striking in this mysterious veil which hangs like a cloud upon the objects around us. I trod to-day over shapeless masses of building, extending in every direction as far the eye could reach. Who had inhabited the edifices I trampled under my feet? What hearts had burned—what heads had thought—what spirits had kindled *there*, where nothing was seen but a wilderness and waste, and heaps of ruins, to which antiquaries—even Nibby himself—dare not give a name? All swept away—buried beneath an ocean of

oblivion, above which rise a few great and glorious names, like rocks, over which the billows of time break in vain.

> Indi esclamo, qual' notte atra, importuna
> Tutte l'ampie tue glorie a un tratto amorza ?
> Glorie di senno, di valor, di forza
> Gia mille avesti, or non hai pur una !

* * * * * *

One of the most striking scenes I saw to-day was the Roman forum, crowded with the common people gayly dressed (it is a festa or saint's day) : the women sitting in groups upon the fallen columns, nursing or amusing their children. The men were playing at mora, or at a game like quoits. Under the west side of the Palatine Hill, on the site of the Circus Maximus, I met a woman mounted on an ass, habited in a most beautiful and singular holyday costume, a man walked by her side, leading the animal she rode, with lover-like watchfulness. He was *en veste*, and I observed that his cloak was thrown over the back of the ass as a substitute for a saddle. Two men followed behind, with their long capotes hanging from their shoulders and carrying guitars, which they struck from time to time, singing as they walked along. A little in advance there is a small chapel and Madonna. A young girl approached, and laying a bouquet of flowers before the image, she knelt down, hid her face in her apron, and wrung her hands from time to time as if she was praying with fervour. When the group I have just mentioned came up, they left the pathway, and made a circuit of many yards to avoid disturbing her, the men taking off their hats, and the woman inclining her head, in sign of respect, as they passed.

All this sounds, while I soberly write it down, very sentimental, and picturesque, and poetical. It was exactly what I saw—what I often see ; such is the place, the scenery, the people. Every group is a picture, the commonest object has some interest attached to it, the commonest action is dignified by sentiment, the language around us is music, and the air we breathe is poetry.

Just as I was writing the word *music*, the sounds of a guitar attracted me to the window, which looks into a narrow back street, and is exactly opposite a small white house belonging to a vetturino, who has a very pretty daughter. For her this serenade was evidently intended ; for the moment the music began, she placed a light in the window as a signal that she listened propitiously, and then retired. The group below con-

sisted of two men, the lover and a musician he had brought with him: the former stood looking up at the window with his hat off, and the musician, after singing two very beautiful airs, concluded with the delicious and popular arietta "Buona notte amato bene!" to which the lover *whistled* a second, in such perfect tune, and with such exquisite taste, that I was enchanted. Rome is famous for serenades and serenaders; but at this season they are seldom heard. I remember at Venice being wakened in the dead of the night by such delicious music, that (to use a hyperbole common in the mouths of this poetical people) I was "transported to the seventh heaven:" before I could perfectly recollect myself, the music ceased, the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses threw open their casements, and vehemently and enthusiastically applauded, clapping their hands and shouting bravoes: but neither at Venice, at Padua, nor at Florence did I hear any thing that pleased and touched me so much as the serenade to which I have just been listening.

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14*th*.—To-day was quite heavenly—like a lovely May-day in England: the air so pure, so soft, and the sun so warm, that I would gladly have dispensed with my shawl and pelisse. We went in carriages to the other side of the Palatine, and then dispersing in small parties, as will or fancy led, we lounged and wandered about in the Coliseum, and among the neighbouring ruins, till dinner time. I climbed up the western side of the Coliseum, at the imminent hazard of my neck; and looking down through a gaping aperture, on the brink of which I had accidentally seated myself, I saw in the colossal corridor far below me a young artist, who, as if transported out of his senses by delight and admiration, was making the most extraordinary antics and gestures: sometimes he clasped his hands, then extended his arms, then stood with them folded as in deep thought: now he snatched up his portfolio as if to draw what so much enchanted him, then threw it down and kicked it from him as if in despair. I never saw such admirable dumb show: it was better than any pantomime. At length, however, he happened to cast up his eyes, as if appealing to heaven, and they encountered mine peeping down upon him from above. He stood fixed and motionless for two seconds, staring at me, and then snatching up his portfolio and his hat, ran off and disappeared. I met the same man afterward walking along the Via Felice, and could not help smiling as he passed: he smiled too, but pulled his hat over his face and turned away.

I discovered to-day (and it is no slight pleasure to make a discovery for one's self) the passage which formed the communication between the Coliseum and the Palace of the Cæsars, and in which the Emperor Commodus was assassinated. I recognised it by its situation and the mosaic pavement described by Nibby. If I had time I might moralize here, and make an eloquent tirade, *à la Eustice* about imperial monsters and so forth, but in fact I *did* think, while I stood in the damp and gloomy corridor, that it was a fitting death for Commodus to die by the giddy playfulness of a child, and the machinations of an abandoned woman. It was not a favourable time or hour to contemplate the Coliseum—the sunshine was too resplendent—

> It was a garish, broad, and peering day,
> Loud, light, suspicious, full of eyes and ears;
> And every little corner, nook, and hole,
> Was penetrated by the insolent light.

We are told that five thousand animals were slain in the amphitheatre on its dedication—how dreadful! The mutual massacres of the gladiators inspire less horror than this disgusting butchery! To what a pitch must the depraved appetite for blood and death have risen among the corrupted and ferocious populace, before such a sight could be endured!

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15*th.*—We drove to-day to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, on the Appian Way, to the Fountain of Egeria, and the tomb of the Scipios near the Porta Cappena.

I wish the tomb of Cecilia Metella had been that of Cornelia or Valeria. There may be little in a name, but how much there is in association! What this massy fabric wanted in classical fame, Lord Byron has lately supplied in poetical interest. The same may be said of the Fountain of Egeria, to which he has devoted some of the most exquisite stanzas in his poem, and has certainly invested it with a charm it could not have possessed before. The woods and groves which once surrounded it have been all cut down, and the scenery round it is waste and bleak; but the fountain itself is pretty, overgrown with ivy, moss, and the graceful capillaire plant (capello di venere) drooping from the walls, and the stream is as pure as crystal. L**, who was with us, took up a stone to break off a piece of the statue, and maimed, defaced, and wretched as it is, I could not help thinking it a profanation to the place,

and stopped his hand, calling him a *barbarous Vandyke:* he looked so awkwardly alarmed and puzzled by the epithet I had given him! The identity of this spot (like all other places here) has been vehemently disputed. At every step to-day we encountered doubt, and contradiction, and cavilling: authorities are marshalled against each other in puzzling array, and the modern unwillingness to be cheated by fine sounds and great names has become a general skepticism. I have no objection to the "shadows, doubts, and darkness" which rest upon all around us; it rather pleases my fancy thus to "dream over the map of things," abandoned to my own cogitations and my own conclusions; but then there are certain points upon which it is very disagreeable to have one's faith disturbed; and the Fountain of Egeria is one of these. So leaving the more learned antiquarians to fight it out, *secundum artem*, and fire each other's wigs if they will, I am determined, and do steadfastly believe, that the Fountain of Egeria I saw to-day is the very identical and original Fountain of Egeria—of Numa's Egeria—and therefore it is so.

The tomb of the Scipios is a dirty, dark, wine cellar; all the urns, the fine sarcophagus, and the original tablets and inscriptions have been removed to the Vatican. I thought to-day while I stood in the sepulchre, and on the very spot whence the sarcophagus of Publius was removed, if Scipio, or Augustus, or Adrian could return to this world, how would their Roman pride endure to see their last resting-places, the towers and the pyramids in which they fortified themselves, thus violated and put to ignoble uses, and the urns which contained their ashes stuck up as ornaments in a painted room, where barbarian visiters lounge away their hours, and stare upon their relics with scornful indifference or idle curiosity!

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The people here, even the lowest and meanest among them seem to have imbibed a profound respect for antiquity and antiquities, which sometimes produce a comic effect. I am often amused by the exultation with which they point out a bit of old stone, or piece of brick wall, or shapeless fragment of some nameless statue, and tell you it is *antico*, *molto antico*, and the half-contemptuous tone in which they praise the most beautiful modern production, *é moderna—ma pure non é cativa!*

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18*th.*—We had an opportunity of witnessing to-day one of the most splendid ceremonies of the Catholic church. It is one of the four festivals at which the pope performs mass in state at

the Vatican, the anniversary of St. Peter's entrance into Rome, and of his taking possession of the papal chair; for here St. Peter is reckoned the first pope. To see the high priest of an ancient and wide-spread superstition publicly officiate in his sacred character, in the grandest temple in the universe, and surrounded by all the trappings of his spiritual and temporal authority, was an exhibition to make sad a reflecting mind, but to please and exalt a lively imagination: I wished myself a Roman Catholic for one half hour only. The procession, which was so arranged as to produce the most striking theatrical effect, moved up the central aisle, to strains of solemn and beautiful music from an orchestra of wind instruments. The musicians were placed out of sight, nor could I guess from what part of the buildings the sounds proceeded; but the blended harmony, so soft, yet so powerful and so equally diffused, as it floated through the long aisles and lofty domes, had a most heavenly effect. At length appeared the pope, borne on the shoulders of his attendants, and habited in his full pontifical robes of white and gold: fans of peacocks' feathers were waved on each side of his throne, and boys flung clouds of incense from their censers. As the procession advanced at the slowest possible foot-pace, the pope from time to time stretched forth his arms, which were crossed upon his bosom, and solemnly blessed the people as they prostrated themselves on each side. I could have fancied it the triumphant approach of an Eastern despot, but for the mild and venerable air of the amiable old pope, who looked as if more humbled than exalted by the pageantry around him. It might be *acting*, but if so, it was the most admirable acting I ever saw: I wish all his attendants had performed their parts as well. While the pope assists at mass, it is not etiquette for him to do any thing for himself: one cardinal kneeling, holds the book open before him, another carries his handkerchief, a third folds and unfolds his robe, a priest on each side supports him whenever he rises or moves, so that he appears among them like a mere helpless automaton going through a certain set of mechanical motions, with which his will has nothing to do. All who approach or address him prostrate themselves and kiss his embroidered slipper before they rise.

When the whole ceremony was over, and most of the crowd dispersed, the pope, after disrobing, was passing through a private part of the church where we were standing accidentally, looking at one of the monuments. We made the usual obeisance, which he returned by inclining his head. He walked

without support, but with great difficulty, and appeared bent by infirmity and age: his countenance has a melancholy but most benevolent expression, and his dark eyes retain uncommon lustre and penetration. During the twenty-one years he has worn the tiara, he has suffered many vicissitudes and humiliations with dignity and fortitude. He is not considered a man of very powerful intellect or very shining talents: he is not a Ganganelli or a Lambertini; but he has been happy in his choice of ministers, and his government has been distinguished by a spirit of liberality, and above all, by a partiality to the English which calls for our respect and gratitude. There were present to-day in St. Peter's about five thousand people, and the church would certainly have contained ten times the number.

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19*th.*—We went to-day to view the restored model of the Coliseum exhibited in the Piazza di Spagna; and afterwards drove to the manufactory of the beads called *Roman Pearl*, which is well worth seeing *once*. The beads are cut from thin laminæ of alabaster, and then dipped into a composition made of the scales of a fish (the Argentina). When a perfect imitation of pearl is intended, they can copy the accidental defects of colour and form which occur in the real gem, as well as its brilliance, so exquisitely, as to deceive the most practised eye.

20*th.*—I ordered the open carriage early this morning, and, attended only by Scaccia, partly drove and partly walked through some of the finest parts of ancient Rome. The day has been perfectly lovely; the sky intensely blue, without a single cloud; and though I was weak and far from well, I felt the influence of the soft sunshine in every nerve: the pure elastic air seemed to penetrate my whole frame, and made my spirits bound and my heart beat quicker. It is true, I had to regret at every step the want of a more cultivated companion, and that I felt myself shamefully—no—not *shamefully*, but *lamentably* ignorant of many things. There is so much of which I wish to know and learn more: so much of my time is spent in hunting books, and acquiring by various means the information with which I ought already to be prepared; so many days are lost by frequent indisposition, that, though I enjoy and feel the value of all I *do* know and observe, I am tantalized by the thoughts of all I must leave behind me unseen—there must necessarily be so much of what I do not even *hear!* Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, my little excursion to-day was delightful. I took

a direction just contrary to my last expedition, first by the Quattro Fontane to the Santa Maria Maggiore, which I always see with new delight; then to the ruins called the temple of Minerva Medici, which stand in a cabbage-garden near another fine ruin, once called the Trofei di Mario, and now the Acqua Giulia: thence to the Porta Maggiore, built by Claudius; and round by the Santa Croce di Gernsalemme. This church was built by Helena, the mother of Constantine, and contains her tomb, besides a portion of the *True Cross*, from which it derives its name. The interior of this Basilica struck me as mean and cold. In the fine avenue in front of the Santa Croce, I paused a few minutes to look round me. To the right were the ruins of the stupendous Claudian Aqueduct, with its gigantic arches, stretching away in one unbroken series far into the Compagna: behind me the Amphitheatre of Castrense: to the left, other ruins, once called the Temple of Venus and Cupid, and now the Sessorium: in front, the Lateran, the obelisk of Sesostris, the Porta San Giovanni, and great part of the ancient walls; and thence the view extended to the foot of the Appenines. All this part of Rome is a scene of magnificent desolation, and of melancholy yet sublime interest: its wildness, its vastness, its waste and solitary openness, add to its effect upon the imagination. The only human beings I beheld in the compass of at least two miles, were a few herdsmen driving their cattle through the Gate of San Giovanni, and two or three strangers who were sauntering about with their note books and portfolios, apparently enthusiasts like myself, lost in the memory of the past and the contemplation of the present.

I spent some time in the Lateran, then drove to the Coliseum, where I found a long procession of penitents, their figures and faces totally concealed by their masks and peculiar dress, chanting the Via Crucis. I then examined the site of the Temple of Venus and Rome, and satisfied myself by ocular demonstration of the truth of the measurements which gave sixty feet for the height of the columns and eighteen feet for their circumference. I knew enough of geometrical proportion to prove this to my own satisfaction. On examining the fragments which remain, each fluting measured a foot, that is, eight inches right across. This appears prodigious, but it is nevertheless true. I am forced to believe to-day what I yesterday doubted, and deemed a piece of mere antiquarian exaggeration.

This magnificent edifice was designed and built by the Emperor Adrian, who piqued himself on his skill in architecture,

and carried his jealousy of other artists so far as to banish Apollodorus, who had designed the Forum of Trajan. When he had finished the Temple of Venus and Rome, he sent to Appollodorus a plan of his stupendous structure, challenging him to find a single fault in it. The architect severely criticised some trifling oversights; and the emperor, conscious of the justice of his criticisms, and unable to remedy the defects, ordered him to be strangled. Such was the fate of Appollodorus, whose misfortune it was to have an emperor for his rival.

They are now clearing the steps which lead to this temple, from which it appears that the length of the portico in front was three hundred feet, and of the side five hundred feet.

While I was among these ruins, I was struck by a little limpid fountain, which gushed from the crumbling wall, and lost itself among the fragments of the marble pavement. All looked dreary and desolate; and that part of the ruin which from its situation must have been the *sanctum sanctorum*, the shrine of the divinity of the place, is now a receptacle of filth and every conceivable abomination.

I walked on to the ruins now called the Basilica of Constantine, once the Temple of Peace. This edifice was in a bad style, and constructed at a period when the arts were at a low ebb: yet the ruins are vast and magnificent. The exact direction of the Via Sacra has long been a subject of vehement dispute. They have now laid open a part of it which ran in front of the Basilica: the pavement is about twelve feet below the present pavement of Rome, and the soil turned up in their excavations is formed entirely of crumbled brickwork and mortar, and fragments of marble, porphyry, and granite. I returned by the Forum and the Capitol, through the Forums of Nerva and Trajan, and so over the Monte Cavallo, home.

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23*d*.—Last night we had a numerous party, and Signor P. and his daughter came to sing. *She* is a private singer of great talent, and came attended by her lover or her *fiancé*; who, according to the Italian custom, attends his mistress everywhere during the few weeks which precede their marriage. He is a young artist, a favourite pupil of Camuccini, and of very quiet unobtrusive manners. La P. has the misfortune to be plain; her features are irregular, her complexion of a sickly paleness, and though her eyes are large and dark, they appeared totally devoid of lustre and expression. Her plainness, the bad taste of her dress, her awkward figure, and her timid and embarras-

sed deportment, all furnished matter of amusement and observation to some young people (English of course), whose propensities for *quizzing* exceeded their good-breeding and good-nature. Though La P. does not understand a word of either French or English, I thought she could not mistake the significant looks and whispers of which she was the object, and I was in pain for her and for her modest lover. I drew my chair to the piano, and tried to divert her attention by keeping her in conversation, but I could get no farther than a few questions, which were answered in monosyllables. At length she sang —and sang divinely: I found the pale automaton had a soul as well as a voice. After giving us, with faultless execution, as well as great expression, some of Rossini's finest songs, she sung the beautiful and difficult cavatina in Otello, "*Assisa al pié d'un Salice*," with the most enchanting style and pathos, and then stood as unmoved as a statue, while the company applauded loud and long. A moment afterward, as she stooped to take up a music book, her lover, who had edged himself by degrees from the door to the piano, bent his head too, and murmured in a low voice, but with the most passionate accent, "O brava, brava cara!" She replied only by a look—but it was such a look! I never saw a human countenance so entirely, so instantaneously changed in character: the vacant eyes kindled and beamed with tenderness: the pale cheek glowed, and a bright smile playing round her mouth, just parted her lips sufficiently to discover a set of teeth like pearls. I could have called her at that moment beautiful; but the change was as transient as sudden—it passed like a gleam of light over her face and vanished, and by the time the book was placed on the desk, she looked as plain, as stupid, and as statue-like as ever. I was the only person who had witnessed this little by-scene; and it gave me pleasant thoughts and interest for the rest of the evening.

Another trait of character occurred afterward, which amused me, but in a very different style. Our new Danish friend, the Baron B——, told us he had once been present at the decapitation of nine men, having first fortified himself with a large goblet of brandy. After describing the scene in all its horrible details, and assuring us in his bad German French that it was "*une chose bien mauvaise a voir*," I could not help asking him, with a shudder, how he felt afterward; whether it was not weeks or months before the impressions of horror left his mind? He answered with smiling naïvété, and taking a pinch of snuff,

"*Ma foi! madame, je n'ai pas pu manger de la viande toute cette journée-là?*"

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27*th.*—We drove to the Palazzo Spada, to see the famous Spada Pompey, said to be the very statue at the base of which Cæsar fell. I was pleased to find, contrary to my expectations, that this statue has great intrinsic merit, besides its celebrity, to recommend it. The extremities of the limbs have a certain clumsiness which may perhaps be a feature of resemblance, and not a fault of the sculptor; but the attitude is noble, and the likeness of the head to the undisputed bust of Pompey in the Florentine gallery, struck me immediately. The Palazza Spada, with its splendid architecture, dirt, discomfort, dilapidation, is a fair specimen of the Roman palaces in general. It contains a corridor, which from an architectural deception, appears much longer than it really is. I hate tricks—in architecture especially. We afterward visited the Pantheon, the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva (an odd combination of names), and concluded the morning at Canova's. It is one of the pleasures of Rome to lounge in the studj of the best sculptors; and it is at Rome only that sculpture seems to flourish as in its native soil. Rome is truly the *city of the soul*, the home of art and artists. With the divine models of the Vatican ever before their eyes, these inspiring skies above their heads, and the quarries of marble at a convenient distance—it is here only they can conceive and execute those works which are formed from the *beau-idéal;* but it is not here they meet with patronage: the most beautiful things I have seen at the various studj have all been executed for English, German, and Russian noblemen. The names I heard most frequently were those of the Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire, Prince Esterhazy, and the King of England.

Canova has been accused of a want of simplicity, and of giving a too voluptuous expression to some of his figures: with all my admiration of his genius, I confess the censure just. It is particularly observable in the Clori svegliata (the Nymph awakened by Love), the Cupid and Psyche for Prince Yousouppoff, the Endymion, the Graces, and some others.

In some of Thorwaldson's works there is exquisite grace, simplicity, and expression: the Shepherd Boy, the Adonis, the Jason, and the Hebe, have a great deal of antique spirit. I did not like the colossal Christ which the sculptor has just finished in clay: it is a proof that bulk alone does not constitute sublimity: it is deficient in dignity, or rather in *divinity*.

At Rodolf Schadow's, I was most pleased by the Cupid and the Filatrice. His Cupid is certainly the most beautiful Cupid I ever saw, superior, I think, both to Canova's and to Thorwaldson's. The Filatrice, though so exquisitely natural and graceful, a little disappointed me; I had heard much of it, and had formed in my own imagination an idea different and superior to what I saw. This beautiful figure has repose, simplicity, nature, and grace, but I felt a *want*—the want of some internal sentiment: for instance, if, instead of watching the rotation of her spindle with such industrious attention, the Filatrice had looked careless, or absent, or pensive, or disconsolate (like Faust's Margaret at her spinning-wheel), she would have been more interesting—but not perhaps what the sculptor intended to represent.

Schadow is ill, but we were admitted by his order into his private study; we saw there the Bacchante, which he has just finished in clay, and which is to emulate or rival Canova's Dansatrice. He has been at work upon a small but beautiful figure of a piping Shepherd-boy, which is just made out: beside it lay Virgil's Eclogues, and his spectacles were between the leaves.*

Almost every thing I saw at Max Laboureur's struck me as vapid and finikin. There were some pretty groups, but nothing to tempt me to visit it again.

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30*th*.—We spent the whole morning at the Villa Albani, where there is a superb collection of antique marbles, most of them brought from the Villa of Adrian at Tivoli. To note down even a few of the objects which pleased me would be an endless task. I think the busts interested me most. There is a basso-relievo of Antinous—the beautiful head declined in his usual pensive attitude: it is the most finished and faultless piece of sculpture in relievo I ever saw; and as perfect and as polished as if it came from the chisel yesterday. There is another basso-relievo of Marcus Aurelius, and Faustina, equal to the last in execution, but not in interest.

We found Rogers in the gardens: the old poet was sunning himself—walking up and down a beautiful marble portico, lined with works of art, with his note-book in his hand. I am

* Poor Schadow died yesterday. He caught cold the other evening at the Duke of Bracciano's uncomfortable, ostentatious palace, where we heard him complaining of the cold of the Mosaic floors: three days afterward he was no more. He is universally regretted.—*Author's note.*

told he is now writing a poem of which Italy is the subject; and here, with all the Campagna di Roma spread out before him—above him, the sunshine and the cloudless skies—and all around him, the remains of antiquity in a thousand elegant, or venerable, or fanciful forms: he could not have chosen a more genial spot for inspiration. Though we disturbed his poetical reveries rather abruptly, he met us with his usual amiable courtesy, and conversed most delightfully. I never knew him more pleasant, and never saw him so animated.

Our departure from Rome has been postponed from day to day in consequence of a *trifling* accident. An Austrian colonel was taken by the banditti near Fondi, and carried up into the mountains: ten thousand scudi were demanded for his ransom; and for many days past, the whole city has been in a state of agitation and suspense about his ultimate fate. The Austrians, roused by the insult, sent a large body of troops (some say three thousand men) against about one and fifty robbers, threatening to exterminate them. They were pursued so closely, that after dragging their unfortunate captive over the mountains from one fastness to another, till he was nearly dead from exhaustion and ill-treatment, they either abandoned or surrendered him without terms. The troops immediately marched back to Naples, and the matter rests here: I cannot learn that any thing farther will be done. The robbers being at present panic-struck by such unusual energy and activity, and driven from their accustomed haunts by these valorous champions of good order and good policy, it is considered that the road is now more open and safe than it has been for some time, and if nothing new happens to alarm us, we set off on Friday next.

I visited to-day the baths of Dioclesian, and the noble church which Michael Angelo has constructed upon, and out of their gigantic ruins. It has all that grand simplicity, that *entireness* which characterizes his works: it contains, too, some admirable pictures. On leaving the church, I saw on each side of the door the monuments of Salvator Rosa and Carlo Marratti —what a contrast do they exhibit in their genius, in their works, in their characters, in their countenances, in their lives! Near this church (the Santa Maria dei Angeli) is the superb fountain of the Acqua Felice, the first view of which rather disappointed me. I had been told that it represented Moses striking the rock,—a magnificent idea for a fountain! but the execution falls short of the conception. The water, instead of gushing from the rock, is poured out from the mouths of two prodigious

lions of basalt, brought, I believe, from Upper Egypt: they seem misplaced here. A little beyond the Ponta Pia is the Campo Scelerato, where the Vestals were interred alive. We afterward drove to the Santi Apostoli to see the tomb of the excellent Ganganilli, by Canova. Then to Sant' Ignazio, to see the famous ceiling painted in perspective by the jesuit Pozzo. The effect is certainly marvellous, making the interior appear to the eye at least twice the height it really is; but though the illusion pleased me as a work of art, I thought the trickery unnecessary and misplaced. At the magnificent church of the Gesuiti (where there are two entire columns of giallo antico), I saw a list of relics for which the church is celebrated, and whose efficacy and sanctity were vouched for by a very respectable catalogue of miracles. Among these relics there are a few worth mentioning for their oddity, viz. one of the Virgin's *shifts*, three of her hairs, and the skirt of Joseph's coat.

31*st*.—We spent nearly the whole day in the gallery of the Vatican, and in the Pauline and Sistine chapels.

JOURNEY TO NAPLES.

February 1st, at Velletri.

I left Rome this morning exceedingly depressed: Madame de Stael may well call travelling *un triste plaisir*. My depression did not arise from the feeling that I left behind me any thing or any person to regret, but from mixed and melancholy emotions, and partly perhaps from that weakness which makes my hand tremble while I write—which has bound down my mind, and all its best powers, and all its faculties of enjoyment, to a languid passiveness, making me feel at every moment I am not what I was, or ought to be, or might have been.

We arrived, after a short and most delightful journey by Albano, the Lake Nemi, Gensao, &c. at Velletri, the birth-place of that wretch Octavius, and famous for its wine. The day has been as soft and as sunny as a May-day in England, and the country through which we travelled but too rapidly, beyond description lovely. The blue Mediterranean spread far to the west, and on the right we had the snowy mountains, with their wild fantastic peaks "rushing on the sky." I felt it all in my heart with a mixture of sadness and delight which I cannot express.

This land was made by nature a paradise: it seems to want

no charm "unborrowed from the eye,"—but how has memory sanctified, history illustrated, and poetry illumined the scenes around us; where every rivulet had its attendant nymph, where every wood was protected by its sylvan divinity; where every tower has its tale of heroism, and "not a mountain lifts its head unsung;" and though the faith, the glory, and the power of the antique time be passed away—still

> A spirit hangs,
> Beautiful region! o'er thy towns and farms,
> Statues and temples, and memorial tombs.

I can allow that one-half, at least, of the beauty and interest we see lies in our own souls; that it is our own enthusiasm which sheds this mantle of light over all we behold: but, as colours do not exist in the objects themselves, but in the rays which paint them—so beauty is not less real, is not less BEAUTY, because it exists in the medium through which we view certain objects, rather than in those objects themselves. I have met persons who think they display a vast deal of common sense, and very uncommon strength of mind, in rising superior to all prejudices of education and illusions of romance—to whom enthusiasm is only another name for affectation—who, where the cultivated and the contemplative mind finds ample matter to excite feeling and reflection, give themselves airs of fashionable *nonchalance* or flippant scorn—to whom the crumbling ruin is so much brick and mortar, no more—to whom the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii is a *stack of chimneys*, the Pantheon *an old oven*, and the Fountain of Egeria a *pig-sty*. Are such persons aware that in all this there is an affectation, a thousand times more gross and contemptible than that affectation (too frequent perhaps) which they design to ridicule?

> "Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
> He is a slave—the meanest we can meet."

2*d*.—Our journey to-day has been long, but delightfully diversified, and abounding in classical beauty and interest. I scarce know what to say, now that I open my little book to record my own sensations: they are so many, so various, so painful, so delicious—my senses and my imagination have been so enchanted, my heart so very heavy—where shall I begin?

In some of the scenes of to-day—at Terracina, particularly, there was beauty beyond what I ever beheld or imagined: the scenery of Switzerland is of a different character, and on a

different scale : it is beyond comparison grander, more gigantic, more overpowering, but it is not so poetical. Switzerland is not Italy—is not the enchanting *south*. This soft balmy air, these myrtles, orange-groves, palm-trees ; these cloudless skies, this bright blue sea, and sunny hills, all breathe of an enchanted land ; " a land of Faery."

Between Velletri and Terracina, the road runs in one undeviating line through the Pontine Marshes. The accounts we have of the baneful effects of the malaria here, and the absolute solitude (not a human face or a human habitation intervening from one post-house to another), invest the wild landscape with a frightful and peculiar character of desolation. As for the mere exterior of the country, I have seen more wretched and sterile looking spots (in France, for instance), but none that so affected the imagination and the spirits. On leaving the Pontine Marshes, we came almost suddenly upon the sunny and luxuriant region near Terracina : here was the ancient city of Anxur ; and the gothic ruins of the castle of Theodoric, which frown on the steep above, are contrasted with the delicate and Grecian proportions of the temple below. All the country round is famed in classic and poetic lore. The Promontory (once poetically the *island*) of Circe is still the Monte Circello: here was the region of the Lestrygons, and the scene of part of the Æneid and Odyssey ; and Corinne has superadded romantic and charming associations quite as delightful, and quite as *true*.

Antiquarians, who, like politicians, " seem to see the things that are not," have placed all along this road the sites of many a celebrated town and fane—" making hue and cry after many a city which has run away, and by certain marks and tokens pursuing to find it ;" as some old author says so quaintly. At every hundred yards, fragments of masonry are seen by the road-side ; portions of brick work, sometimes traced at the bottom of a dry ditch, or incorporated into a fence ; sometimes peeping above the myrtle bushes on the wild hills, where the green lizards lie basking and glittering on them in thousands, and the stupid ferocious buffalo, with his fierce red eyes, rubs his hide and glares upon us as we pass. No—not the grandest monuments of Rome—not the Coliseum itself, in all its decaying magnificence, ever inspired me with such profound emotions as did those nameless, shapeless vestiges of the dwellings of man, starting up like memorial tombs in the midst of this savage but luxuriant wilderness. Of the beautiful cities which rose along this lovely coast, the colonies of elegant and

polished Greece—one after another swallowed up by the "insatiate maw" of ancient Rome, nothing remains—their sites, their very names have passed away and perished. We might as well hunt after a forgotten dream.

> Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride,
> They had no POET, and they died!
> In vain they toil'd, in vain they bled,
> They had no POET—and are dead.

I write this at Gaëta—a name famous in the poetical, the classical, the military story of Italy, from the day of Æneas, from whom it received its appellation, down to the annals of the late war. On the site of our inn (the Albergo di Cicerone) stood Cicero's Formian Villa; and in an adjoining grove he was murdered in his litter by the satellites of the Triumviri, as he attempted to escape. I stood to-night on a little terrace which hung over an orange grove, and enjoyed a scene which I would paint if words were forms, and hues, and sounds—not else. A beautiful bay, inclosed by the Mola di Gaëta, on one side, and the Promontory of Misenum on the other: the sky studded with stars, and reflected in a sea as blue as itself—and so glassy and unruffled, it seemed to slumber in the moonlight: now and then the murmur of a wave, not hoarsely breaking on rock and shingles, but kissing the turfy shore, where oranges and myrtles grew down to the water edge. These, and the remembrances connected with all, and a mind to think, and a heart to feel, and thoughts both of pain and pleasure mingling to render the effect more deep and touching. —Why should I write this? O surely I need not fear that I shall *forget!*

LINES

WRITTEN AT MOLA DI GAETA, NEAR THE RUINS OF CICERO'S FORMIAN VILLA.

> We wandered through bright climes, and drank the beams
> Of southern suns: Elysian scenes we view'd,
> Such as we picture oft in those day dreams
> That haunt the fancy in her wildest mood.
> Upon the sea-beat vestiges we stood,
> Where Cicero dwelt, and watch'd the latest gleams
> Of rosy light steal o'er the azure flood:
> And memory conjured up most glowing themes,
> Filling the expanded heart, till it forgot
> Its own peculiar grief!—O! if the dead
> Yet haunt our earth, around this hallow'd spot,
> Hovers sweet Tully's spirit, since it fled

The Roman Forum—Forum now no more!
Though cold and silent be the sands we tread,
Still burns the "eloquent air," and to the shore
There rolls no wave, and through the orange shade
There sighs no breath which doth not speak of him,
THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY: and though dim
Her day of empire—and her laurel crown
Torn and defaced, and soiled with blood and tears,
And her imperial eagles trampled down—
Still with a queen-like grace, Italia wears
Her garland of bright names,—her coronal of stars,
(Radiant memorials of departed worth!)
That shed a glory round her pensive brow,
And make her still the worship of the earth!

NAPLES.

Sunday 3*d.*

We left Gaëta early. If the scene was so beautiful in the evening—how bright, how lovely it was this morning! The sun had not long risen; and a soft purple mist hung over part of the sea; while to the north and west the land and water sparkled and glowed in the living light. Some little fishing-boats which had just put off, rocked upon the glassy sea, which lent them a gentle motion, though itself appeared all mirror-like and motionless. The orange and lemon trees in full foliage literally bent over the water; and it was so warm at half-past eight that I felt their shade a relief.

After leaving Gaëta, the first place of note is or *was* Minturnum, where Marius was taken, concealed in the marshes near it. The marshes remain, the city has disappeared. Capua is still a large town; but it certainly does not keep up its ancient fame for luxury and good cheer: for we found it extremely difficult to procure any thing to eat. The next town is Avversa, a name unknown, I believe, in the classical history of Italy: it was founded, if I remember rightly, by the Norman knights. Near this place is or was the convent where Queen Joanna strangled her husband Andrea, with a silken cord of her own weaving. So says the story: *non lo credo io.*

From Avversa to Naples the country is not interesting; but fertile and rich beyond description: an endless succession of vineyards and orange groves. At length we reached Naples; all tired and in a particularly sober and serious mood: we remembered it was the Sabbath, and had forgotten that it was the first day of the Carnival; and great was our amazement at the scene which met us on our arrival—

I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed ; and all
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

The whole city seemed one vast puppet-show; and the noisy gayety of the crowded streets almost stunned me. One of the first objects we encountered was a barouche full of Turks and Sultanas, driven by an old woman in a tawdry court dress as coachman ; while a merry-andrew and a harlequin capered behind as footmen. Owing to the immense size of the city, and the difficulty of making our way through the motley throng of masks, beggars, lazzaroni, eating-stalls, carts and carriages, we were nearly three hours traversing the streets before we reached our inn on the Chiaja.

I feel tired and over-excited : I have been standing on my balcony looking out upon the moonlit bay, and listening to the mingled shouts, the laughter, the music all around me; and thinking—till I feel in no mode to write.

* * * * * *

7th.—Last night we visited the theatre of San Carlo. It did not strike me as equal to the Scala at Milan. The form is not so fine, the extent of the stage is, or appeared to be, less ; but there is infinitely more gilding and ornament : the mirrors and lights, the sky-blue draperies produce a splendid effect, and the coup-d'œil is, on the whole, more gay, more theatre-like. It was crowded in every part, and many of the audience were in dominoes and fancy dresses : a few were masked. Rossini's Barbiere di Seviglia, which contains, I think, more *melody* than all his other operas put together (the Tancredi perhaps excepted), was most enchantingly sung, and as admirably acted ; and the beautiful classical ballad of "Niobe and her Children," would have appeared nothing short of perfection, had I not seen the Didone Abbandonata at Milan. But they have no actress here like the graceful, the expressive Pallerini ; nor any actor equal to the Æneas of the Scala.

* * * * * *

The Austrians, who are paramount here, allow masks only twice a week, Sundays and Thursdays. The people seem determined to indemnify themselves for this restriction on their pleasures by every allowed excess during the two days of merriment which their despotic conquerors have spared them. I am told by M** and S**, our Italian friends, that the Carnival is now fallen off from its wild spirit of fanciful gayety, that it is stupid, dull, tasteless, in comparison to what it was formerly, owing to the severity of the Austrian police. I know nothing

about the propriety of the measures which have been resorted to for curbing the excesses of the Carnival: I think if people *will* run away instead of fighting for their national rights, they must be content to suffer accordingly—but I meddle not with politics, and with all my heart abhor them. Whatever the gayeties of the Carnival may have been formerly, it is scarce possible to conceive a more fantastic, a more picturesque, a more laughable scene than the Strada di Toledo exhibited to-day; the whole city seemed to wear "one universal grin;" and such an incessant fire of sugar-plums (or what seemed such) was carried on, and with such eagerness and mimic fury, that when our carriage came out of the conflict, we all looked as if a sack of flour had been shaken over us. The implements used in this ridiculous warfare are, for common purposes, little balls of plaster of Paris and flour, made to resemble small comfits: friends and acquaintances pelted each other with real confetti, and those of the most delicious and expensive kinds. A double file of carriages moved in a contrary direction along the Corso; a space in the middle and on each side being left for horsemen and pedestrians, and the most exact order was maintained by the guards and police; so that if by chance a carriage lost its place in the line, it was impossible to recover it, and it was immediately obliged to leave the street, and re-enter by one of the extremities. Besides the warfare carried on below, the balconies on each side were crowded with people in gay or grotesque dresses, who had *sacks* of bon-bons before them, from which they showered volleys upon those beneath, or aimed across the street at each other: some of them filled their handkerchiefs, and then dexterously loosening the corners, and taking a certain aim, flung a volley at once. This was like a cannon loaded with grape-shot, and never failed to do the most terrific execution.

Among the splendid and fanciful equipages of the masqueraders, was one, containing the Duke of Monteleone's family, in the form of a ship, richly ornamented, and drawn by six horses mounted by masks for postillions. The forepart of the vessel contained the duke's party, dressed in various gay costumes, as Tartar warriors and Indian queens. In the stern were the servants and attendants, *travestied* in the most grotesque and ludicrous style. This magnificent and unwieldy car had by some chance lost its place in the procession, and vainly endeavoured to whip in; as it is a point of honour among the charioteers not to yield the *pas*. Our coachman, however, was ordered (though most unwilling) to draw up and

make way for it; and this little civility was acknowledged, not only by a profusion of bows, but by such a shower of delicious sugar-plums, that the seats of our carriage were literally covered with them, and some of the gentlemen flung into our laps elegant little baskets, fastened with ribands, and filled with exquisite sweetmeats. I could not enter into all this with much spirit; "*non son io quel ch'un tempo fui*:" but I was an amused, though a quiet spectator; and sometimes saw much more than those who were actually engaged in the battle. I observed that to-day our carriage became an object of attention, and a favourite point of attack to several parties on foot and in carriages: and I was at no loss to discover the reason. I had with me a lovely girl, whose truly English style of beauty, her brilliant bloom heightened by her eager animation, her lips dimpled with a thousand smiles, and her whole countenance radiant with glee and mischievous archness, made her an object of admiration, which the English expressed by a fixed stare, and the Italians by sympathetic smiles, nods, and all the usual superlatives of delight. Among our most potent and malignant adversaries, was a troop of elegant masks in a long open carriage, the form of which was totally concealed by the boughs of laurel, and wreaths of artificial flowers with which it was covered. It was drawn by six fine horses, fancifully caparisoned, ornamented with plumes of feathers, and led by grotesque masks. In the carriage stood twelve persons in black silk dominoes, black hats, and black masks; with plumes of crimson feathers, and rich crimson sashes. They were armed with small painted targets and tin tubes, from which they shot vollies of confetti, in such quantities and with such dexterous aim, that we were almost overwhelmed whenever we passed them. It was in vain we returned the compliment; our small shot rattled on their masks, or bounded from their shields, producing only shouts of laughter at our expense.

A favourite style of mask here is the dress of an English sailor, straw hats, blue jackets, white trousers, and very white masks with pink cheeks: we saw hundreds in this whimsical costume.

13*th*.—On driving home rather late this evening, and leaving the noise, the crowds, the confusion and festive folly of the Strada di Toledo, we came suddenly upon a scene which, from its beauty, no less than by the force of contrast, strongly impressed my imagination. The shore was silent and almost solitary: the bay as smooth as a mirror, and as still as a frozen lake: the sky, the sea, the mountains round were all of the

same hue, a soft gray, tinged with violet, except where the sunset had left a narrow crimson streak along the edge of the sea. There was not a breeze, not the slightest breath of air, and a single vessel, a frigate with all its white sails crowded, lay motionless as a monument on the bosom of the waters, in which it was reflected as in a mirror. I have seen the bay more splendidly beautiful; but I never saw so peculiar, so lovely a picture. It lasted but a short time: the transparent purple veil became a dusky pall, and night and shadow gradually enveloped the whole.*

* * * * * *

How I love these resplendent skies and blue seas! Nature here seems to celebrate a continual Festa, and to be for ever decked out in holyday costume! A drive along the "*sempre beata Mergellina*" to the extremity of the Promontory of Pausilippo is positive enchantment: thence we looked over a landscape of such splendid and unequalled interest! the shores of Baia, where Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Pliny, Mecænas, lived; the white towers of Puzzuoli and the Islands of Ischia, Procida, and Nisida. There was the Sybil's Cave, Lake Acheron, and the fabled Lethe; there the sepulchre of Misenus, who defied the Triton; and the scene of the whole sixth book of the Æneid, which I am now reading in Annibal Caro's translation: there Agrippina mourned Germanicus; and there her daughter fell a victim to her monster of a son. At our feet lay the lovely little Island of Nisida, the spot on which Brutus and Portia parted for the last time before the battle of Philippi.

To the south of the bay the scenery is not less magnificent, and scarcely less dear to memory: Naples, rising from the sea like an amphitheatre of white palaces, and towers, and glittering domes: beyond, Mount Vesuvius, with the smoke curling from its summit like a silver cloud, and forming the only speck upon the intense blue sky; along its base Portici, Annunziata, Torre del Greco, glitter in the sun; every white building—almost every window in every building, distinct to the eye at the distance of several miles: farther on, and perched like white nests on the mountainous promontory, lie Castel a Mare, and Sorrento, the birthplace of Tasso, and his asylum when the injuries of his cold-hearted persecutors had stung him to

* A chasm occurs here of about twenty pages, which in the original MS. are torn out. Nearly the whole of what was written at Naples has suffered mutilation, or has been purposely effaced; so that in many parts only a detached sentence, or a few words, are legible in the course of several pages.—EDITOR.

madness, and drove him here for refuge to the arms of his sister. Yet, farther on, Capua rises from the sea, a beautiful object in itself, but from which the fancy gladly turns to dwell again upon the snowy buildings of Sorrento.

O de la liberté vieille et sainte patrie!
Terre autrefois féconde en sublimes vertus!
Sous d'indignes Césars maintenant asservie
Ton empire est tombé! tes héros ne sont plus!
Mais dans son sein l'âme aggrandie
Croit sur leurs monumens respirer leur génie,
Comme on respire encore dans un temple aboli
La Majesté du Dieu dont il était rempli.

De la Martine.

THE

SONG OF THE SYREN PARTHENOPE.

A RHAPSODY.

WRITTEN AT NAPLES.

Mine are these waves, and mine the twilight depths
O'er which they roll, and all these tufted isles
That lift their backs like dolphins from the deep,
And all these sunny shores that gird us round!

Listen! O listen to the Sea-maid's shell!
Ye who have wander'd hither from far climes
(Where the coy summer yields but half her sweets),
To breathe my bland luxurious airs, and drink
My sunbeams! and to revel in a land
Where Nature—deck'd out like a bride to meet
Her lover—lays forth all her charms, and smiles
Languidly bright, voluptuously gay,
Sweet to the sense, and tender to the heart.

Listen! O listen to the Sea-maid's shell!
Ye who have fled your natal shores in hate
Or anger, urged by pale disease, or want,
Or grief, that clinging like the spectre bat,
Sucks drop by drop the life-blood from the heart,
And hither come to learn forgetfulness,
Or to prolong existence! ye shall find
Both—though the spring Lethean flow no more,
There is a power in these entrancing skies
And murmuring waters and delicious airs,
Felt in the dancing spirits and the blood,
And falling on the lacerated heart

Like balm, until that life becomes a boon,
Which elsewhere is a burthen and a curse.

Hear then—O hear the Sea-maid's airy shell,
Listen, O listen! 'tis the Syren sings,
The spirit of the deep—Parthenope—
She who did once i' the dreamy days of old
Sport on these golden sands beneath the moon,
Or pour'd the ravishing music of her song
Over the silent waters; and bequeath'd
To all these sunny capes and dazzling shores
Her own immortal beauty, and her *name*.

* * * * * *

This is the last day of the Carnival, the last night of the opera: the people are permitted to go in masks, and after the performances there will be a ball. To-day, when Baldi was describing the excesses which usually take place during the last few hours of the Carnival, he said, "the man who has but half a shirt will pawn it to-night to buy a good supper and an opera-ticket: to-morrow for fish and soup-maigre—fasting and repentance!"

* * * * * *

Saturday, 23*d*.—I have just seen a most magnificent sight; one which I have often dreamed of, often longed to behold, and having beheld, never shall forget. Mount Vesuvius is at this moment blazing like a huge furnace; throwing up every minute, or half minute, columns of fire and red hot stones, which fall in showers and bound down the side of the mountain. On the east, there are two distinct streams of lava descending, which glow with almost a white heat, and every burst of flame is accompanied by a sound resembling cannon at a distance.—

I can hardly write, my mind is so overflowing with astonishment, admiration, and sublime pleasure: what a scene as I looked out on the bay from the Sante Lucia! On one side, the evening star and the thread-like crescent of the new moon were setting together over Pausilippo, reflected in lines of silver radiance on the blue sea; on the other the broad train of fierce red light glared upon the water with a fitful splendour, as the explosions were more or less violent: before me all was so soft, so lovely, so tranquil! while I had only to turn my head to be awe-struck by the convulsion of fighting elements.

I remember, that on our first arrival at Naples, I was disappointed because Vesuvius did not smoke so much as I had been led to expect from pictures and descriptions. The smoke

then lay like a scarcely perceptible cloud on the highest point, or rose in a slender white column; to-day and yesterday, it has rolled from the crater in black volumes, mixing with the clouds above, and darkening the sky.

Half-past twelve.—I have walked out again: the blaze from the crater is less vivid; but there are now four streams of lava issuing from it, which have united in two broad currents, one of which extends below the hermitage. It is probable that by to-morrow night it will have reached the lower part of the mountain.

Sunday, 24th.—Just returned from chapel at the English ambassador's, where the service was read by a dandy clergyman to a crowd of fine and superfine ladies and gentlemen, crushed together into a hot room. I never saw extravagance in dress carried to such a pitch as it is by my country-women here,—whether they dress at the men or against each other, it is equally bad taste. The sermon to-day was very appropriate, from the text, "*Take ye no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or what ye shall put on,*" and, I dare say, it was listened to with singular edification.

5 *o'clock.*—We have been driving along the Strada Nuova, in L**'s britchka, whence we had a fine view of Vesuvius. There are tremendous bursts of smoke from the crater. At one time the whole mountain, down to the very base, was almost enveloped, and the atmosphere round it loaded with the vapour, which seemed to issue in volumes half as large as the mountain itself. If horses are to be had we go up to-night.

Monday night.—I am not in a humour to describe or give way to any poetical flights, but I must endeavour to give a faithful, sober, and circumstantial account of our last night's expedition, while the impression is yet fresh on my mind; though there is, I think, little danger of my forgetting. We procured horses, which, from the number of persons proceeding on the same errand with ourselves, was a matter of some difficulty. We set out at seven in the evening in an open carriage, and almost the whole way we had the mountain before us, spouting fire to a prodigious height. The road was crowded with groups of people, who had come out from the city and environs to take a nearer view of the magnificent spectacle, and numbers were hurrying to and fro in those little flying *corricoli* which are peculiar to Naples. As we approached, the explosions became more and more vivid, and at every tremendous burst of fire our friend L** jumped half off his seat, making most loud and characteristic exclamations,—

"By Jove! a magnificent fellow! now for it, whizz! there he goes, sky high, by George!" The rest of the party were equally enthusiastic in a different style; and I sat silent and quiet from absolute inability to express what I felt. I was almost breathless with wonder, and excitement, and impatience to be nearer the scene of action. While my eyes were fixed on the mountain, my attention was, from time to time, excited by regular rows of small shining lights, six or eight in number, creeping, as it seemed, along the edge of the stream of lava; and, when contrasted with the red blaze which rose behind, and the gigantic black background, looking like a procession of glow-worms. These were the torches of travellers ascending the mountain, and I longed to be one of them.

We reached Resina a little before nine, and alighted from the carriage; the ascent being so rugged and dangerous, that only asses and mules accustomed to the road, are used. Two only were in waiting at the moment we arrived, which L** immediately secured for me and himself; and though reluctant to proceed without the rest of the party, we were compelled to go on before, that we might not lose time, or hazard the loss of our *monture*. We set off then, each with two attendants, a man to lead our animals and a torch-bearer. The road, as we ascended, became more and more steep at every step, being over a stream of lava, intermixed with stones and ashes, and the darkness added to the difficulty. But how shall I describe the scene and the people who surrounded us; the landscape partially lighted by a fearful red glare, the precipitous and winding road bordered by wild looking gigantic aloes, projecting their huge spear-like leaves almost across our path, and our lazzaroni attendants with their shrill shouts, and strange dresses, and wild jargon, and striking features, and dark eyes flashing in the gleam of the torches, which they flung round their heads to prevent their being extinguished, formed a scene so new, so extraordinary, so like romance, that my attention was frequently drawn from the mountain, though blazing in all its tumultuous magnificence.

The explosions succeeded each other with terrific rapidity about two in every three minutes; and the noise I can only compare to the roaring and hissing of ten thousand imprisoned winds, mingled at times with a rumbling sound like artillery or distant thunder. It frequently happened that the guides, in dashing their torches against the ground, set fire to the dried thorns and withered grass, and the blaze ran along the earth like wildfire, to the great alarm of poor L**, who saw in every burning bush a stream of lava rushing to overwhelm us.

Before eleven o'clock we reached the Hermitage, situated between Vesuvius and the Somma, and the highest habitation on the mountain. A great number of men were assembled within, and guides, lazzaroni, servants, and soldiers, were lounging round. I alighted, for I was benumbed and tired, but did not like to venture among those people, and it was proposed that we should wait for the rest of our party a little further on. We accordingly left our donkeys and walked forward upon a kind of high ridge which serves to fortify the Hermitage and its environs against the lava. From this path, as we slowly ascended, we had a glorious view of the eruption; and the whole scene around us, in its romantic interest and terrible magnificence, mocked all power of description. There were, at this time, five distinct torrents of lava rolling down like streams of molten lead; one of which extended above two miles below us, and was flowing towards Portici. The showers of red-hot stones flew up like thousands of sky rockets: many of them being shot up perpendicularly, fell back into the crater, others falling on the outside bounded down the side of the mountain with a velocity which would have distanced a horse at full speed: these stones were of every size, from two to ten or twelve feet in diameter.

My ears were by this time wearied and stunned by the unceasing roaring and hissing of the flames, while my eyes were dazzled by the glare of the red, fierce light: now and then I turned them for relief to other features of the picture, to the black shadowy masses of the landscape stretched beneath us, and speckled with shining lights, which showed how many were up and watching that night; and often to the calm vaulted sky above our heads, where thousands of stars (not twinkling as through our hazy or frosty atmosphere, but shining out of "heaven's profoundest azure," with that soft steady brilliance peculiar to a highly rarified medium) looked down upon this frightful turmoil in all their bright and placid loveliness. Nor should I forget one other feature of a scene on which I looked with a painter's eye. Great numbers of the Austrian forces, now occupying Naples, were on the mountains, assembled in groups, some standing, some sitting, some stretched on the ground and wrapped in their cloaks, in various attitudes of amazement and admiration: and as the shadowy glare fell on their tall martial figures and glittering accoutrements, I thought I had never beheld any thing so wildly picturesque.

The remainder of our party not yet appearing, we sent back

for our asses and guides, and determined to proceed. About half a mile beyond our companions came up, and here a division took place; some agreeing to go forward, the rest turning back to wait at the Hermitage. I was of course one of those who advanced. My spirits were again raised, and the grand object of all this daring and anxiety was to approach near enough to a stream of lava to have some idea of its consistency, and the manner in which it flowed or trickled down. The difficulties of our road now increased, "if *road* that might be called which road was none," but black loose ashes, and masses of scoria and lava heaped in ridges, or broken into hollows in a manner not to be described. Even my animal, though used to the path, felt his footing at every step, and if the torch was by accident extinguished, he stopped, and nothing could make him move. My guide, Andrea, was very vigilant and attentive, and in the few words of Italian he knew, encouraged me, and assured me there was no danger. I had, however, no fear: in fact, I was infinitely too much interested to have been alive to danger, had it really existed. Salvador, well known to all who have visited Mount Vesuvius, had been engaged by Mr. R. as his guide. He is the principal cicerone on the mountain. It is his business to despatch to the king every three hours a regular account of the height of the eruption, the progress, extent, and direction of the lava, and in short, the most minute particulars. He also corresponds, as he assured me, with Sir Humphry Davy;* and is employed to inform him of every interesting phenomenon which takes place on the mountain. This man has resided at the foot of it, and been principal guide for thirty-three years, and knows every inch of its territory.

As the lava had overflowed the usual footpath leading to that conical eminence which forms the summit of the mountain and the exterior of the crater, we were obliged to alight from our sagacious steeds; and, trusting to our feet, walk over the ashes for about a quarter of a mile. The path, or the ground rather, for there was no path, was now dangerous to the inexperienced foot; and Salvador gallantly took me under his peculiar care. He led me on before the rest, and I followed with confidence. Our object was to reach the edge of a stream of lava, formed of two currents united in a point. It was glow-

* Was the letter addressed 'Alla Sua Excellenza *Seromfridevi*,' which caused so much perplexity at the post office and British museum, and exercised the acumen of a minister of state, from Salvador to his illustrious correspondent?

ing with an intense heat: and flowing, not with such rapidity as to alarm us, but rather slowly, and by fits and starts. *Trickling*, in short, is the word which expresses its motion: if one can fancy it applied to any object on so large a scale.

At this time the eruption was at its extreme height. The column of fire was from a quarter to a third of a mile high; and the stones were thrown up to the height of a mile and a quarter. I passed close to a rock about four feet in diameter, which had rolled down some time before: it was still red hot, and I stopped to warm my hands at it. At a short distance from it lay another stone or rock, also red-hot, but six times the size. I walked on first with Salvador till we were within a few yards of the lava—at this moment a prodigious stone, followed by two or three smaller ones, came rolling down upon us with terrific velocity. The gentlemen and guides all ran; my first impulse was to run too: but Salvador called to me to stop and see what direction the stone would take. I saw the reason of this advice, and stopped. In less than a second he seized my arm and hurried me back five or six yards. I heard the whizzing sound of the stone as it rushed down behind me. A little farther on it met with an impediment, against which it bolted with such force that it flew up into the air to a great height, and fell in a shower of red-hot fragments. All this passed in a moment: I have shuddered since when I have thought of that moment; but at the time, I saw the danger without the slightest sensation of terror. I remember the ridiculous figures of the men, as they scrambled over the ridges of scoria; and was struck by Salvador's exclamation, who shouted to them in a tone which would have become Cæsar himself,—"Che tema! —Sono Salvador!"*

We did not attempt to turn back again: which I should have done without any hesitation if any one had proposed it. To have come thus far, and to be so near the object I had in view, and then to run away at the first alarm! it was a little provoking. The road was extremely dangerous in the descent. I was obliged to walk part of the way, as the guides advised, and but for Salvador, and the interesting information he gave me from time to time, I think I should have been overpowered. He amused and fixed my attention by his intelligent conversation, his assiduity, and solicitude for my comfort, and the *naïveté* and self-complacency with which his information was conveyed. He told me he had visited Mount Ætna (*en amateur*) during the

* Quid times? &c.

last great eruption of that mountain, and acknowledged, with laudable candour, that Vesuvius, in its grandest moments, was a mere bonfire in comparison: the whole cone of Vesuvius, he said, was not larger than some of the masses of rock he had seen whirled from the crater of Mount Ætna, and rolling down its sides. He frequently made me stop and look back: and here I should observe that our guides seemed as proud of the performances of the mountain, and as anxious to show it off to the best advantage, as the keeper of a menagerie is of the tricks of his dancing bear, or the proprietor of "Solomon in all his glory" of his raree-show. Their enthusiastic shouts and exclamations would have kept up my interest had it flagged. "O veda, Signora! O bella! O stupenda!" The last great burst of fire was accompanied by a fresh overflow of lava, which issued from the crater, on the west side, in two broad streams, and united a few hundred feet below, taking the direction of Torre del Greco. After this explosion the eruption subsided, and the mountain seemed to repose: now and then showers of stones flew up, but to no great height, and unaccompanied by any vivid flames. There was a dull red light over the mouth of the crater, round which the smoke rolled in dense tumultuous volumes, and then blew off towards the south-west.

After a slow and difficult descent, we reached the Hermitage. I was so exhausted that I was glad to rest a few minutes. My good friend Salvador brought me a glass of *Lachryma Christi* and the leg of a chicken; and with recruited spirits we mounted our animals and again started.

The descent was infinitely more slow and difficult than the ascent, and much more trying to the nerves. I had not Salvador at my side, nor the mountain before me, to beguile me from my fears; at length I prevailed on one of our attendants, a fine tall figure of a man, to sing to me; and though he had been up the mountain *six* times in the course of the day, he sang delightfully, and with great spirit and expression, as he strided along with his hand upon my bridle, accompanied by a magnificent rumbling bass from the mountain, which every now and then drowned the melody of his voice and made me start. It was past three when we reached Resina, and nearly five when we got home; yet I rose this morning at my usual hour, and do not feel much fatigued. About twelve to-day I saw Mount Vesuvius, looking as quiet and placid as the first time I viewed it. There was little smoke, and neither the glowing lava nor the flames were visible in the glare of the sunshine. The atmo-

sphere was perfectly clear, and as I gazed, almost misdoubting my senses, I could scarcely believe in the reality of the tremendous scene I had witnessed but a few hours before.

26th.—The eruption burst forth again to-day, and is exceedingly grand, though not equal to what it was on Sunday night. The smoke rises from the crater in dense black masses, and the wind having veered a few points to the southward, it is now driven in the direction of Naples. At the moment I write this, the skies are obscured by rolling vapours, and the sun, which is now setting just opposite to Vesuvius, shines, as I have seen him through a London mist, red, and shorn of his beams. The sea is angry and discoloured; the day most oppressively sultry, and the atmosphere thick, sulphureous, and loaded with an almost impalpable dust, which falls on the paper as I write.

March 4th.—We have had delicious weather almost ever since we arrived at Naples, but these last three days have been perfectly heavenly. I never saw or felt any thing like the enchantment of the earth, air, and skies. The mountain has been perfectly still, the atmosphere without a single cloud, the fresh verdure bursting forth all around us, and every breeze visits the senses, as if laden with a renovating spirit of life, and wafted from Elysium. Whoever would truly enjoy nature, should see her in this delicious land: "Où la plus douce nuit succède au plus beau jour;" for here she seems to keep holyday all the year round. To stand upon my balcony, looking out upon the sunshine, and the glorious bay; the blue sea, and the pure skies—and to feel that indefinite sensation of excitement, that *superflu de vie*, quickening every pulse and thrilling through every nerve, is a pleasure peculiar to this climate, where the mere consciousness of existence is happiness enough. Then evening comes on, lighted by a moon and starry heavens, whose softness, richness, and splendour are not to be conceived by those who have lived always in the vapoury atmosphere of England—dear England! I love, like an Englishwoman, its fire-side enjoyments and home-felt delights: an English drawing-room with all its luxurious comforts—carpets and hearth-rugs, curtains let down, sofas wheeled round, and a group of family faces round a blazing fire, is a delightful picture; but for the languid frame, and the sick heart, give me this pure elastic air "redolent of spring;" this reviving sunshine and all the witchery of these deep blue skies!—

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Numbers of people set off post-haste from Rome to see the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and arrived here Wednesday and

Thursday; just time enough to be too late. Among them our Roman friend Frattino, who has afforded me more amusement than all our other acquaintance together, and deserves a niche in my gallery of characters.

Frattino is a young Englishman, who, if he were in England, would probably be pursuing his studies at Eton or Oxford, for he is scarce past the age of boyhood; but having been abroad since he was twelve years old, and early plunged into active and dissipated life, he is an accomplished man of fashion and of the world, with as many airs and caprices as a spoiled child. He is by far the most *beautiful* creature of his sex I ever saw; so like the Antinous, that at Rome he went by that name. The exquisite regularity of his features, the graceful air of his head, his *antique* curls, the faultless proportions of his elegant figure, make him a *thing* to be gazed on, as one looks at a statue. Then he possesses talents, wit, taste, and information: the most polished and captivating manners where he wishes to attract,—high honour and generosity where women are not concerned,—and all the advantages attending on rank and wealth: but under this fascinating exterior, I suspect our Frattino to be a very worthless, as well as a very unhappy being. While he pleases, he repels me. There is a want of heart about him, a want of fixed principles—a degree of profligacy, of selfishness, of fickleness, caprice, and ill-temper, and an excess of vanity, which all his courtly address and *savoir faire* cannot hide. What would be insufferable in another, is in him bearable, and even interesting and amusing: such is the charm of manner. But all this cannot last; and I should not be surprised to see Frattino, a few years hence, emerge from his foreign frippery, throw aside his libertine folly, assume his seat in the senate, and his rank in British society; and be the very character he now affects to despise and ridicule—"a true-bred Englishman, who rides a thorough-bred horse."

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Our excursion to Pompeii yesterday was "a pic-nic party of pleasure," *à l'Anglaise*. Now a party of pleasure is proverbially a *bore:* and our expedition was in the beginning so unpromising, so mismanaged—our party so numerous, and composed of such a heterogeneous mixture of opposite tempers, tastes, and characters, that I was in pain for the result. The day, however, turned out more pleasant than I expected: exterior polish supplied the want of something better, and our excursion had its pleasures, though they were not such as I should have sought at Pompeii. I felt myself a simple *unit* among many,

and found it easier to sympathize with others than to make a dozen others sympathize with me.

We were twelve in number, distributed in three light barouches, and reached Pompeii in about two hours and a half—passing by the foot of Vesuvius, through Portici, Torre del Greco, and l'Annonziata. The streams of lava which overwhelmed Torre del Greco in 1794, are still black and barren; but the town itself is rising from its ruins; and the very lava which destroyed it serves as the material to rebuild it.

We entered Pompeii by the street of the tombs: near them are the semicircular seats, so admirably adapted for conversation, that I wonder we have not sofas on a similar plan and similar scale. I need not dwell on particulars, which are to be found in every book of travels: on the whole, my expectations were surpassed, though my curiosity was not half gratified.

The most interesting thing I saw—in fact the only thing, for which paintings and descriptions had not previously prepared me, was a building which has been excavated within the last fortnight: it is only partly laid open, and labourers are now at work upon it. Antiquarians have not yet pronounced on its name and design; but I should imagine it to be some public edifice, perhaps dedicated to religious purposes. The paintings on the walls are the finest which have yet been discovered: they are exquisitely and tastefully designed; and though executed merely for *effect*, that effect is beautiful. I remarked one female figure in the act of entering a half-open door: she is represented with pencils and a palette of colours in her hand, similar to those which artists now use: another very graceful female holds a lyre of peculiar construction. These, I presume, were two of the muses: the rest remained hidden. There were two small panels occupied by sea-pieces, with galleys; and two charming landscapes, so well coloured, and drawn with such knowledge of perspective and effect, that if we may form a comparative idea of the best pictures, from these specimens of taste and skill in mere house-painting, the ancients must have excelled us as much in painting as in sculpture. I remarked on the wall of an entrance or corridor, a dog starting at a wreathed and crested snake, vividly coloured, and full of spirit and expression. While I lingered here a little behind the rest, and most reluctant to depart, a ragged lazzarone boy came up to me, and seizing my dress, pointed to a corner, and made signs that he had something to show me. I followed him to a spot where a quantity of dust and ashes was piled against a wall. He began to scratch away this heap of dirt

with hands and nails, much after the manner of an ape, every now and then looking up in my face and grinning. The impediment being cleared away, there appeared on the wall behind a most beautiful aërial figure, with floating drapery, representing either Fame or Victory: but before I had time to examine it, the little rogue flung the earth up again so as to conceal it completely, then pointing significantly at the other workmen, he nodded, shrugged, gesticulated, and held out both his paws for a recompense, which I gave him willingly; at the same time laughing and shaking my head to show I understood his knavery. I rewarded him apparently beyond his hopes, for he followed me down the street, bowing, grinning, and cutting capers like a young savage.

The streets of Pompeii are narrow, the houses are very small, and the rooms, though often decorated with exquisite taste, are constructed without any regard to what *we* should term comfort and convenience; they are dark, confined, and seldom communicate with each other, but have a general communication with a portico, running round a central court. This court is in general beautifully paved with mosaic, having a fountain or basin in the middle, and possibly answered the purpose of a drawing-room. It is evident that the ancient inhabitants of this lovely country lived like their descendants, mostly in the open air, and met together in their public walks, or in the forums and theatres. If they *saw company*, the guests probably assembled under the porticoes, or in the court round the fountain. The houses seem constructed on the same principle as birds construct their nests; as places of retreat and shelter, rather than of assemblage and recreation: the grand object was to exclude the sunbeams; and this, which gives such gloomy and chilling ideas in our northern climes, must here have been delicious.

Hurried on by a hungry, noisy, merry party, we at length reached the Caserna (the ancient barracks, or as Forsyth will have it, the prætorium). The central court of this building has been converted into a garden: and here, under a weeping willow, our dinner table was spread. Where Englishmen are, there will be good cheer if possible; and our banquet was in truth most luxurious. Besides more substantial cates, we had oysters from Lake Lucrine, and classically excellent they were; London bottled porter, and half a dozen different kinds of wine. Our dinner went off most gayly, but no order was kept afterward: the purpose of our expedition seemed to be forgotten in general mirth: many witty things were said and done, and

many merry ones, and not a few silly ones. We visited the beautiful public walk and the platform of the old temple of Hercules (I call it *old* because it was a ruin when Pompeii was entire): the Temple of Isis, the Theatres, the Forum, the Basilica, the Amphitheatre, which is in a perfect state of preservation, and more elliptical in form than any of those I have yet seen, and the School of Eloquence, where R** mounted the rostrum, and gave us an oration extempore, equally pithy, classical, and comical. About sunset we got into the carriages and returned to Naples.

Of all the heavenly days we have had since we came to Naples, this has been the most heavenly: and of all the lovely scenes I have beheld in Italy, what I saw to-day has most enchanted my senses and imagination. The view from the eminence on which the old temple stood, and which was anciently the public promenade, was splendidly beautiful: the whole landscape was at one time overflowed with light and sunshine, and appeared as if seen through an impalpable but dazzling veil. Towards evening the outlines became more distinct: the little white towns perched upon the hills, the gentle sea, the fairy island of Rivegliano with its old tower, the smoking crater of Vesuvius, the bold forms of Mount Lactarius and Cape Minerva, stood out full and clear under the cloudless sky: as we returned, I saw the sun sink behind Capri, which appeared by some optical illusion like a glorious crimson transparency suspended above the horizon: the sky, the earth, the sea, were flushed with the richest rose colour, which gradually softened and darkened into purple: the short twilight faded away, and the full moon, rising over Vesuvius, lighted up the scenery with a softer radiance.

Thus ended a day which was not without its pleasures:—yet had I planned a party of pleasure to Pompeii, methinks I could have managed better. *Par exemple*, I would have deferred it a fortnight later, or till the vines were in leaf: I would have chosen for my companions two, or at most three persons whom I could name, whose cultivated minds and happy tempers would have heightened their own enjoyment and mine. After spending a few hours in taking a general view of the whole city, we would have sat down on the platform of the old Greek Temple, which commands a view of the mountains and the bay; or, if the heat were too powerful, under the shade of the hill near it. There we would make our cheerful and elegant repast, on bread and fruits, and perhaps a bottle of Malvoisie or Champagne: the rest of the day should be devoted

to a minute examination of the principal objects of interest and curiosity: we would wait till the shadows of evening had begun to steal over the scene, purpling the mountains and the sea; we would linger there to enjoy all the splendours of an Italian sunset; and then, with minds softened and elevated by the loveliness and solemnity of the scenes around, we would get into our carriage and drive back to Naples beneath the bright full moon; and, by the way, we would "talk the flowing heart," and make our recollections of the olden time, our deep impressions of the past, heighten our enjoyment of the present: and this would be indeed a day of *pleasure*, of such pleasure as I think I am capable of feeling—of imparting—of remembering with unmixed delight. Such was *not* yesterday.

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M** brought with him this evening for our amusement, an old man, a native of Cento, who gains his livelihood by a curious exhibition of his peculiar talents. He is blind, and plays well on the violin: he can recite the whole of the Gerusalemme from beginning to end without missing a word: he can repeat any given stanza or number of stanzas either forwards or backwards, he can repeat the last words one after another of any stanza or stanzas: if you give him the first word and the last, he can name immediately the particular line, stanza, and book: lastly, he can tell instantly the exact number of words contained in any given stanza. This exhibition was at first amusing; but as I soon found that the man's head was a mere machine, that he was destitute of imagination, and that far from feeling the beauty of the poet, he did not even understand the meaning of the lines he thus repeated up and down, and backwards and forwards, it ceased to interest me, after the first sensations of surprise and curiosity were over.

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After I had read Italian with Signior B** this evening, he amused me exceedingly by detailing to me the plan of two tragedies he is now writing or about to write. He has already produced one piece on the story of Boadicea, which is rather a drama than a regular tragedy. It was acted here with great success. After giving his drama due praise, I described to him the plan and characters of Fletcher's Bonduca; and attempted to give him in Italian some idea of the most striking scenes of that admirable play: he was alternately in enchantment and despair, and I thought he would have torn and bitten his Boadicea to pieces, in the excess of his vivacity.

The subject of one of his tragedies is to be the Sicilian Ves-

pers. Casimir de Vigne, who wrote *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, which obtained some years ago such amazing popularity at Paris, and in which the national vanity of the French is flattered at the expense of the Italians, received a pension from Louis XVIII. B** spoke with contempt of Casimir de Vigne's tragedy, and with indignation of what he called "his wilful misrepresentation of history." He is determined to give the reverse of the picture: the French will be represented as "*gente crudeli—tiranni—oppressori, senza fede;*" Giovanni di Procida, as a hero and patriot, *á l'antique*, and the Sicilians as rising in defence of their freedom and national honour. The other tragedy is to be founded on the history of the famous *Congiura dei Baroni* in the reign of Ferdinand the First, as related by Giannone. The simple facts of this history need not any ornaments, borrowed from invention or poetry, to form a most interesting tale, and furnish ample materials for a beautiful tragedy, in incident, characters, and situations. B** is a little man, dwarfish and almost deformed in person; but full of talent, spirit, and enthusiasm. I asked him why he did not immediately finish these tragedies, which appeared, from the sketches he had given me, so admirably calculated to succeed. He replied, that under the present regime, he dared not write up to his own conceptions; and if he curbed his genius, he could do nothing; "besides," added he, mournfully, "I have no time;—I am poor—poverissimo! I must work hard all to-day to supply the wants of to-morrow: I am already surveillé by the police, as a known liberal and *literato*." "*Davvero*," added he, gayly, "I would soon do, or say, or write something to attract the honour of their more particular notice, if I could be certain they would only imprison me for a couple of years, and insure me during that time a blanket, bread and water, and the use of pen and ink: then I could write! I would write! *dalla mattina alla sera;* and thank my jailers as my best friends: but pens are poniards, ink is poison in the eyes of the present government; imprisonment for life, or banishment is the least I could expect. Now the mere idea of imprisonment for life would kill me in a week, and banishment!—*Ah lungi dallà mia bella Patria, come cantare! come scrivere! come vivere! moriro io anzi nell' momento di partire!*"

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I drove to-day, tête-à-tête with Laura, to the Lago d'Agnano, about a mile and a half beyond Pausilippo. This lovely fair lake is not more than two miles in circuit, and embosomed in romantic woody hills: innumerable flocks of wild fowl were skimming over its surface, and gave life and motion to the

beautiful but quiet landscape. While we were wandering here, enjoying the stillness and solitude, so delightfully contrasted with the unceasing noise, bustle, and crowd of the city, the charm was rudely broken by the appearance of the king; who, attended by a numerous party of his guards and huntsmen, had been wild boar shooting in the neighbouring woods. The waterfowl, scared by the report of fire-arms, speedily disappeared, and the guards shouted to each other, and galloped round the smooth sloping banks; cutting up the turf with their horses' hoofs, and deforming the whole scene with uproar, confusion, and affright. Devoutly did I wish them all twenty miles off. The famous Grotto del Cane is on the south bank of the lake, a few yards from the edge of the water. We saw the torch, when held in the vapour, instantaneously extinguished. The ground all round the entrance of the grotto is hot to the touch; and when I plunged my hand into the deleterious gas, which rises about a foot, or a foot and a half above the surface of the ground, it was so warm I was glad to withdraw it. The disagreeable old woman who showed us this place, brought with her a wretched dog, with a rope round his neck, bleared eyes, thin ribs, and altogether of a most pitiful aspect. She was most anxious to exhibit the common but cruel experiment of suspended animation, by holding his head over the mephitic vapour, insisting that he was accustomed to it, and even liked it: of course, we would not suffer it. The poor animal made no resistance; only drooped his head, and put his tail between his legs, when his tyrant attempted to seize him.

Though now so soft, so lovely, and so tranquil, the Lago d'Agnano owes its existence to some terrible convulsion of the elements. The basin is the crater of a sunken volcano, which bursting forth here, swallowed up a whole city. And the whole region round bears evident marks of its volcanic origin.

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This morning we visited several churches, not one of them worthy of a remark. The architecture is invariably in the vilest taste; and the interior decorations, if possible, still worse: white-washing, gilding, and gaudy colours, every where prevail. We saw, however, some good pictures. At the San Gennaro are the famous frescos of Domenichino and Lanfranco: the church itself is hideous. At the Girolomini there is no want of magnificence and ornament; but a barbarous misapplication of both as usual. The church of the convent of Santa Chiara was painted in fresco by Ghiotto: it is now

white-washed all over. At this church, which I first visited during the merry days of the Carnival, I saw a large figure of our Saviour suspended on the cross, dressed in a crimson domino and blue sash. To what a pitch, thought I, must the love of white-washing and masquerading be carried into this strange city, where the Deity himself is burlesqued, and bad taste is carried to profanation! To-day I saw the same crucifix in a suit of mourning: why should not our South Sea missionaries come and preach here?

The church of San Severo is falling to ruins, owing to some defect in the architecture. It is only remarkable for containing three celebrated statues. The man enveloped in a net, and the Pudicità, draped from head to foot, pleased me only as specimens of the patience and ingenuity of the sculptor. The dead Christ covered with a veil, by Corradini, has a merit of a higher class: it is most painful to look upon; and affected me so strongly that I was obliged to leave the church, and go into the air.

I went to-day with two agreeable and intelligent friends, to take leave of the Studio and the Museum. I have often resolved not to make my little journal a mere catalogue of objects, which are to be found in my pocket-guide, and bought for a few pence; but I cannot resist the temptation of making a few notes of admiration and commemoration for my own peculiar use.

The Gallery of Painting contains few pictures; but among them are some master-pieces. The St. John of Leonardo da Vinci (exquisite as it is, considered as a mere painting) provoked me. I am sick of his eternal simpering face: the aspect is that of a Ganymede or a young Bacchus; and if instead of *Ecce Agnus Dei*, they had written over it *Ecce Vinum bonum*, all would have been in character.

How I coveted the beautiful "Carità," the Capo d'Opera of Schidone!—and next to it, Parmegiano's Gouvernante—a delicious picture. A portrait of Columbus, said to be by the same master, is not like him, I am sure; for the phisiognomy is vacant and disagreeable. Domenichino's large picture of the Angel shielding Innocence from a Demon pleases me, as all his pictures do—but not perfectly: the devil in the corner, with his fork, and hoofs, and horns, shocks my taste as a ludicrous and vulgar idea, far removed from poetry: but the figure of the angel stretching a shield over the infant, is charming. There are also two fine Claudes, two Holy Families, by

Raffaelle, in his sweetest style; and one by Correggio, scarcely less beautiful.

The Gallery of Sculpture is so rich in chef-d'œuvres, that to particularize would be a vain attempt. Passing over those which every one knows by heart, the statue of Aristides struck me most. It was found in Herculaneum; and is marked with ferruginous stains, as if by the action of fire or the burning lava; but it is otherwise uninjured, and the grave, yet graceful simplicity of the figure and attitude, and the extreme elegance of the drapery, are truly Grecian. It is the union of *power* with *repose*—of perfect *grace* with perfect *simplicity*, which distinguishes the ancient from the modern style of sculpture. The sitting Agrippina, for example, furnished Canova with the model for his statue of Madame Letitia—the two statues are, in point of fact, nearly the same, except that Canova has turned Madame Letitia's head a little on one side; and by this single and trifling alteration, has destroyed that quiet and beautiful simplicity which distinguishes the original, and given his statue at once a modern air.

The Flora Farnese is badly placed, in a space too confined for its size, and too near the eye; so that the exquisite harmony and delicacy of the figure are partly lost in its colossal proportions: it should be placed at the end of a long gallery or vista.

There is here a statue of Nero, when he was ten years old; from which it would seem that he was not by nature the monster he afterward became. The features are beautiful; and the expression all candour and sweetness.

One statue struck me exceedingly—not by the choice of the subject, nor the beauty of the workmanship, but from its wonderful force of expression. It is a dying gladiator; but very different from the gladiator of the Capitol. The latter declines gradually, and sickens into death; but memory and feeling are not yet extinct: and what thoughts may pass through that brain while life is thus languishing away! what emotions may yet dwell upon the last beatings of that heart! it is the *sentiment* which gives such profound pathos to that matchless statue; but the gladiator of the Studii has only physical expression: it is sudden death in all its horrors: the figure is still erect, though the mortal blow has been given: the sword has dropped from the powerless hand; the limbs are stiffening in death: the eyes are glazed; the features fixed in an expression of mortal agony; and in another moment you expect the figure to fall at your feet.

The Venus, the Hercules, the Atlas, the Antinous (not equal to that in the capital), the Ganymede, the Apollo, the equestrian statues of the two Balbi, &c. are all familiar to my imagination, from the numerous copies and models I have seen: but the most interesting department of the Museum is the collection of antiques from Herculaneum and Pompeii, which have lately been removed hither from Portici. One room contains specimens of cooking utensils, portable kitchens, tripods, instruments of sacrifice, small bronze Lares, and Penates, urns, lamps, and candelabras of the most elegant forms and the most exquisite workmanship. Another room contains specimens of ancient armour, children's toys, &c. I remarked here a helmet which I imagine formed part of a trophy; or at least was intended for ornament rather than use. It is exceedingly heavy; and on it is represented, in the most exquisite relievo, the War of Troy. Benvenuto Cellini himself never produced any thing equal to the chased work on this helmet.

In a third room is the paraphernalia of a lady's toilet: mirrors of different sizes, fragments of combs, a small crystal box of rouge, &c. Then follow flutes and pipes, all carved out of bone, surgical instruments, moulds for pastry, sculptors' tools, locks and keys, bells, &c.

The room containing the antique glass astonished me more than any thing else. I knew that glass was an ancient invention: but I thought that its application to domestic purposes was of modern date. Here I found window panes, taken from the Villa of Diomed at Pompeii; bottles of every size and form, white and coloured; pitchers and vases; necklaces; imitations of gems; &c.

There is a little jeu d'esprit of Voltaire's "La Toilette de Madame de Pompadour," in which he wittily exalts the moderns above the ancients, and ridicules their ignorance of the luxuries and comforts of life: but Voltaire had not seen the museum of Portici. We can add few distinct articles to the list of comforts and luxuries it contains: though it must be confessed that we have improved upon them, and varied them *ad infinitum*. In those departments of the mechanics which are in any way connected with the fine arts, the ancients appear to have attained perfection. To them belongs the invention of all that embellishes life, of all the graceful forms of imitative art, varied with such exquisite taste, such boundless fertility of fancy, that nothing is left to us but to refine upon their ideas, and copy their creations. With all our new

invented machines and engines, we can do little more than what the ancients performed without them.

I ought not to forget one room containing some objects, more curious and amusing than beautiful, principally from Pompeii, such as loaves of bread, reduced to a black cinder, figs in the same state, grain of different kinds, colours from a painter's room, ear-rings and bracelets, gems, specimens of mosaic, &c. &c.

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March 7th.—Frattino brought me to-day the last numbers of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews: a great treat so far from home. Both contain some clever essays: among them, an article on prisons, in the Edinburgh, interested me most.

Methinks these two Reviews stalk through the literary world like the two giants in Pulci's Morgante Maggiore: the one pounding, slaying, mangling, despoiling with blind fury, like the heavy orthodox club-armed Morgante; the other, like the sneering, witty, half-pagan, half-baptized Margutte, slashing and cutting, and piercing through thick and thin; à tort et à travers. Truly the simile is more àpropos than I thought when it first occurred to me.

I went the other day to a circulating library and reading-room kept here by a little cross French-woman, and asked to see a catalogue. She showed me, first, a list of all the books, Italian, French, and English, she was allowed to keep and sell: it was a thin pamphlet of about one hundred pages. She then showed me the catalogue of prohibited books, which was at least as thick as a good sized octavo. The book to which I wished to refer was the second volume of Robertson's Charles the Fifth. After some hesitation, Madame P** led me into a back room: and opening a sliding panel, discovered a shelf let into the wall, on which were arranged a number of authors, chiefly English and French. I was not surprised to find Rousseau and Voltaire among them; but am still at a loss to guess what Robertson has done or written to entitle him to a place in such select company.

8th.—Forsyth might well say that Naples has no parallel on earth. Viewed from the sea, it appears like an amphitheatre of palaces, temples, and castles, raised one above another by the wand of a necromancer: viewed within, Naples gives me the idea of a vast Bartholomew fair. No street in London is ever so crowded as I have seen the streets of Naples. It is a crowd which has no pause or cessation: early in the morning, late at night, it is ever the same. The whole population seems

poured into the streets and squares; all business and amusement is carried on in the open air: all those minute details of domestic life, which, in England, are confined within the sacred precincts of *home*, are here displayed to public view. Here people buy and sell, and work, wash, wring, brew, bake, fry, dress, eat, drink, sleep, &c. &c. all in the open streets. We see every hour such comical, indescribable, appalling sights; such strange figures, such wild physiognomies, picturesque dresses, attitudes, and groups—and eyes—no! I never saw such eyes before as I saw to-day, half languor and half fire, in the head of a ruffian Lazzarone, and a ragged Calabrian beggar girl. They would have *embrasé* half London or Paris.

I know not whether it be incipient illness, or the enervating effects of this soft climate, but I feel unusually weak, and the least exertion or excitement is not only disagreeable, but painful. While the rest were at Capo di Monte, I stood upon my balcony looking out upon the lovely scene before me, with a kind of pensive dreamy rapture, which, if not quite pleasure, had at least a power to banish pain: and thus hours passed away insensibly—

> "As if the moving time had been
> A thing as steadfast as the scene,
> On which we gazed ourselves away."*

All my activity of mind, all my faculties of thought and feeling and suffering, seemed lost and swallowed up in an indolent delicious revery, a sort of vague and languid enjoyment, the true "*dolce far niente*" of this enchanting climate. I stood so long leaning on my elbow without moving, that my arm has been stiff all day in consequence.

"How I wish," said I this evening, when they drew aside the curtain, "that I might view the sunset from my sofa, and sky, earth, and ocean seemed to commingle in floods of glorious light—how I wish I could transport those skies to England!" *Cruelle!* exclaimed an Italian behind me, *otez nous notre beau ciel, tout est perdu pour nous.*

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THE LAST EVENING AT NAPLES.

Yes, Laura! draw the shade aside
And let me gaze—while yet I may,

* Wordsworth.

Upon that gently heaving tide,
Upon that glorious sunlit bay.

Land of Romance! enchanting shore!
Fair scenes, near which I linger yet!
Never shall I behold ye more,
Never this last—last look forget!

What though the clouds that o'er me lour
Have tinged ye with a mournful hue,
Deep in my heart I felt your power,
And bless ye, while I sigh—Adieu!

Velletri, March 13.

It is now a week since I opened my little book. Ever since the 9th I have been seriously ill: and yesterday morning I left Naples, still low and much indisposed, but glad of a change which should substitute any external excitement, however painful, to that unutterable dying away of the heart and paralysis of the mind which I have suffered for some days past. When we turned into the Strada Chiaja, and I gave a last glance at the magnificent bay and the shores all resplendent with golden light, I could almost have exclaimed, like Eve, "must I then leave thee, Paradise?" and dropped a few natural tears—tears of weakness, rather than of grief: for what do I leave behind me worthy one motion of regret? Even at Naples, even in this all-lovely land, "fit haunt for gods," has it not been with me as it has been elsewhere? as long as the excitement of change and novelty lasts, my heart can turn from itself "to luxuriate with indifferent things:" but it cannot last long: and when it is over I suffer, I am ill: the past returns with tenfold gloom; interposing like a dark shade between me and every object: an evil power seems to reside in every thing I see, to torment me with painful associations, to perplex my faculties, to irritate and mock me with the perception of what is lost to me: the very sunshine sickens me, and I am forced to confess myself weak and miserable as ever. O time! how slowly you move! how little you can do for me! and how bitter is that sorrow which has no relief to hope but from time alone!

Last night we reached Mola di Gaëta, which looked even more beautiful than before, in the eyes of all but *one*, whose senses were blinded and dulled by dejection, lassitude, and sickness. When I felt myself passively led along the shore, placed where the eye might range at freedom over the living and rejoicing landscape—when I heard myself repeating mechanically the exclamations of others, and felt no ray of

beauty, no sense of pleasure penetrate to my heart—shall I own, even to myself, the mixture of anguish and terror with which I shrunk back, conscious of the waste within me? The conviction that now it was all over, that the last and only pleasures hitherto left to me had perished, that my mind was contracted by the selfishness of despondency, and my quick spirit of enjoyment utterly subdued into apathy, gave me for a moment a pang sharper than if a keen knife had cut me to the quick; and then I relapsed into a kind of torpid languor of mind and frame, which I thought was resignation, and as such indulged it.

From my bed this morning I stepped out upon my balcony, just as the sun was rising. I wished to convince myself whether the beauty on which I had lately looked with such admiration and delight, had indeed lost all power to touch my heart. The impression made upon my mind at that instant I can only compare to the rolling away of a palpable and suffocating cloud: every thing on which I looked had the freshness and brightness of novelty: a glory beyond its own was again diffused over the enchanting scene from the stores of my own imagination: the sea breeze which blew against my temples new-strung every nerve: and I left Mola with a heart so lightened and so grateful, that not for hours afterward, not till fatigue and hurry had again wearied down my spirits, did that impression of happy thankfulness pass away.

I am sensible I owed this sudden renovation of health solely to the contemplation of Nature; and a true feeling for all the "maggior pompa" she has poured forth over this glorious region. The shores of the Terracina, the azure sea dancing in the breeze, the waves rolling to our feet, the sublime cliffs, the fleet of forty sail stretching away till lost in the blaze of the horizon, the Circean promontory, even the picturesque fisherman, whom we saw throwing his nets from an insulated rock at some distance from the shore, and whom a very trifling exertion of fancy might have converted into some sea divinity, a Glaucus, or a Proteus, formed altogether a picture of the most wonderful and luxuriant beauty. In England there is a peculiar charm in the soft aërial perspective, which even in the broadest glare of noonday, blends and masses the forms of the distant landscape; and in that mingling of colours into a cool neutral gray tint so grateful to the eye. Hence it has happened that in some of the Italian pictures I have seen in England, I have often been struck by what appeared to me a violence in the colouring, and a sharp decision in the outline,

o'erstepping the modesty of nature—that is, of *English nature:* but there is in this climate a prismatic splendour of tint, a glorious all-embracing light, a vivid distinctness of outline, something in the reality more gorgeous, glowing, and luxuriant, than poetry could dare to express, or painting imitate.

> " Ah that such beauty, varying in the light
> Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
> By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;
> But is the property of those alone
> Who have beheld it, noted it with care,
> And in their minds recorded it with love."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

And now we have left the enchanting south; myrtle-hedges, palm-trees, orange-groves, bright Mediterranean, all adieu! How, under other circumstances, should I regret you, with what reluctance should I leave you, thus half-explored, half-enjoyed! but now other thoughts engross me, the hard struggle to overcome myself, or at least to appear the thing I am not.—

* * * * * *

Man has done what he can to deform this lovely region. The most horrible places we have yet met with are Itri and Fondi, which look like recesses of depravity and dirt, and the houses more like the dens and kennels of wild beasts than the habitations of civilized human beings. In fact, the populace of these towns consists chiefly of the families of the briganti. The women we saw here were bold coarse Amazons; and the few men who appeared had a slouching gait, and looked at us from under their eyebrows with an expression at once cunning and fierce. We met many begging friars—horrible specimens of their species: altogether I never beheld such a desperate set of canaille as appear to have congregated in these two wretched towns.

At Mola I remarked several beautiful women. Their head-dress is singularly graceful: the hair being plaited round the back of the head, and there fastened with two silver pins, much in the manner of some of the ancient statues. The costume of the peasantry there, and all the way to Rome, is very striking and picturesque. I remember one woman whom I saw standing at her door spinning with her distaff: her long black hair floating down from its confinement, was spread over her shoulders; not hanging in a dishevelled and slovenly style, but in the most rich and luxuriant tresses. Her attitude as she stood suspending her work to gaze at *me*, as I gazed at her

with open admiration, was graceful and dignified; and her form and features would have been a model for a Juno or a Minerva.*

LINES.

Quenched is our light of youth!
And fled our days of pleasure,
When all was hope and truth,
And trusting—without measure.

Blindly we believed
Words of fondness spoken—
Cruel hearts deceived,
So our peace was broken!

What can charm us more?
Life hath lost its sweetness!
Weary lags the hour
"Time hath lost its fleetness!"

As the buds in May
Were the joys we cherished,
Sweet—but frail as they,
Thus they passed and perished!

And the few bright hours
Wintry age can number,
Sickly senseless flowers,
Lingering through December!

Rome, March 15.

We arrived here yesterday morning about one, after a short but delightful journey from Velletri. We have now a suite of apartments in the Hotel d'Europe; and our accommodations are in all respects excellent, almost equal to Schneiderf s at Florence.

On entering Rome through the gate of the Lateran, I was struck by the emptiness and stillness of the streets, contrasted with those of Naples; and still more by the architectural grandeur and beauty which everywhere met the eye. This is as it should be: the merry, noisy, half-naked, merry-andrew set of

* Beyond Fondi I remarked, among the wild myrtle-covered hills, a wreath of white smoke rise as if from under ground, and I asked the postillion what it meant? He replied with an expressive gesture, "Signora,—i briganti!" I thought this was a more trick to alarm us, but it was truth: within twenty hours after we had passed the spot, a carriage was attacked; and a desperate struggle took place between the banditti and the sentinels, who are placed at regular distances along the road, and within hearing of each other. Several men were killed, but the robbers at length were obliged to fly.

ragamuffins which crowd the streets and shores of Naples, would strangely misbecome the desolate majesty of the "Eternal City." Though we now reside in the most fashionable and frequented part of Rome, the sound of carts and carriages is seldom heard. After nine in the evening a profound stillness reigns; and I distinguish nothing from my window but the splashing of the Fountain della Barchetta.

The weather is lovely; we were obliged to close our Venetian blinds against the heat at eight this morning, and afterward we drove to the gardens of the Villa Borghese, where we wandered about in search of coolness and shade.

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26*th*.—I must now descend to the common occurrences of our every-day life.

For the last week we have generally spent the whole or part of the morning in some of the galleries of art; and the afternoon in the gardens of the neighbouring villas. Those of the Villa Medici have their vicinity to our inn, and their fine air to recommend them. From the Villa Lanti, and the Monte Mario, we have a splendid view of the whole city and Campagna of Rome. The pope's gardens on the Monte Cavallo are pleasant, accessible, and very private: the gardens of the Villa Pamfili are enchanting; but our usual haunt is the garden of the Villa Borghese. In this delightful spot we find shade and privacy, or sunshine and society, as we may feel inclined. To-day it was intensely hot; and we found the cool sequestered walks and alleys of cypress and ilex, perfectly delicious. I spread my shawl upon a green bank carpeted with violets, and lounged in most luxurious indolence. I had a book with me, but felt no inclination to read. The soft air, the trickling and murmuring of innumerable fountains, the urns, the temples, the statues—the localities of the scene—all dispose the mind to a kind of vague but delightful revery to which we "find no end, in wandering mazes lost."

In these gardens we frequently meet the Princess Pauline; sometimes alone, but oftener surrounded by a cortège of beaux. She is no longer the "Venere Vincitrice" of Canova; but her face, though faded, is pretty and intelligent; and she still preserves the "andar celeste," and all the distinguished elegance of her petite and graceful figure. Of the stories told of her I suppose one half *may* be true—and that half is quite enough. She is rather more famous for her gallantries than for her bon-gout in the choice of her favourites; but it is justice to Pauline to add, that her native benevolence of heart seems to

have survived all her frailties; and every one who speaks of her here, even those who must condemn her, mention her in a tone of kindness, and even of respect. She is still in deep mourning for the Emperor.

The Villa Pamfili is about two miles from Rome, on the other side of the Monte Gianicolo. The gardens are laid out in the artificial style of Italian gardening, a style which in England would horrify me as in the vilest and most old-fashioned taste —stiff, cold, unnatural, and altogether detestable. Through what inconsistency or perversity of taste is it, then, that I am enchanted with the fantastic elegance, and the picturesque gayety of the Pamfili gardens; where sportive art revels and runs wild amid the luxuriance of nature? Or is it, as I would rather believe, because these long arcades of verdure, these close *walls* of laurel, pervious to the air, but impervious to the sunshine, these broad umbrageous avenues and marble terraces, these paved grottoes and ever trickling fountains, these gods and nymphs, and urns and sarcophagi, meeting us at every turn with some classical or poetical association, harmonize with the climate and the country, and the minds of the people; and are *comfortable* and consistent as a well carpeted drawing-room and a warm chimney-corner would be in England?

"But it is all so artificial and unnatural"—Agreed:—so are our yellow unsheltered gravel-walks, meandering through smooth shaven lawns, which have no other beauty than that of being dry when every other place is wet; our shapeless flower-beds so elaborately irregular, our clumps and dots of trees, and dwarfish shrubberies. I have seen some over-dressed grounds and gardens in England, the perpetrations of Capability Brown and his imitators, the landscape gardeners, quite as bad as any thing I see here, only in a different style, and certainly more adapted to England and English taste. I must confess, that in these enchanting gardens of the Villa Pamfili, a little less "ingenuity and artifice" would be better. I hate *mere* tricks and gimcrackery, of which there are a few instances, such as their hydraulic music, jets d'eau—water works that play occasionally to the astonishment of children and the profit of the gardeners—but how different, after all, are these Italian gardens to the miserable grandeur, and senseless, tasteless parade of Versailles!

In these gardens an interesting discovery has just been made; an extensive burial place, or columbarium, in singular preservation. The skeletons and ashes have not been removed. Some of the tombs are painted in fresco, others floored with

very pretty mosaic. The disposition of the urns is curious: they are imbedded in the masonry of the wall with moveable lids. On a tile I found the name of Sextus Pompeius, in letters beautifully formed, and deeply and distinctly cut, and an inscription which I was not Latinist enough to translate accurately, but from which it appears that these columbaria belonged to a branch of the Pompey family.

27*th.*—To-day after English Chapel, I took a walk to the San Gregorio, on the other side of the Palatine, which since I first came to Rome has been to me a favourite and chosen spot. I sat down on the steps of the church to rest, and enjoy at leisure the fine view of the hill and ruins opposite. Arches on arches, a wilderness of desolation! and mingled with massive fragments of the halls and towers of the Cæsars, where young shrubs just putting on their brightest green, and the almond-trees covered with their gay blossoms, and the cloudless and resplendent skies bending over all.

I tried to sketch the scene before me, but could not form a stroke. I cannot now take a short walk without feeling its ill effects; and my hand shook so much from nervous weakness, that after a few vain efforts to steady it, I sorrowfully gave up the attempt. On returning home by the Coliseum, and through the Forum and Capitol, I met many things I should wish to remember. After all, what place is like Rome, where it is impossible to move a step without meeting with some incident or object to excite reflection, to enchant the eye, or interest the imagination? Rome may yield to Naples or Florence in mere external beauty, but every other spot on earth, Athens perhaps alone excepted, must yield to Rome in interest.

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28*th.*—This morning we walked down to the Studio of M. Wagenal, to see the Ægina marbles; which as objects of curiosity, interested me extremely. These statues are on a smaller scale than I expected, being not much more than half the size of life, but of better workmanship, and in a style of sculpture altogether different from any thing I ever saw before. They formed the ornaments of the pediment of the temple of Jupiter in the island of Ægina, and represented a group of fighting and dying warriors, with an armed Pallas in the centre; but the subject is not known.

The execution of these statues must evidently be referred to the earliest ages of Grecian art; to a period when sculpture was confined to the exact imitation of natural forms. Several of the figures were extremely spirited, and very

correct both in design and execution; but there is no attempt at grace, and a total deficiency of ideal beauty: in the Pallas especially, the drapery and forms are but one remove from the cold formal Etruscan style, which in its turn is but one remove from the yet more tasteless Egyptian. I think it was at the Villa Albani, I saw the singular Etruscan basso-relievo which I was able to compare mentally with what I saw to-day; and the resemblance in *manner* struck me immediately. Thorwaldson is now restoring these marbles in the most admirable style for the king of Bavaria, to whom they were sold by Messrs. Cockerel and Linkh (the original discoverers) for 8000*l.*

Gibson, the celebrated English sculptor, joined us while looking at the Ægina marbles, and accompanied us to the studio of Pozzi, the Florentine statuary. Here I saw several instances of that affected and meretricious taste which prevails too much among the foreign sculptors. I remember one example almost ludicrous, a female Satyr, with her hair turned up behind, and dressed in the last Parisian fashion: as if she had just come from under the hands of Monsieur Hyppolite. By the same hand which committed this odd solecism, I saw a statue of Moses, now modelling in clay, which, if finished in marble in a style worthy of its conception, and if not spoiled by some affected niceties in the execution, will be a magnificent and sublime work of art.

Gibson afterward showed us round his own studio: his exquisite group of Psyche borne away by the Zephyrs enchanted me. The necessity which exists for supporting all the figures has rendered it impossible to give them the same aërial lightness I have seen in paintings of the same subject, yet they are all *but* aërial. Psyche was criticised by two or three of our party; but I thought her faultless: she is a lovely timid girl; and as she leans on her airy supporters, she seems to contemplate her flight down the precipice, half-shrinking, though secure. Mr. W** told me that in the original design, the left foot of one of the Zephyrs rested upon the ground: and that Canova, coming in by chance while Gibson was working on the model, lifted it up, and this simple and masterly alteration has imparted the most exquisite lightness to the attitude.

Gibson was Canova's favourite pupil: he has quite the air of a genius: plain features, but a countenance all beaming with fire, spirit, and intelligence. His Psyche remains still in the model, as he has not yet found a patron munificent enough to order it in marble; at which I greatly wonder. Could I but

afford to bestow seven hundred pounds on my own gratification, I would have given him the order on the spot.*

30*th*.—Yesterday we dined *al fresco* in the Pamfili gardens; and though our party was rather too large, it was well assorted, and the day went off admirably. The queen of our feast was in high good humour, and irresistible in charms; Frattino very fascinating, T** was caustic and witty, W** lively and, clever, Sir J** mild, intelligent and elegant, V** as usual-quiet, sensible, and self-complacent, L** as absurd and as siduous as ever. Everybody played their part well, each by a tacit convention sacrificing to the *amour propre* of the rest. Every individual really occupied with his own particular *rôle*, but all apparently happy, and mutually pleased. Vanity and selfishness, indifference and ennui, were veiled under a general mask of good-humour and good-breeding, and the flowery bonds of politeness and gallantry held together those who knew no common tie of thought or interest; and when parted (as they soon will be, north, south, east, and west), will probably never meet again in this world; and whether they do or not, who thinks or cares!

Our luxurious dinner, washed down by a competent proportion of Malvoisie and Champaign, was spread upon the grass, which was literally the *flowery turf*, being covered with violets, iris, and anemones of every die. Instead of changing our plates, we washed them in a beautiful fountain which murmured near us, having first, by a libation, propitiated the presiding nymph for this pollution of her limpid waters. For my own peculiar taste there were too many servants (who on these occasions are always *de trop*), too many luxuries, too much fuss; but considering the style and number of our party, it was all consistently and admirably managed; the grouping of the company, picturesque because unpremeditated, the scenery round, the arcades, and bowers, and columns, and fountains, had an air altogether quite poetical and romantic; and put me in mind of some of Watteau's beautiful garden-pieces, and Stothard's fêtes-champêtres.

To me the day was not a day of pleasure; for the small stock of strength and spirits with which I set out was soon exhausted, and the rest of the day was wasted in efforts to appear cheerful and support myself to the end, lest I should spoil the general mirth: on all I looked with complacency

* It is understood that this beautiful group has since been executed in marble for Sir George Beaumont.—EDITOR.

tinged with my habitual melancholy. What I most admired was the delicious view, from an eminence in the wildest part of the gardens, over the city and Campagna to the blue Appenines, where Frascati and Albano peeped forth like nests of white buildings glittering upon a rich background, tinted with blue and purple; the hill where Cato's villa stood, and still called the Portian Hill, and on the highest point the ruined temple of Jupiter Latialis visible at the distance of seventeen miles, and shining in the setting sun like burnished gold. What I most felt and enjoyed was the luxurious temperature of the atmosphere, the purity and brilliance of the skies, the delicious security with which I threw myself down on the turf without fear of damp and cold, and the thankful consciousness that neither the light or worldly beings round me, nor the sadness which weighed down my own heart, had quite deadened my once quick sense of pleasure, but left me still some perception of the splendour and classical interest of the glorious scenes around me, combined as it was with all the enchantment of natural beauty—

"—— The music and the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring."

TOLSE AI MARTIRI OGNI CONFIN, CHI AL CORE TOGLIER POTEÒ
LA LIBERTA DEL PIANTO!

O ye blue luxurious skies!
Sparkling fountains,
Snow-capp'd mountains,
Classic shades that round me rise!

Towers and temples, hills and groves,
Scenes of glory,
Fam'd in story,
Where the eye enchanted roves!

O thou rich embroider'd earth!
Opening flowers,
Leafy bowers,
Sights of gladness, sounds of mirth!

Why to my desponding heart,
Darkly thinking,
Sadly sinking,
Can ye no delight impart?*

* Written on an old pedestal in the gardens of the Villa Pamfili, yesterday (March 29th).

Sunday, 31*st*.—To-day the Holy week begins, and a kind of programma of the usual ceremonies of each day was laid on my toilet this morning. The bill of fare for this day runs thus:—

"Domenica delle Palme, nel Capella Papale nel Palazzo Apostolico, canta messa un Cardinal Prete. Il Sommo Pontefice fa la benedizione delle Palme, con processione per la Sala Regia."

I gave up going to the English service accordingly, and consented to accompany R** and V** to the Pope's Chapel. We entered just as the ceremony of blessing the palms was going on: a cardinal officiated for the poor old pope, who is at present ill.

After the palms had been duly blessed, they were carried in procession round the splendid anti-chamber, called the Sala Regia; meantime the chapel doors were closed upon them, and on their return, they (not the palms, but the priests) knocked and demanded entrance in a fine recitative; two of the principal voices replied from within; the choir without sung a response, and after a moment's silence the doors were opened, and the service went on.

This was very trivial and tedious. Rospo said, very truly, that the procession in Blue Beard was much better *got up*. All these processions sound very fine in mere description, but in the reality there is always something to disappoint or disgust; something which leaves either a ludicrous or a painful impression on the mind. The old priests and cardinals to-day looking like so many old beggar-women dressed up in the cast-off finery of a Christmas pantomime, the assistants smirking and whispering, the singers grinning at each other between every solemn strain of melody, and blowing their noses and spitting about like true Italians—in short, the want of keeping in the *tout ensemble* shocked my taste and my imagination, and, I may add, better, more serious feelings. It is well to see these things once, that we may not be cheated with fine words, but judge for ourselves. I foresee, however, that I shall not be tempted to encounter any of the more crowded ceremonies.

I remarked that all the Italians wore black to-day.

We spent the afternoon at the Vatican. We found St. Peter's almost deserted; few people, no music, the pictures all muffled, and the altars hung with black drapery. The scaffolding was preparing for the ceremonies of the week; and, on the whole, St. Peter's appeared, for the first time, disagreeable and gloomy.

Monday, April 1st.—Non riconosco oggi la mia bella Italia! Clouds, and cold, and rain, to which we have been so long unaccustomed, seem unnatural; and deform that peculiar character of sunny loveliness which belongs to this country: and, àpropos to climate, I may as well observe now, that since the 1st of February, when we left Rome for Naples, up to this present 1st of April, not one day has been so rainy as to confine us to the house: and on referring to my memoranda of the weather, I find that at Naples it rained one day for a few hours, and for about two hours on the morning we left it: since then, not a drop of rain has fallen: all hot, cloudless, lovely weather. We have been for the last three weeks in summer costume, and guard against the heat as we should in England during the dog-days. To have an idea of an Italian summer, Mr. W * * says we must fancy the present heat *quadrupled.*

The day, notwithstanding, has been unusually pleasant: the afternoon, though not brilliant, was clear and soft; and we drove in the open carriage first to the little church of Santa Maria della Pace, to see Raffaelle's famous fresco, the Four Sybils. It is in the finest preservation, and combines all his peculiar graces of design and expression. The colouring has not suffered from time and damp like that of the frescoes in the Vatican, but it is at once brilliant and delicate. Nothing can exceed the exquisite grace of the Sibilla Persica, nor the beautiful drapery and inspired look of the Cumana. Fortunately, I had never seen any copy or engraving of this masterpiece: its beauty was to me enhanced by surprise and all the charm of novelty: and my gratification was complete.

We afterward spent half an hour in the gardens of the Villa Lanti, on the Monte Gianicolo. The view of Rome from these gardens is superb: though the sky was clouded, the atmosphere was perfectly pure and clear; the eye took in the whole extent of ancient and modern Rome; beyond it the Campagna, the Alban Hills, and the Appenines, which appeared of a deep purple, with pale clouds floating over their summits. The city lay at our feet, silent, and clothed with the daylight as with a garment—no smoke, no vapour, no sound, no motion, no sign of life: it looked like a city whose inhabitants had been suddenly petrified, or smitten by a destroying angel; and such was the effect of its strange and solemn beauty, that, before I was aware, I felt my eyes fill with tears as I looked upon it.

I saw Naples from the Castle of Sant Elmo—setting aside the sea and Mount Vesuvius, those unequalled features in that radiant picture—the view of the *city* of Naples is not so fine

as the view of Rome: it is, comparatively, deficient in sentiment, in interest, and in dignity. Naples wears on her brow the voluptuous beauty of a syren—Rome sits desolate on her seven-hilled throne, "*the Niobe of Nations.*"

I wish I could have painted what I saw to-day *as* I saw it. Yet no—the reality was perhaps too much like a picture to please in a picture: the exquisite harmony of the colouring, the softness of the lights and shades, the solemn death-like stillness, the distinctness of every form and outline, and the classic interest attached to every noble object, combined to form a scene, which hereafter, in the silence of my own thoughts, I shall often love to recall and to dwell upon.

To-night I read with Incoronati, the Fourth book of Dante, and two of Petrarch's Canzoni "I' vo pensando," and "Verdi panni," making notes from his explanations and remarks as I went along. These two Canzoni I had selected as being among the most *puzzling* as well as the most beautiful. Those are strangely mistaken, who, from a superficial study of a few of his amatory sonnets, regard Petrarch as a mere love-sick poet, who spent his time in be-rhyming an obdurate mistress; and those are equally mistaken who consider him as the poetical votarist of an imaginary fair one. I know but little, even of the little that is known of his life; for I remember being as much terrified by the ponderous quartos of the Abbé de Sade, as I was discomfited and disappointed by the flimsy octavo of Mrs. Dobson. I am now studying Petrarch in his own works; and it seemeth to me, in my simple wit, that such exquisite touches of truth and nature, such depth and purity of feeling, such felicity of expression, such vivid yet delicate pictures of female beauty, could spring only from a real and heart-felt passion. We know too little of Laura: but it is probable, if she had always preserved a stern and unfeeling indifference, she would not have so entirely commanded the affections of a feeling heart; and had she yielded, she would not so long have preserved her influence.

> Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
> He would have written sonnets all his life?

In truth she appears to have been the most finished coquette of her own or any other age.*

* See the admirable and eloquent "Essays on Petrarch, by Ugo Foscolo," which have appeared since this Diary was written.—EDITOR.

3*d*.—What a delight it would be, if, at the end of a day like this, I had *somebody* with whom I could talk over things—with whose feelings and impressions I could compare my own—who would direct my judgment, and assist me in arranging my ideas, and double every pleasure by sharing it with me! What would have become of me if I had not thought of keeping a Diary? I should have died of a sort of mental repletion! What a consolation and employment has it been to me to let my overflowing heart and soul exhale themselves on paper! When I have neither power nor spirits to join in commonplace conversation, I open my dear little Diary, and feel, while my pen thus swiftly glides along, much less as if I were writing than as if I were speaking—yes! speaking to one who perhaps will read this when I am no more—but not till *then*.

I was well enough to *walk* up to the Rospigliosi Palace this morning to see Guido's Aurora: it is on the ceiling of a pavilion: would it were not! for I looked at it till my neck ached, and my brain turned round "like a parish top." I can only say that it far surpassed my expectations: the colouring is the most brilliant, yet the most harmonious in the world: and there is a depth, a strength, a richness in the tints, not common to Guido's style. The whole is as fresh as if painted yesterday; though Guido must have died sometime about 1640.

On each side of the hall or pavilion adorned by the Aurora, there is a small room containing a few excellent pictures. The Triumph of David, by Domenichino, a fine rich picture; an exquisite Andromeda, by Guido, painted with his usual delicacy and sentiment; the twelve Apostles, by Rubens, some of them very fine; "the Five Senses," said to be by Carlo Cignani, but if so he has surpassed himself: it is like Domenichino. The Death of Samson, by L. Carracci, wearies the eye by the number and confusion of the figures: it has no principal group upon which the attention can rest. There is also a fine portrait of Nicolo Pouissin, by himself, and an interesting head of Guido.

At three o'clock we went down to the Capella Sistina to hear the Miserere. In describing the effect produced by this divine music, the time, the place, the scenic contrivance should be taken into account: the time—solemn twilight, just as the shades begin to fall around: the place—a noble and lofty hall where the terrors of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment are rendered more terrible by the gathering gloom, and his sublime Prophets frown dimly upon us from the walls above. The extinguishing of the tapers, the concealed choir, the angelic

voices chosen from among the finest in the world, and blended by long practice into the most perfect unison, were combined to produce that overpowering effect which has so often been described. Many ladies wept, and one fainted. Unassisted vocal music is certainly the finest of all: no power of instruments could have thrilled me like the blended stream of melancholy harmony, breathed forth with such an expression of despairing anguish, that it was almost too much to bear.

Good-Friday.—I saw more new, amusing, and delightful things yesterday, than I can attempt to describe or even enumerate: but I think there is no danger of my forgetting general impressions: if my memory should fail me in particulars, my imagination can always recall the whole.

In the morning I declined going to see the ceremonies at the Vatican. The procession of the host from the Sistine to the Pauline Chapel; the washing of the pilgrims' feet, &c.—all these things are less than indifferent to me; and the illness and absence of the poor old pope rendered them particularly uninteresting. Everybody went but myself; and it was agreed that we should all meet at the door of the Sistine Chapel at five o'clock. I remained quietly at home on my sofa till one; and then drove to the Museum of the Vatican, where I spent the rest of the day: it was a grand festa, and the whole of the Vatican, including the immense suite of splendid libraries, was thrown open to the public. All the foreigners in Rome having crowded to St. Peter's, or the chapels, to view the ceremonies going on, I was the only stranger amid an assemblage of the common people and peasantry, who had come to lounge there till the lighting up of the Cross. I walked on and on, hour after hour, lost in amazement, and wondering where and when this glorious labyrinth was to end; successive galleries fitted up with the gay splendour of an oriental haram, in which the books and manuscripts are all arranged and numbered in cases; the beautiful perspective of hall beyond hall vanishing away into immeasurable distance, the refulgent light shed over all; and add to this the extraordinary visages and costumes of the people, who with their families wandered along in groups or singly, all behaving with the utmost decorum, and making emphatic exclamations on the beauties around them. "*Ah! che bella cosa! Cosa rara! O bella assai!*" all furnished me with such ample matter for amusement, and observation, and admiration, that I was insensible to fatigue, and knew not that in five hours I had scarce completed the circuit of the Museum.

One room (the Camera del Papiri) struck me particularly:

it is a small octagon, the ceiling and ornaments painted by Raffaelle Mengs with exquisite taste. The group on the ceiling represents the Muse of History writing, while her book reposes on the wings of Time, and a Genius supplies her with materials: the panels of this room are formed of old manuscripts, pasted up against the walls and glazed. The effect of the whole is as singular as beautiful.

A new gallery of marbles has lately been opened by the pope, called from its form the *Sala della Croce;* in splendid, classical, and tasteful decoration, it equals any of the others, but is not, perhaps, so remarkable for the intrinsic value of its contents.

I never more deeply felt my own ignorance and deficiencies than I did to-day. I saw so many things I did not understand, so much which I wished to have explained to me, I longed so inexpressibly for some one to talk to, to exclaim to, to help me to wonder, to admire, to be *extasiée!* but I was alone: and I know not how it is, or why, but when I am alone, not only my powers of enjoyment seem to fail me in a degree, but even my mental faculties; and the multitudes of my own ideas and sensations, confuse, oppress, and irritate me.

I walked through the whole gyro of the Museum, examining the busts and pictures particularly, with the help of Este's admirable catalogue raisonnée, and at half-past five I reached the Sistine just in time to hear the second Miserere: neither the music nor the effort were equal to the first evening. The music, though inferior to Allegri's, was truly beautiful and sublime; but the scenic pageantry did not strike so much on repetition: the chapel was insufferably crowded, I was sick and stupid from heat and fatigue, and to crown all, just in the midst of one of the most overpowering strains, the cry of condemned souls pleading for mercy, which made my heart pause and my flesh creep—a lady behind me whispered loudly, "Do look what lovely broderie Mrs. L** has on her white satin spencer!"

After the Miserere, we adjourned to St. Peter's, to see the illumination of the Girandola. I confess the first glance disappointed me; for the cross, though more than thirty feet in height, looks trivial and diminutive, compared with the immensity of the dome in which it is suspended: but just as I was beginning to admire the sublime effect of the whole scene, I was obliged to leave the church, being unable to stand the fatigue any longer.

* * * * * *

To-day we have remained quietly at home, recruiting after the exertions of yesterday. After dinner Colonel —— and Mr. W * * began to discuss the politics of Italy, and from abusing the governments, they fell upon the people, and being of very opposite principles and parties, they soon began an argument which ended in a warm dispute, and sent me to take refuge in my own room. How I detest politics and discord! How I hate the discussion of politics in Italy! and, above all, the discussion of Italian politics, which offer no point upon which the mind can dwell with pleasure. I have not wandered to Italy—"this land of sun-lit skies and fountains clear," as Barry Cornwall calls it,—only to scrape together materials for a quarto tour, or to sweep up the leavings of the "fearless" Lady Morgan; or to dwell upon the heart-sickening realities which meet me at every turn; evils, of which I neither understand the cause nor the cure. And yet say not to Italy

"Caduta è la tua gloria—e tu nol' vedi!"

She does see it,—she does feel it. A spirit is silently and gradually working its way beneath the surface of society, which must, ere long, break forth either for good or for evil. Between a profligate and servile nobility, and a degraded and enslaved populace, a middle class has lately sprung up; the men of letters, the artists, the professors in the sciences, who have obtained property, or distinction at least, in the commotions which have agitated their country, and those who have served at home or abroad in the revolutionary wars. These all seem impelled by one and the same spirit; and make up for their want of numbers by their activity, talents, enthusiasm, and the secret but increasing influence which they exert over the other classes of society. But on subjects like these, however interesting, I have no means of obtaining information at once general and accurate: and I would rather not think, nor speak, nor write upon "matters which are too high for me." Let the modern Italians be what they may,—what I hear them styled six times a day at least,—a dirty, demoralized, degraded, unprincipled race,—centuries behind our thrice-blessed, prosperous, and comfort-loving nation in civilization and morals: if I were come among them as a resident, this picture might alarm me: situated as I am, a nameless sort of person, a mere bird of passage, it concerns me not. I am not come to spy out the nakedness of the land, but to implore from her healing airs and lucid skies the health and peace I have lost, and to worship as a pilgrim at the tomb of her departed glories.

I have not many opportunities of studying the national character; I have no dealings with the lower classes, little intercourse with the higher. No tradesmen cheat me, no hired menials irritate me, no innkeepers fleece me, no postmasters abuse me. I love these rich delicious skies; I love this genial sunshine, which, even in December, sends the spirits dancing through the veins; this pure elastic atmosphere, which not only brings the distant landscape, but almost Heaven itself, nearer to the eye; and all the treasures of art and nature which are poured forth around me; and over which my own mind, teeming with images, recollections, and associations, can fling a beauty even beyond their own. I willingly turn from all that excites the spleen and disgust of others: from all that may so easily be despised, derided—reviled, and abandon my heart to that state of calm benevolence towards all around me, which leaves me undisturbed to enjoy, admire, observe, reflect, remember, with pleasure, if not with profit, and enables me to look upon the glorious scenes with which I am surrounded, not with the impertinent inquisition of a book-maker, nor the gloomy calculations of a politician, nor the sneering selfism of a Smelfungus—but with the eye of the painter, and the feeling of the poet.

Apropos to poets!—Lady C** has just sent us tickets for Sistini's Accademia to-morrow night. So far from the race of Improvvisatori being extinct, or living only in the pages of Corinne, or in the memory of the Fantastici, and the Bandinelli, the Gianis and the Corillas of other days,—there is scarcely a small town in Italy, as I am informed, without its Improvvisatore; and I know several individuals in the higher classes of society, both here, and at Florence more particularly, who are remarkable for possessing this extraordinary talent—though of course it is only exercised for the gratification of a private circle. Of those who make a public exhibition of their powers, Sgricci and Sestini are the most celebrated—and of these Sgricci ranks first. I never heard him; but Signior Incoronati, who knows him well, described to me his talents and powers as almost supernatural. A wonderful display of his art was the *improvvisazione*—we have no English word for a talent which in England is unknown,—of a regular tragedy on the Greek model, with the choruses and dialogue complete. The subject proposed was from the story of Ulysses, which afforded him an opportunity of bringing in the whole sonorous nomenclature of the Heathen Mythology,—which, says Forsyth, enters into the web of every improvvisatore, and assists the poet both with rhymes and ideas. Most of the celebrated improv-

visatori have been Florentines: Sgricci is, I believe, a Neapolitan, and his rival Sestini a Roman.

* * * * * *

April 7th.—Any public exhibition of talent in the fine arts is here called an *Accademia.* Sestini gave his Accademia in an antechamber of the Palazzo ——, I forget its name, but it was much like all the other *palaces* we are accustomed to see here; exhibiting the same strange contrast of ancient taste and magnificence, with present meanness and poverty. We were ushered into a lofty room of noble size and beautiful proportions, with its rich fresco-painted walls and ceiling faded and falling to decay; a common brick floor, and sundry window-panes broken, and stuffed with paper. The room was nearly filled by the audience, among whom I remarked a great number of English. A table with writing implements, and an old shattered jingling piano, occupied one side of the apartment, and a small space was left in front for the poet. While we waited with some impatience for his appearance, several persons present walked up to the table and wrote down various subjects; which on Sestini's coming forward, he read aloud, marking those which were distinguished by the most general applause. This selection formed our evening's entertainment. A lady sat down in her bonnet and shawl to accompany him; and when fatigued, another fair musician readily supplied her place. It is seldom that an improvvisatore attempts to recite without the assistance of music. When Dr. Moore heard Corilla at Florence, she sang to the accompaniment of two violins.* La Fantastici preferred the guitar; and I should have preferred either to our jingling harpsichord. However, a few chords struck at intervals were sufficient to support the voice, and mark the time. Several airs were tried, and considered before the poet could fix on one suited to his subject, and the measure he intended to employ. In general they were pretty and simple, consisting of very few notes, and more like a chant or recitative than a regular air: one of the most beautiful I have obtained, and shall bring with me to England.

The moment Sestini had made his choice, he stepped forward, and without further pause or preparation, began with the first subject upon his list,—"*Il primo Navigotore.*"

* Corilla (whose real name was Maddalena Morelli) often accompanied herself on the violin; not holding it against her shoulder, but resting it in her lap. She was reckoned a fine performer on this instrument; and for her distinguished talents was crowned in the Capitol in 1779.—[Ed.]

Gesner's beautiful Idyl of "*The First Navigator*" supplied Sestini with the story, in all its details; but he versified it with surprising facility: and, as far as I could judge, with great spirit and elegance. He added, too, some trifling circumstances, and several little *traits*, the naïveté of which afforded considerable amusement. When an accurate rhyme, or apt expression did not offer itself on the instant it was required, he knit his brows and clenched his fingers with impatience; but I think he never hesitated more than half a second. At the moment the chord was struck the rhyme was ready. In this manner he poured forth between thirty and forty stanzas, with still increasing animation, and wound up his poem with some beautiful images of love, happiness, and innocence. Of his success I could form some idea by the applauses he received from better judges than myself.

After a few minutes repose and a glass of water, he next called on the company to supply him with rhymes for a sonnet. These, as fast as they were suggested by various persons, he wrote down on a slip of paper. The last rhyme given was "*Ostello*,"—(a common ale-house)—at which he demurred, and submitting to the company the difficulty of introducing so vulgar a word into an heroic sonnet, respectfully begged that another might be substituted. A lady called out "*Avello*," the poetical term for a grave, or a sepulchre, which expression bore a happy analogy to the subject proposed. The poet smiled, well pleased;—and stepping forward with the paper in his hand, he immediately, without even a moment's preparation, recited a sonnet on the second subject upon his list—"*La Morte di Alfieri.*"—I could better judge of the merit of this effusion, because he spoke it unaccompanied by music: and his enunciation was remarkably distinct. The subject was popular, and treated with much feeling and poetic fervour. After lamenting Alfieri as the patriot, as well as the bard, and as the glory of his country, he concluded by indignantly repelling the supposition that "the latest sparks of genius and freedom were buried in the tomb of Vittorio Alfieri." A thunder of applause followed; and cries of "O bravo Sestini! bravo Sestini!" were echoed from the Italian portion of the audience, long after the first acclamations had subsided. The men rose simultaneously from their seats; and I confess I could hardly keep mine. The animation of the poet, and the enthusiasm of the audience, sent a thrill through every nerve and filled my eyes with tears.

The next subject was "*La Morte di Beatrice Cenci;*"—and this, I think, was a failure. The frightful story of the *Cenci* is too well known in England since the publication of Shelley's Tragedy. Here it is familiar to all classes; and though two centuries have since elapsed, it seems as fresh in the memory, or rather in the imagination of these people, as if it had happened but yesterday. The subject was not well chosen for a public and mixed assembly; and Sestini, without adverting to the previous details of horror, confined himself most scrupulously, with propriety, to the subject proposed. He described Beatrice led to execution,—"*con baldanza casta e generosa,*"—and the effect produced on the multitude by her youth:—not forgetting to celebrate "*those tresses like threads of gold, whose wavy splendour dazzled all beholders,*" as they described by a contemporary writer. He put into her mouth a long and pious dying speech, in which she expressed her trust in the blessed Virgin, and her hopes of pardon from eternal justice and mercy. To my surprise, he also made her in one stanza confess and repent the murder, or rather sacrifice,* which she had perpetrated; which is contrary to the known fact, that Beatrice *never* confessed to the last moment of existence; nor gave any reason to suppose that she repented. The whole was drawn out to too great a length, and with the exception of a few happy touches, and pathetic sentiments, went off flatly. It was very little applauded.

The next subject was the "*Immortality of the Soul,*" on which the poet displayed amazing pomp and power of words, and a wonderful affluence of ideas. He showed, too, an intimate acquaintance with all that had ever been said, or sung, upon the same subject from Plato to Thomas Aquinas. I confess I derived little benefit from all this display of poetry and erudition; for, after the first few stanzas, finding himself irretrievably perplexed by the united difficulties of the language and the subject, I withdrew my attention, and amused myself with the paintings on the walls, and with reveries on the past and present, till I was roused by the acclamations that followed the conclusion of the poem, which excited general admiration and applause.

The company then furnished the *bouts-rimés* for another sonnet: the subject was "*L'Amor della Patria.*" The title, even before he began, was hailed by a round of plaudits; and

* *Othello.*—Thou mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder,—which I thought a sacrifice,—

the sonnet itself was excellent and spirited. *Excellent* I mean in its general effect, as an *improvvisazione*:—how it would stand the test of cool criticism I cannot tell; nor is that any thing to the purpose: these extemporaneous effusions ought to be judged merely as what they are,—not as finished or correct poems, but as wonderful exercises of tenacious memory, ready wit, and that quickness of imagination which can soar

"al bel cimento
Sulle ali dell' momento."

To return to Sestini. It may be imagined that on such a subject as "*L'Amor della Patria*," the ancient Roman worthies were not forgotten, and accordingly a Brutus, a Scipio, a Fabius, or a Fabricius, figured in every line. And surely on no occasion could they have been more appropriately introduced:—in Rome, and when addressing Romans, who showed, by their enthusiastic applause, that though the spirit of their forefathers may be extinct, their memory is not.

The next subject, which formed a sort of *pendant* to the Cenci, was the "*Parricide of Tullia*." In this again his success was complete. The stanza in which Tullia ordered her charioteer to "drive on," was given with such effect as to electrify us: and a sudden burst of approbation, which caused a momentary interruption, evidently lent the poet fresh spirits and animation.

The evening concluded with a lively burlesque, entitled "*Il Mercato d'Amore*," which represented Love as setting up a shop to sell "*la Mercanzie della Gioventù*." The list of his stock in trade, though it could not boast of much originality, was given with admirable wit and vivacity. In conclusion, Love being threatened with a bankruptcy, took shelter, as the poet assured us, in the bright eyes of the ladies present. This farewell compliment was prettily turned, and intended, of course, to be general; but it happened, luckily for Sestini, that just opposite to him, and fixed upon him at the moment, were two of the brightest eyes in the world. Whether he owed any of his inspiration to their beams I know not; but the *àpropos* of the compliment was seized immediately, and loudly applauded by the gentlemen round us.

Sestini is a young man, apparently about five-and-twenty; of a slight and delicate figure, and in his whole appearance

odd, wild, and picturesque. He has the common foreign trick of running his fingers through his black bushy hair; and accordingly it stands on end in all directions. A pair of immense whiskers, equally black and luxuriant, meet at the point of his chin, encircling a visage of most cadaverous hue, and features which might be termed positively ugly, were it not for the "*vago spirito ardento*," which shines out from his dark eyes, and the fire and intelligence which light up his whole countenance, till it almost kindles into beauty. Though he afterward conversed with apparent ease, and replied to the compliments of the company, he was evidently much exhausted by his exertions. I should fear that their frequent repetition, and the effervescence of mind, and nervous excitement they cannot but occasion, must gradually wear out his delicate frame and feeble temperament, and that the career of this extraordinary genius will be short as it is brilliant.*

April 8th.—As Maupertuis said after his journey to Lapland, for the universe I would not have missed the sights and scenes of yesterday; but, for the whole universe, I would not undergo such another day of fatigue, anxiety, and feverish excitement.

In the morning about ten o'clock, we all went down to St. Peter's, to hear high mass. The absence of the pope (who is still extremely ill) detracted from the interest and dignity of the ceremony: there was no general benediction from the balcony of St. Peter's; and nothing pleased me except the general *coup d'œil;* which in truth was splendid. The theatrical dresses of the mitred priests, the countless multitude congregated from every part of Christendom, in every variety of national costume, the immensity and magnificence of the church, and the glorious sunshine—all these enchanted the eye; but I could have fancied myself in a theatre. I saw no devotion, and I felt none. The whole appeared more like a triumphal pageant acted in honour of a heathen deity, than an act of worship and thanksgiving to the Great Father of all.

I observed an immense number of pilgrims, male and female, who had come from various parts of Italy to visit the shrine of St. Peter on this grand occasion. I longed to talk to a man who stood near me, with a very singular and expressive countenance, whose cape and looped hat were entirely covered with scallop shells and reliques, and his long staff surmounted by a death's head.

I was restrained by a feeling which I now think rather

* Sestini died of a brain fever at Paris, in November, 1822.—Ed.

ridiculous: I feared, lest by conversing with him, I should diminish the effect his romantic and picturesque figure had made on my imagination.

The exposition of the relics was from a balcony half way up the dome, so high and distant that I could distinguish nothing but the impression of our Saviour's face on the handkerchief of St. Veronica, richly framed—at the sight whereof the whole multitude prostrated themselves to the earth: the other relics I forget, but they were all equally marvellous and equally credible.

We returned after a long fatiguing morning to an early dinner; and then drove again to the Piazza of St. Peter's, to see the far-famed illumination of the church. We had to wait a considerable time; but the scene was so novel and beautiful, that I found ample amusement in my own thoughts and observations. The twilight rapidly closed round us: the long lines of statues along the roof and balustrades, faintly defined against the evening sky, looked like spirits come down to gaze; a prodigious crowd of carriages, and people on foot, filled every avenue: but all was still, except when a half-suppressed murmur of impatience broke through the hushed silence of suspense and expectation. At length, on a signal, which was given by the firing of a cannon, the whole of the immense façade and dome, even up to the cross on the summit, and the semicircular colonnades in front, burst into a blaze, as if at the touch of an enchanter's wand; adding the pleasure of surprise to that of delight and wonder. The carriages now began to drive rapidly round the piazza, each with a train of running footmen, flinging their torches round and dashing them against the ground. The shouts and acclamations of the crowd, the stupendous building, with all its architectural outlines and projections, defined in lines of living flame, the universal light, the sparkling of the magnificent fountains—produced an effect far beyond any thing I could have anticipated, and more like the gorgeous fictions of the Arabian Nights than any earthly reality.

After driving round the piazza, we adjourned to a balcony which had been hired for us, overlooking the Tiber, and exactly opposite to the Castle of St. Angelo. Hence we commanded a view of the fireworks, which were truly superb, but made me so nervous and giddy with noise, and light, and wonder, that I was rejoiced when all was over. A flight of a thousand sky-rockets sent up at once, blotting the stars and the moonlight—dazzling our eyes, stunning our ears, and ama-

zing all our senses together, concluded the Holy Week at Rome.

To-morrow morning we start for Florence, and to-night I close this second volume of my Diary. Thanks to my little ingenious Frenchmen in the Via Santa Croce, I have procured a lock for a third volume, almost equal to my patent *Bramah* in point of security, though very unlike it in every other respect.

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RETURN TO FLORENCE.

Viterbo, April 9.

"In every bosom Italy is the *second* country in the world, the surest proof that it is in reality the *first*."

This elegant and just observation occurs, I think, in Arthur Young's Travels; I am not sure I quote the words correctly, but the sense will come home to every cultivated mind with the force of a proverbial truism.

One leaves Naples as a man parts with an enchanting mistress, and Rome as we would bid adieu to an old and dear-loved friend. I love it, and grieve to leave it for its own sake: it is painful to quit a place where we leave behind us many whom we love and regret; and almost or quite as painful, I think, to quit a place in which we leave behind us no one to regret or think of us more;—a feeling like this mingled with the sorrow with which I bade adieu to Rome this morning.

Our journey has been fatiguing, *triste* and tedious.

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Radicofani, 10th.

I could almost regret at this moment that I am past the age of romance, for I am in a fine situation for mysterious and imaginary horrors, could I but feel again as I did at gay sixteen: but, alas! *cex beaux jours sont passés!* and here I am on the top of a dreary black mountain, in a rambling old inn which looks like a ci-devant hospital or dismantled barracks, in a bed-room which resembles one of the wards of a poor-house, one little corner lighted by my lamp, and the other three parts all lost in black ominous darkness; while a tempest rages without as if it would break in the rattling casements, and burst the roof over our heads; and yet, insensible that I am! I can calmly take up my pen to amuse myself by scribbling, since sleep is impossible. I can look round my vast

and solitary room without fancying a ghost or an assassin in every corner, and listen to the raving and lamenting of the storm, without imagining I hear in every gust the shrieks of wailing spirits, or the groans of murdered travellers; only wishing that the wind were rather less cold, or my fire a little brighter, or my dormitory less *infinitely* spacious; for at present its boundaries are invisible.

The first part of our journey this morning was delightful and picturesque: we passed the beautiful lake of Bolsena and Montepulciano, so famous for its wine (*il Rei di Vino*, as Redi calls it in the *Bacco in Toscana*). Later in the day we entered a gloomy and desolate country; and after crossing the rapid and muddy torrent of Rigo, which, as our *Guide des Voyageurs* wittily informs us, we shall have to cross *four* times if we are not drowned the *third* time, we began to ascend the mountainous region which divides the Tuscan from the Roman states—a succession of wild barren hills, intersected in every direction by deep ravines, and presenting a scene, sublime indeed from its waste and wild grandeur, but destitute of all beauty, interest, magnificence, and variety.

I remember the strange emotion which came across me, when—on the horses stopping to breathe on the summit of a lofty ridge, where all around, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but the same unvarying, miserable, heart-sinking barrenness, without a trace of human habitation, except the black fort or the highest point of Radicofani—a soft sound of bells came over my ear as if brought upon the wind. There is something in the sound of bells in the midst of a solitude which is singularly striking, and may be cheering or melancholy, according to the mood in which we may happen to be.

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Florence, April 14.

I have not written a word since we arrived at Sienna. What would it avail me to keep a mere journal of suffering? O that I could change as others do, could forget that such things have been which can never be again! that there were not this tenacity in my heart and soul which clings to the shadow though the substance be gone!

This is not a mere effusion of low spirits, I was never more cheerful; I have just left a gay party, where Mr. Rogers (whom by special good fortune we meet at every resting-place, and who dined with us to-day) has been entertaining us de-

lightfully. I disdain low spirits as a mere disease which comes over us, generally from some physical or external cause; to prescribe for them is as easy as to disguise them is difficult: but the hopeless, cureless sadness of a heart which droops with regret, and throbs with resentment, is easily, very easily disguised, but not so easily banished. I hear everybody round me congratulating themselves, and *me* more particularly, that we have at last reached Florence, that we are so far advanced on our road homewards, that soon we shall be at Paris, and Paris is to do wonders—Paris and Dr. R** are to *set me up* again, as the phrase is. But I shall never be set up again, I shall never live to reach Paris: none can tell how I sicken at the very name of that detested place; none seem aware how fast, how very fast the principle of life is burning away within me: but why should I speak? and what earthly help can now avail me? I can suffer in silence, I can conceal the weakness which increases upon me, by retiring, as if from choice and not necessity, from all exertion not absolutely inevitable; and the change is so gradual, none will perceive it till the great change of all comes, and then I shall be at rest.

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Florence looked most beautiful as we approached it from the south, girt with her theatre of verdant hills, and glittering in the sunshine. All the country from Sienna to Florence is richly cultivated; diversified with neat hamlets, farms and villas. I was more struck with the appearance of the Tuscan peasantry on my return from the Papal dominions than when we passed through the country before: nowhere in Tuscany have we seen that look of abject negligent poverty, those crowds of squalid beggars which shocked us in the Ecclesiastical States. In the towns where we stopped to change horses, we were presently surrounded by a crowd of people: the women came out spinning, or sewing and plaiting the Leghorn hats; the children threw flowers into our barouche, the men grinned and gaped, but there was no vociferous begging, no disgusting display of physical evils, filth, and wretchedness. The motive was merely that idle curiosity for which the Florentines in all ages have been remarked. I remember an amusing instance which occurred when I was here in December last. I was standing one evening in the Piazza del Gran Duca, looking at the group of the Rape of the Sabines: in a few minutes a dozen people gathered round me, gaping at the statue, and staring at that and at me alternately, either to enjoy my admiration, or find out the cause of it: the people came out of the neighbouring shops, and the crowd continued to in-

crease, till at length, though infinitely amused, I was glad to make my escape.

I suffered from cold when first we arrived at Florence, owing to the change of climate, or rather to mere weakness and fatigue: to-day I begin to doubt the possibility of outliving an Italian summer. The blazing atmosphere which depresses the eyelids, the enervating heat, and the rich perfume of the flowers all around us, are almost too much.

April 20th.—During our stay at Florence, it has been one of my favourite occupations to go to the Gallery or the Pitti Palace, and placing my portable seat opposite to some favourite pictures, minutely study and compare the styles of the different masters. By the style of any particular painter, I presume we mean to express the combination of two separate essentials —first, his peculiar conception of his subject; secondly, his peculiar method of executing that conception, with regard to colouring, drawing, and what artists call handling. The former department of style lies in the mind, and will vary according to the feelings, the temper, the personal habits, and previous education of the painter: the latter is merely mechanical, and is technically termed the *manner* of a painter; it may be cold or warm, hard, dry, free, strong, tender: as we say the cold manner of Sasso Ferrato, the warm manner of Giorgione, the hard manner of Holbein, the dry manner of Perugino, the free manner of Rubens, the strong manner of Carravaggio, and so forth; I heard an amateur once observe, that one of Morland's Pigsties was painted with great *feeling*; all this refers merely to mechanical execution.

I am no connoisseur; and I should have lamented as a misfortune the want of some fixed principles of taste and criticism to guide my judgment; some nomenclature by which to express certain effects, peculiarities, and excellences which I felt, rather than understood; if my own ignorance had not afforded considerable amusement to myself, and perhaps to others. I have derived some gratification from observing the gradual improvement of my own taste: and from comparing the decisions of my own unassisted judgment and natural feelings, with the fiat of profound critics and connoisseurs: the result has been sometimes mortifying, sometimes pleasing. Had I visited Italy in the character of a ready-made connoisseur, I should have lost many pleasures; for as the eye becomes more practised, the taste becomes more discriminative and fastidious; and the more extensive our acquaintance with the works of art, the more limited is our sphere of admiration;

as if the circle of enjoyment contracted round us, in proportion as our sense of beauty became more intense and exquisite. A thousand things which once had power to charm, can charm no longer; but *en revanche*, those which *do* please, please a thousand times more: thus what we lose on one side, we gain on the other. Perhaps, on the whole, a technical knowledge of the arts is apt to divert the mind from the general effect, to fix it on petty details of execution. Here comes a connoisseur, who has found his way, good man! from Somerset House to the Tribune at Florence: see him with one hand passed across his brow, to shade the light, while the other extended forwards, describes certain indescribable circumvolutions in the air, and now he retires, now advances, now recedes again, till he has hit the exact distance from which every point of beauty is displayed to the best possible advantage, and there he stands —gazing, as never gazed the moon upon the waters, or lovesick maiden upon the moon! We take him perhaps for another Pygmalion? We imagine that it is those parted and half-breathing lips, those eyes that *seem* to float in light; the pictured majesty of suffering virtue, or the tears of repenting loveliness; the divinity of beauty, or "*the beauty of holiness*," which have thus transfixed him? No such thing: it is the *fleshiness* of the tints, the *vaghezza* of the colouring, the brilliance of the carnations, the fold of a robe, or the foreshortening of a little finger. O! whip me such connoisseurs! the critic's stop-watch was nothing to this.

Mere mechanical excellence, and all the tricks of art, have their praise as long as they are subordinate and conduce to the general effect. In painting, as in her sister arts, it is necessary.

Che l'arte che tutto fa nulla si scuopre.

Of course I do not speak here of the Dutch school, whose highest aim and highest praise is exquisite mechanical precision in the representation of common nature and still life: but of those pictures which are the productions of mind, which address themselves to the understanding, the fancy, the feelings, and convey either a moral or a poetical pleasure.

In taking a retrospective view of all the best collections in Italy, and of the Italian school in particular, I have been struck by the endless multiplication of the same subjects, crucifixions, martyrdoms, and other Scripture horrors;—virgins, saints, and holy families. The prevalence of the former class of sub-

jects is easily explained, and has been ingeniously defended; but it is not so easily reconciled to the imagination. The mind and the eye are shocked and fatigued by the succession of revolting and sanguinary images which pollute the walls of every palace, church, gallery, and academy, from Milan to Naples. The splendour of the execution only adds to their hideousness; we at once seek for nature, and tremble to find it. It is hateful to see the loveliest of the arts degraded to such butcher-work. I have often gone to visit a famed collection with a secret dread of being led through a sort of intellectual shambles, and returned with the feeling of one who had supped full of horrors. I do not know how *men* think and feel, though I believe many a man, who with every other feeling absorbed in overpowering interest, could look unshrinking upon a real scenery of cruelty and blood, would shrink away disgusted and sickened from the cold, obtrusive, *painted* representation of the same object; for the truth of this I appeal to men. I can only see with woman's eyes, and think and feel as I believe every woman *must*, whatever may be her love for the arts. I remember that in one of the palaces at Milan—(I think it was in the collection of the Duca Litti) —we were led up to a picture defended from the air by a plate of glass, and which being considered as the gem of the collection, was reserved for the last as a kind of bonne bouche. I gave but one glance, and turned away loathing, shuddering, sickening. The cicerone looked amazed at my bad taste, he assured me it was *un vero Correggio* (which, by-the-way, I can never believe), and that the duke had refused for it I know not how many thousand scudi. It would be difficult to say what was most execrable in this picture, the appalling nature of the subject, the depravity of mind evinced in its conception, or the horrible truth and skill with which it was delineated. I ought to add that it hung up in the family dining-room, and in full view of the dinner table.

There is a picture among the chefs-d'œuvres in the Vatican, which, if I were pope (or Pope Joan) for a single day, should be burnt by the common hangman, "with the smoke of its ashes to poison the air," as it now poisons the sight by its unutterable horrors. There is another in the Palazzo Pitti, at which I shiver still, and unfortunately there is no avoiding it, as they have hung it close to Guido's lovely Cleopatra. In the gallery there is a Judith and Holofernes, which irresistibly strikes the attention—if any thing would add to the horror inspired by the sanguinary subject, and the atrocious fidelity and

talent with which it is expressed, it is that the artist was a *woman*. I must confess that Judith is not one of my favourite heroines; but I can more easily conceive how a woman inspired by vengeance and patriotism could execute such a deed, than that she could coolly sit down, and day after day, hour after hour, touch after touch, dwell upon and almost realize to the eye such an abomination as this.

We can study anatomy, if (like a certain princess) we have a taste that way, in the surgeons' dissecting-room; we do not look upon pictures to have our minds agonized and contaminated by the sight of human turpitude and barbarity, streaming blood, quivering flesh, wounds, tortures, death, and horrors in every shape, even though it should be all very *natural*. Painting has been called the handmaid of nature; is it not the duty of a handmaid to array her mistress to the best possible advantage? At least to keep her infirmities and deformities from view, and not to expose her too undressed?

But I am not so weak, so cowardly, so fastidious, as to shrink from every representation of human suffering, provided that our sympathy be not strained beyond a certain point. To *please* is the genuine aim of painting, as of all the fine arts; when pleasure is conveyed through deeply excited interest, by affecting the passions, the senses, and the imagination, painting assumes a higher character, and almost vies with tragedy: in fact, it *is* tragedy to the eye, and is amenable to the same laws. The St. Sebastians of Guido and Razzi; the St. Jerome of Domenichino; the sternly beautiful Judith of Allori; the Pietà of Raffaelle; the San Pietro Martire of Titian; are all so many tragic *scenes*, wherein whatever is revolting in circumstances or character is judiciously kept from view, where human suffering is dignified by the moral lesson it is made to convey, and its effect on the beholder at once softened and heightened by the redeeming grace which genius and poetry have shed like a glory round it.

Allowing all this, I am yet obliged to confess that I am wearied with this class of pictures, and that I wish there were fewer of them.

But there is one subject which never tires, at least never tires *me*, however varied, repeated, multiplied. A subject so lovely in itself that the most eminent painter cannot easily embellish it, or the meanest degrade it; a subject which comes home to our own bosoms and dearest feelings; and in which we may "lose ourselves in all delightfulness," and indulge unreproved pleasure. I mean the *Virgin and Child*, or in

other words, the abstract personification of what is loveliest, purest, and dearest under heaven—maternal tenderness, virgin meekness, and childish innocence, and the *beauty of holiness* over all.

It occurred to me to-day, that if a gallery could be formed of this subject alone, selecting one specimen from among the works of every painter, it would form not only a comparative index to their different styles, but we should find, on recurring to what is known of the lives and characters of the great masters, that each has stamped some peculiarity of his own disposition on his Virgins; and that, after a little consideration and practice, a very fair guess might be formed of the character of each artist, by observing the style in which he has treated this beautiful and favourite subject.

Take Raffaelle for example, whose delightful character is dwelt upon by all his biographers; his genuine nobleness of soul, which raised him far above interest, rivalship, or jealousy, the gentleness of his temper, the suavity of his manners, the sweetness of his disposition, the benevolence of his heart, which rendered him so deeply loved and admired, even by those who pined away at his success, and died of his superiority*—are all attested by contemporary writers: where, but in his own harmonious character, need Raffaelle have looked for the prototypes of his half-celestial creations?

His Virgins alone combine every grace which the imagination can require—repose, simplicity, meekness, purity, tenderness; blended without any admixture of earthly passion, yet so varied, that though all his Virgins have a general character, distinguishing them from those of every other master, no two are exactly alike. In the Madonna del Seggiola, for instance, the prevailing expression is a serious and pensive tenderness; her eyes are turned from her infant, but she clasps him to her bosom, as if it were not necessary to *see* him, to *feel* him in her heart. In another Holy Family in the Pitti Palace, the predominant expression is maternal rapture: in the Madonna di Foligno, it is a saintly benignity becoming the Queen of Heaven: in the Madonna del Cardellino, it is a meek and

* The allusion is to La Francia. When Raffaelle sent his famous St. Cecilia to Bologna, it was intrusted to the care of La Francia, who was his particular friend, to be unpacked and hung up. La Francia was old, and had for many years held a high rank in his profession; no sooner had he cast his eyes on the St. Cecilia, than struck with despair at seeing his highest efforts so immeasurably outdone, he was seized with a deep melancholy, and died shortly after.—[Ed.]

chaste simplicity: it is the "*Vergine dolce e pia*" of Petrarch. This last picture hangs close to the Fornarina in the Tribune, —a strange contrast! Raffaelle's love for that haughty and voluptuous virago, had nothing to do with his conception of ideal beauty and chastity; and could one of his own Virgins have walked out of her frame, or if her prototype could have been found on earth, he would have felt, as others have felt— that to look upon such a being, with aught of unholy passion, would be profanation indeed.

Next to Raffaelle, I would rank Correggio as a painter of Virgins. Correggio was remarkable for the humility and gentleness of his deportment, his pensive and somewhat anxious disposition, and kindly domestic feelings: these are the characteristics which have poured themselves forth upon his Madonnas. They are distinguished generally by the utmost sweetness, delicacy, grace, and devotional feeling. I remember reading somewhere that Correggio had a large family, and was a particularly fond father; and it is certain, that in the expression of maternal tenderness, he is superior to all but Raffaelle: his Holy Family in the Studii at Naples, and his lovely Virgin in the gallery, are instances.

Guido ranks next, in my estimation, as a painter of Virgins. He is described as an elegant and accomplished man, remarkable for the modesty of his disposition, and the dignity and grace of his manner; as delicate in his personal habits, and sumptuous in his dress and style of living. He had unfortunately contracted a taste for gaming, which latterly plunged him into difficulties, and tinged his mind with bitterness and melancholy. All his heads have a peculiar expression of elevated beauty, which has been called Guido's air. His Madonnas are all but heavenly: they are tender, dignified, lovely:— but when compared with Raffaelle's, they seem more touched with earthly feeling, and have less of the pure ideal: they are, if I may so express myself, too *sentimental*: sentiment is, in truth, the distinguishing characteristic of Guido's style. It is remarkable, that towards the end of his life, Guido more frequently painted the Mater Dolorosa, and gave to the heads of his Madonnas a look of melancholy, disconsolate resignation, which is extremely affecting.

Titian's character is well known: his ardent, cheerful temper, his sanguine enthusiastic mind, his love of pleasure, his love of women; and true it is, that through all his glowing pictures, we trace the voluptuary. His Virgins are rather

"*Des jeunes épouses de la veille*"—far too like his Venuses and his mistresses: they are all luxuriant *human* beauty; with that peculiar air of blandishment which he has thrown into all his female heads, even into his portraits, and his old women. Witness his lovely Virgin in the Vatican, his Mater Sapientiæ, and his celebrated Assumption at Venice, in which the eyes absolutely float in rapture. There is nothing ideal in Titian's conception of beauty: he paints no saints and goddesses *fancy-bred:* his females are all true, lovely women: not like the heavenly creations of Raffaelle, looking as if a touch, a breath would profane them; but warm flesh and blood—heart and soul—with life in their eyes, and love upon their lips: even over his Magdalenes, his beauty-breathing pencil has shed a something which says,

A misura che amò—
Piange i suoi falli!

But this is straying from my subject; as I have embarked in this fanciful hypothesis, I shall multiply my proofs and examples, as far as I can, from memory.

In some account I have read of Murillo, he is emphatically styled *an honest man:* this is all I can remember of his character; and *truth* and nature prevail through all his pictures. In his Virgins, we can trace nothing elevated, poetical, or heavenly; they have not the *ideality* of Raffaelle's, nor the tender sweetness of Correggio's; nor the glowing loveliness of Titian's: but they have an individual reality about them, which gives them the air of portraits. That chef-d'œuvre, in the Pitti Palace, for instance, call it a beautiful peasant-girl and her baby, and it is faultless: but when I am told it is the "*Vergine gloriosa, del Re Eterno Madre, Figliuola, e Sposa,*" I look instantly for something far beyond what I see expressed. All Murillo's Virgins are so different from each other, that it is plain the artist did not paint from any preconceived idea of his own mind, but from different originals: they are all impressed with that general air of truth, nature, and common life, which stamps upon them a peculiar and distinct character.

Andrea del Sarto, who is in style as in character the very reverse of Murillo, fascinated me at first by his enchanting colouring, and the magical aërial depths of his chiaro-oscuro; but on a further acquaintance with his works, I was struck by the predominance of external form and colour over mind and feeling. His Virgins look as if they had been born and bred in

the first circles of society, and have a particular air of elegance, an artificial grace, an attraction, which may be entirely traced to exterior: to the cast of the features, the contour of the form, the disposition of the draperies, the striking attitudes, and, above all, the divine colouring: beauty and dignity, and powerful effect, we always find in his pictures: but no *moral* pathos —no poetry—no sentiment—above all, a strange and total want of devotional expression, simplicity and humility. His Virgin with St. Francis and St. John, which hangs behind the Venus in the Tribunes, is a wonderful picture; and there are two charming Madonnas in the Borghese Palace at Rome. In the first we are struck by the grouping and colouring; in the last, by a certain graceful *lengthiness* of the limbs, and fine animated drawing in the attitudes. But we look in vain for the "sacred and the sweet," for heart, for soul, for countenance.

Andrea del Sarto had, in his profession, great talents rather than genius and enthusiasm. He was weak, dissipated, unprincipled; without elevation of mind or generosity of temper; and that his moral character was utterly contemptible, is proved by one trait in his life. A generous patron, who had relieved him in his necessity, afterward entrusted him with a considerable sum of money, to be laid out in certain purchases; Andrea del Sarto perfidiously embezzled the whole, and turned it to his own use. This story is told in his life, with the addition that "he was persuaded to it by his wife, as profligate and extravagant as himself."

Carlo Dolce's gentle, delicate, and melancholy temperament, are strongly expressed in his own portrait, which is in the Gallery of Paintings here. All his pictures are tinged by the morbid delicacy of his constitution, and the refinement of his character and habits. They have exquisite finish, but a want of power, degenerating at times into coldness and feebleness; his Madonnas are distinguished by regular feminine beauty, melancholy, devotion, or resigned sweetness: he excelled in Mater Dolorosa. The most beautiful of his Virgins is in Pitti Palace, of which picture there is a duplicate in the Borghese Palace at Rome.

Carlo Maratti, without distinguished merit of any kind—unless it was a distinguished merit to be the father of Faustina Zappi,—owed his fortune, his title of *Cavaliere*, and the celebrity he once enjoyed, not to any superiority of genius, but to his successful arts as a courtier, and his assiduous flattery of the great. What can be more characteristic of the man, than his simpering Virgins, fluttering in tasteless, many-coloured

draperies, with their sky blue backgrounds, and golden clouds?

Caravaggio was a gloomy misanthrope and a profligate ruffian: we read that he was banished from Rome, for a murder committed in a drunken brawl; and that he died at last of debauchery and want. Caravaggio was perfect in his gamblers, robbers, and martyrdoms, and should never have meddled with Saints and Madonnas. In his famous *Pietà*, in the Vatican, the Virgin is an old beggar-woman, the two Mary's are fish-wives, in "maudlin sorrow," and St. Peter and St. John a couple of bravoes, burying a murdered traveller: *dipinse ferocemente sempre perche feroce era il suo carrattere*, says his biographer; an observation, by-the-way, in support of my hypothesis.

Rubens, with all his transcendent genius, had a coarse imagination: he bore the character of an honest, liberal, but not very refined man. Rubens painted Virgins—would he had let them alone! fat, comfortable farmers' wives, nursing their chubby children. Then follows Vandyke in the opposite extreme. Vandyke was celebrated in his day for his personal accomplishments: he was, say his biographers, a complete scholar, courtier, and gentleman. His beautiful Madonnas are accordingly what we might expect—rather too intellectual and ladylike: they all look as if they had been polished by education.

The grand austere genius of Michael Angelo was little calculated to portray the dove-like meekness of the *Vĭrgine dolce e pia*, or the playfulness of infantine beauty. In his Mater Amabilis, sweetness and beauty are sacrificed to expression; and dignity is exaggerated into masculine energy. In the Mater Dolorosa, suffering is tormented into agony: the anguish is too human: it is not sufficiently softened by resignation; and makes us turn away with a too-painful sympathy. Such is the admirable head in the Palazzo Litti at Milan; such his sublime *Pietà* in the Vatican—but the last, being in marble, is not quite a case in point.

I will mention but two more painters, of whose lives and characters I know nothing yet, and may therefore fairly make their works a test of both, and judge of them in their Madonnas, and afterward measure my own penetration and the truth of my hypothesis by a reference to the biographical writers.

In the few pictures I have seen of Carlo Cignani, I have been struck by the predominance of mind and feeling over mere external form: there is a picture of his in the Rospigliosi Palace—or rather, to give an example which is nearer at hand and fresh in my memory, there is in the gallery *here* his Ma-

donna del Rosario. It represents a beautiful young woman, evidently of plebeian race: the form of the face is round, the features have nothing of the beau-ideal, and the whole head wants dignity: yet has the painter contrived to throw into this lovely picture an inimitable expression, which depends on nothing external, which in the living prototype we should term *countenance;* as if a chastened consciousness of her high destiny and exalted character shone through the natural rusticity of her features, and touched them with a certain grace and dignity, emanating from the mind alone, which only mind could give and mind perceive. I have seen, within the last few days, three copies of this picture, in all of them the charming simplicity and rusticity, but in none the exquisite expression of the original: even the hands are expressive, without any particular delicacy or beauty of form. An artist, who was copying the picture to-day while I looked at it, remarked this; and confessed he had made several unsuccessful attempts to render the fond pressure of the fingers as she clasps the child to her bosom.

Were I to judge of Carlo Cignani by his works, I should pronounce him a man of elevated character, noble by instinct if not by descent, but simple in his habits, and a despiser of outward show and ostentation.

The other painter I alluded to is Sasso Ferrato, a great and admired manufacturer of Virgins, but a mere copyist, without pathos, power, or originality: sometimes he resembles Guido, sometimes Carlo Dolce; but the graceful harmonious delicacy of the former becomes coldness and flatness in his hands, and the refinement and sweetness of the latter sink into feebleness and insipidity. Were I to judge of his character by his Madonnas, I should suppose that Sasso Ferrato had neither original genius, nor powerful intellect, nor warmth of heart, nor vivacity of temper; that he was, in short, a mere mild, inoffensive, good sort of man, studious and industrious in his art, not without a feeling for the excellence he wanted power to attain.*

I might pursue this subject further, but my memory fails, my head aches, and my pen is tired for to-night.

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Both here and at Rome, I have found considerable amusement in looking over the artists who are usually employed in

* Forsyth complains of some celebrated Madonnas being *unimpassioned;* with submission to Forsyth's taste and acumen—*ought* they to be *impassioned?*

copying or studying from the celebrated pictures in the different galleries; but I have been taught discretion on such occasions by a ridiculous incident which occurred the other day, as absurdly comic as it was unlucky and vexatious. A friend of mine observing an artist at work in the Pitti Palace, whom, by his total silence and inattention to all around, she supposed to be a native Italian who did not understand a word of English, went up to him, and peeping over his shoulder, exclaimed with more truth than discretion, "Ah! what a hideous attempt! that will never be like, I'm sure!"—"I am very sorry you think so, ma'am!" replied the painter, coolly looking up in her face. He must have read in that beautiful face an expression which deeply avenged the cause of his affronted picture.

We have been twice to the opera since we arrived here. At the Pergola, Bassi, though a woman, is the *Primo Uomo;* the rare quality of her voice, which is a kind of rich, deep counter-tenor, unfitting her for female parts. Her voice and science are so admirable, that it would be delicious to hear her blindfold; but her large clumsy figure disguised, or rather *exposed* in masculine attire, is quite revolting.

At the Cocomero we had the "Italiana in Algieri:" the Prima Donna, who is an admired singer, gave the comic airs with great power and effect, but her bold execution, and her ungraceful unliquid voice, disgusted me, and I came away fatigued and dissatisfied. The dancing is execrable at both theatres.

From one end of Italy to the other, nothing is listened to in the way of music but Rossini and his imitators. The man must have a transcendent genius who can lead and pervert the taste of his age as Rossini has done; but unfortunately, those who have not his talent, who cannot reach his beauties nor emulate his airy brilliance of imagination, think to imitate his ornamented style by merely crowding note upon note, semi-quavers, demi-semi-quavers, and semi-demi-semi-quavers in most perplexed succession; and thus all Italy, and thence all Europe, is deluged with this busy, fussy, hurry-skurry music, which means nothing, and leaves no trace behind it either on the fancy or the memory. Must it be ever thus? are Paesiello and Pergolesi and Cimarosa—and those divine German masters, who formed themselves on the Italian school and surpassed it—Winter and Mozart* and Gluck—are they eter-

* Dr. Holland once told me, that when travelling in Iceland, he had

nally banished? must sense and feeling be for ever sacrificed to mere sound, the human organ degraded into a mere instrument,* and the ear tickled with novelty and meretricious ornament, till the taste is utterly diseased?

There was a period in the history of Italian literature, when the great classical writers were decried and neglected, and the genius of one man depraved the taste of the age in which he lived. Marini introduced, or at least rendered general and fashionable, that far-fetched wit, that tinsel and glittering style, that luxurious pomp of words which was easily imitated by talents of a lower order: yet in the Adonis there are many redeeming passages, some touches of real pathos, and some stanzas of natural and beautiful description: and thus it is with Rossini; his best operas contain some melodies among the finest ever composed, and even in his worst, the ear is every now and then roused and enchanted by a few bars of graceful and beautiful melody, to be in the next moment again bewildered in the maze of unmeaning notes, and the clash of overpowering accompaniments.

Lucca, April 25.

Lucca disappoints me in every respect: it was once, when a republic, one of the most flourishing, rich, and populous cities in Italy: it is now consigned over to the ex-queen of Etruria; and its fate will be perhaps the same as that of Venice, Pisa, and Sienna, which, when they lost their independence, lost also their public spirit, their public virtue, and their prosperity.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more rich and beautiful than the country between Florence and Lucca, though it can boast little of the elevated picturesque, and is destitute of poetical associations. The road lay through valleys, with the Appenines (which are here softened down into gentle sunny hills) on each side. Every spot of ground is in the highest

heard one of Mozart's melodies played and sung by an Icelandic girl, and that some months afterward he heard the very same air sung to the guitar by a Greek lady at Salonica. Yet the son of that immortal genius, who has dispensed delight from one extremity of Europe to the other, and from his urn still rules the entranced senses of millions—Charles Mozart, is a poor music-master at Milan! this should not be.

* What Beccaria said in his day is most true of ours, "on paie les musiciens pour émouvoir, on paie les danseurs de corde pour étonner, et la plus grande partie des musiciens veulent faire les danseurs de corde."

state of cultivation; the boundaries between the small fields of wheat or lupines, were rows of olives or mulberries, with an interminable treillage of vines flung from tree to tree. In England we should be obliged to cut them all down for fear of depriving the crops of heat and sunshine, but here they have no such fears. The style of husbandry is exquisitely neat, and in general performed by manual labour. The only plough I saw would have excited the amusement and amazement of an English farmer: I should think it was exactly similar to the ploughs of Virgil's time: it was drawn by an ox and an ass yoked together, and guided by a woman. The whole country looked as if it had been laid out by skilful gardeners, and the hills in many parts were cut into terraces, that not one available inch of soil might be lost. The products of this luxuriant country are corn, silk, wine, and principally oil: potteries abound, the making of jars and flasks being an immense and necessary branch of trade.

The city of Lucca has an appearance in itself of stately solemn dulness, and bears no trace of the smiling prosperity of the adjacent country: the shops are poor and empty, there are no signs of business, and the streets swarm with beggars.

The interior of the Duomo is a fine specimen of Gothic: the exterior is Greek, Gothic, and Saracenic jumbled together in vile taste: it contains nothing very interesting. The palace is like other palaces, very fine and so forth; and only remarkable for not containing one good picture, or one valuable work of art.

Pisa, April 25.

Pisa has a look of elegant tranquillity, which is not exactly *dulness*, and pleases me particularly: if the thought of its past independence, the memory of its once proud name in arts, arms, and literature, came across the mind, it is not accompanied by any painful regret caused by the sight of present misery and degradation, but by that philosophic melancholy with which we are used to contemplate the mutability of earthly greatness.

The Duomo, the Baptistry, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo, stand altogether in a fine open elevated part of the city. The Duomo is a magnificent edifice in bad taste. The interior, with its noble columns of oriental granite, is grand, sombre, and very striking. As to the style of architecture, it would be difficult to determine what name to give it: it is not Greek, nor Gothic, nor Saxon, and exhibits a strange mixture

of Pagan and Christian ornaments, not very unfrequent in Italian churches. The Leaning Tower should be contemplated from the portico of the church to heighten its effect: when the perpendicular column cuts it to the eye like a plumb-line, the obliquity appears really terrific.

The Campo Santo is an extraordinary place: it affects the mind like the cloisters of one of our Gothic cathedrals, which it resembles in effect. Means have lately been taken to preserve the singular frescoes on the walls, which for five hundred years have been exposed to the open air.

I remarked the tomb of that elegant fabulist, Pignotti; the last personage of celebrity buried in the Campo Santo. The university of Pisa is no longer what it was when France and Venice had nearly gone to war about one of its law professors, and its colleges ranked next to those of Padua: it has declined in fame, in riches, and in discipline. The Botanic Garden was a few years ago the finest in all Europe, and is still maintained with great cost and care: it contains a lofty magnolia, the stem of which is as bulky as a good sized tree: the gardener told us rather poetically, that when in blossom, it perfumed the whole city of Pisa.

Leghorn, April 26.

So different from any thing we have yet seen in Italy! busy streets—gay shops—various costumes—Greeks, Turks, Jews, and Christians, mingled on terms of friendly equality—a crowded port, and all the activity of prosperous commerce.

Leghorn is in every sense a *free* port: all kinds of merchandise enter exempt from duty, all religions are equally tolerated, and all nations trade on an equal footing.

The Jews, who are in every other city a shunned and degraded race, are among the most opulent and respectable inhabitants of Leghorn: their quarter is the richest, and I may add, the *dirtiest* in the city: their synagogue here is reckoned the finest in Europe, and I was induced to visit it yesterday at the hour of worship. I confess I was much disappointed; and, notwithstanding my inclination to respect always what is respectable in the eyes of others, I never felt so strong a disposition to smile. An old rabbi, with a beard of venerable length, a pointed bonnet, and a long white veil, got up into a superb marble pulpit, and chanted in strange nasal tones something which was repeated after him in various and discordant voices by the rest of the assembly. The congregation consisted of an uncouth set of men and boys, many of them from different

parts of the Levant, in the dresses of their respective countries: there was no appearance of devotion, no solemnity; all wore their hats, some were poring over ragged books, some were talking, some sleeping, or lounging, or smoking. While I stood looking about me without exciting the smallest attention, I heard at every pause a prodigious chattering and whispering, which seemed to come from the regions above, and looking up I saw a row of latticed and skreened galleries, where the women were caged up like the monkeys at a menagerie, and seemed as noisy, as restless, and as impatient of confinement: the door-keeper offered to introduce me among them, but I was already tired and glad to depart.

* * * * * *

We have visited the pretty English burial-ground, and the tomb of Smollet, which in the true English style is cut and scratched all over with the names of fools, who think thus to link their own insignificance to his immortality. We have also seen whatever else is to be seen, and what all travellers describe: to-morrow we leave Leghorn—for myself without regret: it is a place with which I have no sympathies, and the hot, languid, damp atmosphere, which depresses the spirits, and relaxes the nerves, has made me suffer ever since we arrived.

* * * * * *

Lucca, ——.

Had I never visited Italy, I think I should never have understood the word *picturesque*. In England we apply it generally to rural objects or natural scenery, for nothing else in England *can* deserve the epithet. Civilization, cleanliness, and comfort are excellent things, but they are sworn enemies to the picturesque: they have banished it gradually from our towns and habitations, into remote countries, and little nooks and corners, where we are obliged to hunt after it to find it; but in Italy, the picturesque is everywhere, in every variety of form; it meets us at every turn, in town and in country, at all times and seasons; the commonest object of every-day life here becomes picturesque, and assumes from a thousand causes a certain character of poetical interest it cannot have elsewhere. In England, when travelling in some distant country, we see perhaps a craggy hill, a thatched cottage, a mill on a winding stream, a rosy milkmaid, or a smock-frocked labourer whistling after his plough, and we exclaim "how picturesque!" Travelling in Italy we see a piny mountain, a little dilapidated village on its declivity, the ruined temple of Jupiter or Apollo on

its summit; a peasant with a bunch of roses hanging from his hat, and singing to his guitar, or a contadina in her white veil and scarlet petticoat, and we exclaim "how picturesque!" but how different! Again—a tidy drill or a hay-cart, with a team of fine horses, is a very useful, valuable, civilized machine; but a grape-wagon reeling under its load of purple clusters, and drawn by a pair of oxen in their clumsy, ill-contrived harness, and bowing their patient heads to the earth, is much more picturesque. A spinning-wheel is very convenient, it must be allowed, but the distaff and spindle are much more picturesque. A snug English villa, with its shaven lawn, its neat shrubbery, and its park, is a delightful thing—an Italian villa is probably far less *comfortable*, but with its vineyards, its gardens, its fountains, and statues, is far more picturesque. A laundry maid at her wash-tub, immersed in soap-suds, is a vulgar idea, though our clothes may be the better for it. I shall never forget the group of women I saw at Terracina washing their linen in a bubbling brook as clear as crystal, which rushed from the mountains to the sea—there were twenty of them at least, grouped with the most graceful effect, some standing up to the mid-leg in the stream, others spreading the linen on the sunny bank, some, flinging back their long hair, stood shading their brows with their hands and gazing on us as we passed: it was a *scene* for a poet, or a painter, or a melo-drama. An English garden, adorned at every turn with statues of the heathen deities (although they were all but personifications of the various attributes of nature), would be ridiculous. Setting aside the injury they must sustain from our damp variable climate, they would be *out of keeping* with all around; here it is altogether different; the very air of Italy is imbued with the spirit of ancient mythology; and though "the fair humanities of old religion," the Nymphs, the fauns, the Dryads, be banished from their haunts and live no longer in the faith of reason, yet still, whithersoever we turn, some statue, some temple in ruins, some fragment of an altar, some inscription half effaced, some name half-barbarized, recalls to the fancy those forms of light, of beauty, of majesty, which poetry created to people scenes for which mere humanity was not in itself half pure enough, fair enough, bright enough.

What can be more grand than a noble forest of English oak? or more beautiful than a grove of beeches and elms, clothed in their rich autumnal tints? or more delicious than the apple orchard in full bloom? but it is true, notwithstanding, that the olive, and cypress, and cedar, the orange and the cit-

ron, the fig and the pomegranate, the myrtle and the vine, convey a different and more luxuriant feeling to the mind; and are associated with ideas which give to the landscape they adorn a character more delightfully, more *poetically* picturesque.

When at Lord Grosvenor's or Lord Stafford's I have been seated opposite to some beautiful Italian landscape, a Claude or a Poussin, with a hill crowned with olives, a ruined temple, a group of peasants seated on a fallen column, or dancing to the pipe and the guitar, and over all the crimson glow of evening, or the violet tints of morning, I have exclaimed with others, "How lovely! how picturesque, how very poetical!" No one thought of saying, 'How *natural!*' because it is a style of nature with which we are wholly unacquainted: and if some amateurs of real taste and feeling prefer a rural cattle scene of Paul Potter or Cuyp, to all the grand or lovely creations of Salvator, or Claude, or Poussin, it is perhaps because the former are associated in their minds with reality and familiar nature, while the latter appear in comparison mere inventions of the painter's fertile fancy, mere visionary representations of what may or might exist, but which do not come home to the memory or the mind with the force of truth or delighted recollection. So when I have been travelling in Italy how often I have exclaimed, "How like a picture!" and I remember once, while contemplating a most glorious sunset from the banks of the Arno, I caught myself saying, "This is truly one of Claude's sunsets!" Now should I live to see again one of my favourite Grosvenor Claude's, I shall probably exclaim, "How natural! how like what I have seen so often on the Arno, or from the Monte Pincio!"

And, in conclusion, let it be remembered by those who are inclined to smile (as I have often done), when travellers fresh from Italy *rave* almost in blank verse, and think it all as unmeaning as

> "Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber!"

let them recollect that it is not alone the *visible* picturesque of Italy which thus intoxicates; it is not only her fervid skies, her sunsets, which envelope one half of heaven, from the horizon to the zenith, in living blaze; nor her soaring pine-clad mountains; nor her azure seas; nor her fields "ploughed by the sunbeams;" nor her gorgeous cities, spread out with all their domes and towers, unobscured by cloud or vapours;—

but it is something more than these, something beyond, and over all—

> ————The gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land
> The consecration, and the poet's dream!

* * * * * *

Genoa, 30th.

We arrived here late, and I should not write now, weary, weak, sick, and down-spirited as I am, did I not know how the impressions of one day efface those of the former; and as I cannot sleep, it is better to scribble than to think.

As to describing all I have seen, thought, and felt in three days, that were indeed impossible: I think I have exhausted all my prose eloquence, and all allowable raptures; so that unless I ramble into absolute poetry, I dare not say a word of the scenery around Sarzana and Lerici. After spending one evening at Sarzana, in lingering through green lanes and watching the millions of fire-flies, sparkling in the dark shade of the trees, and lost again in the brilliant moonlight—we left it the next morning about sunrise, to embark in a felucca at Lerici, as the road between Spezia and Sestri is not yet completed. The groves and vineyards on each side of the road were filled with nightingales, singing in concert loud enough to overpower the sound of our carriage wheels, and the whole scene, as the sun rose over it, and the purple shadows drew off and disclosed it gradually to the eye, was so enchanting—that positively I will say nothing about it.

Lerici is a small fishing-town on the Gulf of Spezia. Here I met with an adventure which, with a little exaggeration and embellishment, such as no real story-teller ever spares, would make an admirable morceau for a quarto tourist; but, in simple truth, was briefly thus.

While some of our party were at breakfast, and the servants and sailors were embarking the carriages and baggage, I sat down to sketch the old gray fort on the cliff above the town; but every time I looked up, the scene was so inexpressibly gay and lovely, it was with difficulty and reluctance I could turn my eyes down to my paper again; and soon I gave up the attempt, and threw away both paper and pencil. It struck me that the view *from* the castle itself must be a thousand times finer than the view of the castle from below, and without loss

of time I proceeded to explore the path leading to it. With some fatigue and difficulty, and after losing myself once or twice, I reached the top of the rock, and there a wicket opened into a walled passage cut into steps to ease the ascent. I knocked at the wicket with three strokes, that being the orthodox style of demanding entrance into the court of an enchanted castle, using my parasol instead of a dagger,* and no one appearing, I entered, and in a few moments reached a small paved terrace in front of the fortress, defended towards the sea by a low parapet wall. The massy portal was closed, and instead of a bugle horn hanging at the gate, I found only the handle and fragments of an old birch broom, which base utensil I presently applied to the purpose of a horn, viz. sounding an alarm, and knocked and knocked—but no hoary-headed seneschal nor armed warder appeared at my summons. After a moment's hesitation, I gave the door a push with all my strength: it yielded, creaking on its hinges, and I stepped over the raised threshold. I found myself in a low, dark, vaulted hall, which appeared at first to have no communication with any other chamber: but on advancing cautiously to the end, I found a low door in the side, which had once been defended by a strong iron grating, of which some part remained: it led to a flight of stone stairs, which I began to ascend slowly, stopping every moment to listen; but all was still as the grave. On each side of this winding staircase I peeped into several chambers, all solitary and ruinous: more and more surprised, I continued to ascend till I put my head unexpectedly through a trap-door, and found myself on the roof of the tower: it was spacious, defended by battlements, and contained the only signs of warlike preparation I had met with; *videlicet*, two cannons, or culverins as they are called, and a pyramidal heap of balls, rusted by the sea air.

I sat down on one of the cannon, and leaning on the battlements, surveyed the scene around, below me, with a feeling of rapture, not a little enhanced by the novelty and romance of my situation. I was alone—I had no reason to think there was a single human being within hearing. I was at such a vast height above the town and the shore, that not a sound reached me, except an indistinct murmur now and then, borne upwards by the breeze, and the scream of the sea-fowl as they wheeled round and round my head. I looked down giddily upon the blue sea, all glowing and trembling in the sun-

* With dagger's hilt upon the gate,
Who knocks so loud and knocks so late?—Scott.

shine; and the scenery around me was such as the dullest eye—the coldest, the most *unimaginative* soul, could not have contemplated without emotion. I sat, I know not how long, abandoned to reveries, sweet and bitter, till I was startled by footsteps close to me, and turning round, I beheld a figure so strange and fantastic, and considering the time, place, and circumstance, so incomprehensible and extraordinary, that I was dumb with surprise. It was a little spare old man, with a face and form which resembled the anatomy of a baboon, dressed in an ample nightgown of flowered silk, which hung upon him as if it had been made for a giant, and trailed on the ground a yard and a half behind him. He had no stockings, but on his feet a pair of red slippers, turned up in front like those the Turks wear. His beard was grizzled, and on his head he wore one of the long many-coloured woollen caps usually worn in this country, with two tassels depending from it, which nearly reached his knees. I had full time to examine the appearance and costume of this strange apparition as he stood before me, bowing profoundly, and looking as if fright and wonder had deprived him of speech. As soon as I had recovered from my first amazement, I replied to every low bow by as low a courtesy, and waited till it should please him to begin the parley.

At length he ventured to ask, in bad provincial Italian, what I did there?

I replied that I was only admiring the fine prospect.

He begged to know, "*come diavolo*," I had got there?

I assured him I had not got there by any *diabolical* aid, but had merely walked through the door.

Santi Apostoli! did not my excellency know, that, according to the laws and regulations of war, no one could enter the fort without permission first obtained of the governor?

I apologized politely: and where, said I, is the governor?

Il Governatore son io per servirla! he replied, with a low bow.

You! *O che bel ceffo!* thought I—"and what, Signor Governor, is the use of your fort?"

"To defend the bay and town of Lerici from enemies and pirates."

"But," said I, "I see no soldiers; where is the garrison to defend the fort?"

The little old man stepped back two steps—"*Eccomi!*" he replied, spreading his hand on his breast, and bowing with dignity.

It was impossible to make any reply: I therefore wished the governor and garrison good morning; and disappearing through my trap-door, I soon made my way down to the shore, where I arrived out of breath, and just in time to step into our felucca.

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If there be a time when we most wish for those of whom we always think, when we most love those who are always dearest, it must be on such a delicious night as that we passed at Sarzana, or on such a morning as that we spent at Lerici; and if there be a time when we least love those we always love—least wish for them, least think of them, it must be in such a moment as the noontide of yesterday—when the dead calm overtook us, half-way between Lerici and Sestri, and I sat in the stern of our felucca, looking with a sort of despairing languor over the smooth purple sea, which scarcely heaved round us, while the flapping sails drooped useless round the masts, and the rowers indolently leaning on their oars, sung in a low and plaintive chorus. I sat hour after hour, still and silent, sickening in the sunshine, dazzled by its reflection on the water, and overcome with deadly nausea: I believe nothing on earth could have roused me at that moment. But evening, so impatiently invoked, came at last: the sun set, the last gleam of his "golden path of rays" faded from the waters, the sea assumed the hue of ink; the breeze sprung up, and our little vessel, with all its white sails spread, glanced like a wild swan over the waves, leaving behind "a moon-illumined wake." Two hours after dark we reached Sestri, where we found miserable accommodations; and after foraging in vain for something to eat, after our day's fast, we crept to bed, all sick, sleepy, hungry, and tired.

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We leave Genoa to-morrow: I can say but little of it, for I have been ill, as usual, almost ever since we arrived; and though my little Diary has become to me a species of hobby, I have lately found it fatiguing, even to write! and the pleasure and interest it used to afford me, diminish daily.

Genoa, though fallen, is still "Genoa the proud." She is like a noble matron, blooming in years, and dignified in decay; while her rival Venice always used to remind me of a beautiful courtezan repenting in sackcloth and ashes, and mingling the ragged remnants of her former splendour with the emblems of present misery, degradation, and mourning. Pursue the train of similitude, Florence may be likened to a blooming

bride dressed out to meet her lover; Naples to Tasso's Armida, with all the allurements of the Syren, and all the terrors of the Sorceress; Rome sits crowned upon the grave of her power, widowed indeed, and desolate, but still like the queenly Constance, she maintains the majesty of sorrow—

"This is my throne, let kings come bow to it!"

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The coup-d'œil of Genoa, splendid as it is, is not equal to that of Naples, even setting poetical associations aside: it is built like a crescent round the harbour, rising abruptly from the margin of the water, which makes the view from the sea so beautiful: to the north the hills enclose it round like an amphitheatre. The adjacent country is covered with villas, gardens, vineyards, woods, and olive-groves, forming a scene most enchanting to the eye and mind, though of a character very different from the savage luxuriance of the south of Italy.

The view of the city from any of the heights around, more particularly from that part of the shore called the Ponente, where we were to-day, is grand beyond description: on every side, the church of Carignano is a beautiful and striking object.

There is but one street, properly so called, in Genoa—the Strada Nuova; the others are little paved alleys, most of them impassable to carriages, both from their narrowness and the irregularity of the ground on which the city is built.

The Strada Nuova is formed of a double line of magnificent palaces, among which the Doria Palace is conspicuous. The architecture is in general fine; and when not good is at least pleasing: the fronts of the houses are in general gayly painted and stuccoed. The best apartments are usually at the top; and the roofs often laid out in terraces, or paved with marble and adorned with flowers and shrubs.

I have seen few good pictures here: the best collections are those in the Brignolet and Durazzo palaces. In the latter are some striking pictures by Spagnoletto (or Ribera, as he is called here). In the Brignolet, the Roman Daughter, by Guido, struck me most. I was also pleased by some fine pictures of the Genoese painter Piola, who is little known beyond Genoa.

The church of the Carignano, which is a miniature model of St. Peter's, contains Paget's admirable statue of St. Sebastian, which Napoleon intended to have conveyed to Paris.

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Beauty is no rarity at Genoa; I think I never saw so many fine women in one place, though I have seen finer faces at Rome and Naples than any I see here. The mezzaro, a veil or shawl thrown over the head and round the shoulders, is universal, and is certainly the most natural and becoming dress which can be worn by our sex: the materials differ in fineness, from the most exquisite lace and the most expensive embroidery, to a piece of chintz or linen, but the effect is the same. This costume, which prevails more or less through all Italy, but here is general, gives something of beauty to the plainest face, and something of elegance to the most vulgar figure; it can make deformity itself look passable; and when worn by a really graceful and beautiful female, the effect is peculiarly picturesque and bewitching.

It was a festa to-day; and we drove slowly along the Ponente after dinner. Nothing could be more gay than the streets and public walks, crowded with holyday people: the women were in proportion as six to one; and looked like groups dressed to figure in a melodrame or ballet.

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When once we have left Genoa behind us, and have taken our last look of the blue Mediterranean, I shall indeed feel that we have quitted Italy. Piedmont is not Italy. Cities which are only famous for their sieges and fortifications, plains only celebrated as fields of battle and scenes of blood, have neither charms nor interest for me.

On Monday we set off for Turin: how I dread travelling! and the motion of the carriage, which has now become *so* painful! Yet a little, a very little longer, and it will all be over.

FAREWELL TO ITALY.

Mira il ciel com'e bello, e mira il sole,
Ch'a se par che n'inviti, e ne console.

Farewell to the Land of the South!
Farewell to the lovely clime,
Where the sunny valleys smile in light,
And the piny mountains climb!
Farewell to her bright blue seas!
Farewell to her fervid skies!
O many and deep are the thoughts which crowd
On the sinking heart, while it sighs,
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As the look of a face beloved,
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It enchanted my sense, it sunk on my heart
Like music's witchery!

In every kindling pulse
I felt the genial air,
For life is *life* in that sunny clime,
—'Tis *death* of life elsewhere :
Farewell to the Land of the South !

The poet's splendid dreams,
Have hallowed each grove and hill,
And the beautiful forms of ancient Faith
Are lingering round us still.
And the spirits of other days,
Invoked by fancy's spell,
Are rolled before the kindling thought,
While we breathe our last farewell
To the glorious Land of the South !

A long—a last adieu,
Romantic Italy !
Thou land of beauty, and love, and song,
As once of the brave and free !
Alas ! for thy golden fields !
Alas ! for thy classic shore !
Alas ! for thy orange and myrtle bowers !
I shall never behold them more—
Farewell to the Land of the South !

Turin, May 10th.

We arrived here yesterday, after a journey to me most trying and painful : I thought at Novi, and afterward at Asti, that I should have been obliged to give up and confess my inability to proceed ; but we know not what we can bear till we prove ourselves ; I can live and suffer still.

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I agree with —— who has just left me, that nothing can be more animating and improving than the conversation of intelligent and clever men, and that lady-society is in general very *fade* and tiresome : and yet I truly believe that no woman can devote herself exclusively to the society of men without losing some of the best and sweetest characteristics of her sex. The conversation of men of the world and men of gallantry, gives insensibly a taint to the mind ; the unceasing language of adulation and admiration intoxicates the head and perverts the heart ; the habit of *tête-à-têtes*, the habit of being always either the sole or principal object of attention, of mingling in no conversation which is not personal, narrows the disposition, weakens the mind, and renders it incapable of rising to general views or principles ; while it so excites the senses and the imagination, that every thing else becomes in comparison stale,

flat, and unprofitable. The life of a coquette is very like that of a drunkard or an opium-eater, and its end is the same—the utter extinction of intellect, of cheerfulness, of generous feeling, and of self-respect.

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St. Michel, Monday.—I know not why I open my book, or why I should keep accounts of times and places. I saw nothing of Turin but what I beheld from my window: and as soon as I could travel we set off, crossed Mount Cenis in a storm, slept at Lans-le-bourg, and reached this place yesterday, where I am again ill and worse—worse than ever.

Is it not strange that while life is thus rapidly wasting, I should still be so strong to suffer? the pang, the agony is not less acute at this moment, than when, fifteen months ago, the poniard was driven to my heart. The cup, though I have nearly drained it to the last, is not less bitter now than when first presented to my lips. But this is not well; why indeed should I repine? mine was but a common fate—like a true woman, I did but stake my all of happiness upon one cast—and lost!

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Lyons, 19th.

Good God! for what purpose do we feel! why within our limited sphere of action, our short and imperfect existence, have we such boundless capacity for enjoying and suffering? no doubt for some good purpose. But I cannot think as I used to think: my ideas are perplexed: it is all pain of heart and confusion of mind: a sense of bitterness, and wrong, and sorrow, which I cannot express, nor yet quite *suppress*. If the cloud would but clear away that I might feel and see to do what is right! but all is dark, and heavy, and vacant: my mind is dull, and my eyes are dim, and I am scarce conscious of any thing around me.

A few days passed here in quiet, and kind Dr. P** have revived me a little.

All the way from Turin I have slept almost constantly; if that can be called *sleep* which was rather the stupor of exhaustion, and left me still sensible of what was passing round me. I heard voices, though I knew not what they said: and I felt myself moved from place to place, though I neither knew nor cared whither.

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All that I have seen and heard, all that I have felt and suffered, since I left Italy, recalls to my mind that delightful country. I should regret what I have left behind, had I not outlived all regrets—but one—for there, though

> I vainly sought from outward forms to win
> The passion and the life whose fountains are within;

all feeling was not yet worn out of my heart: I was not then blinded nor stupified by sorrow and weakness as I have been since.

There are some places we remember with pleasure, because we have been happy there; others, because endeared to us as the residence of friends. We love our country because it is *our country;* our home because it is *home:* London or Paris we may prefer, as comprehending in themselves all the intellectual pleasures and luxuries of life: but, dear Italy!—we love it, simply for its own sake: not as in general we are attached to places and things, but as we love a friend, and the face of a friend; there it was "*luxury to be*"—there I would willingly have died, if so it might have pleased God.

Till this evening we have not seen a gleam of sunshine, nor a glimpse of the blue sky, since we crossed Mount Cenis. We entered Lyons during a small drizzling rain. The dirty streets, the black, gloomy-looking houses, the smoking manufactories, and busy looks of the people, made me think of Florence and Genoa, and their "fair white walls" and princely domes; and when in the evening I heard the whining organ which some wretched Savoyard was grinding near us, I remembered even with emotion the delightful voices I heard singing "*Di piacer mi balza il cor,*" under my balcony at Turin—my last recollection of Italy; and to-night, when they opened the window to give me air, I felt, on recovering, the cold chill of the night breeze; and as I shivered, and shrunk away from it, I remembered the delicious and genial softness of our Italian evenings—

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22*d.*—No letters from England.

Now that it is past, I may confess, that till now, a faint—a very faint hope did cling to my heart. I thought it might have been just possible; but it is over now—*all* is over!

We leave Lyons on Tuesday, and travel by short easy stages; and they think I may still reach Paris. I will hold up—if possible.

Yet if they would but lay me down on the road-side, and leave me to die in quietness! to rest is all I ask.

24*th*.—St. Albin. We arrived here yesterday—

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The few sentences which follow are not legible.

Four days after the date of the last paragraph, the writer died at Autun in her 26th year, and was buried in the garden of the Capuchin Monastery near that city.—EDITOR.

THE END.

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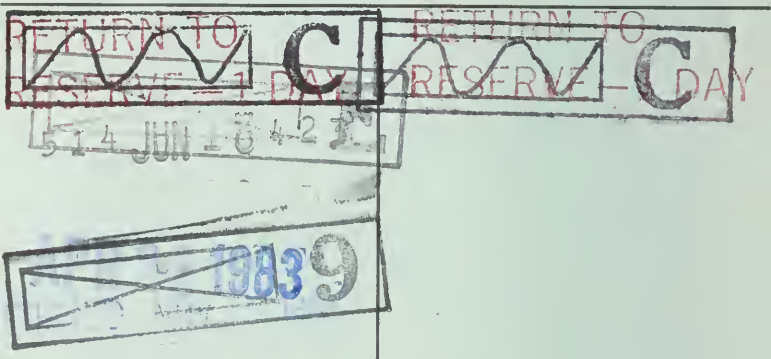

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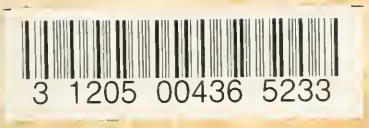
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